

This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

Bt. from Christ Ch, Oxford

2542 e. 2624



STANDARD NOVELS

AND

Romances.

Published Monthly in Volumes, one of which generally includes an entire Novel, neatly bound for the Library, and illustrated by Engravings from designs by eminent Artists. Price 6s. each Volume.

THIS popular Work has now reached its Tenth Number, and has every where obtained approval and encouragement.

No kind of literature is so generally attractive as Fiction. Pictures of life and manners, and Stories of adventure, are more eagerly received by the many, than graver productions, however important these latter may be to the instruction of mankind. APULEIUS is better remembered by his Fable of Cupid and Psyche, than by his abstruser Platonic writings, and the Decameron of BOCCACCIO has outlived the Latin treatises, and other learned works of that author.

But well-wrought fiction is characterised not alone by amusement: it is made subservient to the purposes of instruction, in acquainting us with the hearts and motives of our fellow-creatures—in familiarising us with many-coloured life among ourselves and in distant lands—in telling us what it is best to imitate—in warning us what we ought to shun, and in demonstrating, by its almost living examples, the fatal consequences of rashness and vice. To the young, in particular, the lessons afforded by good fictions are inestimable; and the young will eagerly receive advice thus proffered. It is therefore more necessary in novel-writing, than in any other branch of literature, that the utmost care should be bestowed in the selection of incidents destined to be indelibly impressed on the youthful mind; the danger of doing wrong being in

proportion to the power of the writer, and the popularity of the agency. No one, however, can deny that until within the last twenty or thirty years, the great masters of fiction have been, if not immoral in their aim, exceedingly impure in their details; so much so, indeed, as to render it impossible that a considerate parent should present their works to his children.

THE STANDARD NOVELS are not liable to this charge. The Proprietors may confidently assert that a body of popular fictions are now, *for the first time*, printed in one series, which are not only equal in talent to those in other collections, but, being written in accordance with morality and decorum, present just and interesting pictures of life in all its aspects, without involving the slightest danger of contaminating the minds of their readers.

The Stories already published in "THE STANDARD NOVELS" consist of "THE PILOT," "THE SPY," and "THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS," by Cooper, the admirable historical novelist of America; "CALEB WILLIAMS" and "St. LEON," by the English sage, Godwin; Miss Jane Porter's "THADDEUS OF WARSAW," and "SCOTTISH CHIEFS;" Mrs. Shelley's romance of "FRANKENSTEIN;" Schiller's "GHOST-SEER;" and Brockden Brown's "EDGAR HUNTLY, or the SLEEP WALKER." Any of these might safely and with profit be perused by the young, for whom they are well adapted as cheap and acceptable CHRISTMAS PRESENTS, and NEW-YEAR'S GIFTS.

The Authors of the Volumes already published, have been induced to revise their works, and *to write notes and new introductions expressly for this series.* Among the fictions immediately forthcoming in "THE STANDARD NOVELS," the Proprietors may particularly mention "THE CANTERBURY TALES," by Sophia and Harriet Lee; a new translation of Madame de Stael's "CORINNE," more of the National Tales of Cooper, &c. &c.

New Burlington Street,
Dec. 1831.

STANDARD NOVELS.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

STANDARD

NOVELS.

N° XI.

THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

BY MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

COMPLETE IN ONE VOLUME.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET:
BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH;
CUMMING, DUBLIN; AND
GALIGNANI, PARIS.
1832.


BIBLIOTHECA BODLEIANA



THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

Constantia

don, Published by H. Colburn & R. Bentley, 1832.

THE HUNGARIAN BROTHERS,

BY

ANNA MARIA PORTER.



Demetrius, leaning on his brother's breast, internally vowed to emulate the excellence he loved in Charles.

LONDON:
COLBURN AND BENTLEY.
CUMMING, DUBLIN.—BELL & BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH.
GALIGNANI, PARIS.
1832.



THE

HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

" What so sweet
So beautiful on earth, and ah ! so rare,
As kindred love, and family repose ! " — YOUNG.

BY

MISS ANNA MARIA PORTER.

REVISED, CORRECTED,
AND ILLUSTRATED WITH A NEW INTRODUCTION, NOTES, ETC.
BY THE AUTHOR.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN AND RICHARD BENTLEY,
NEW BURLINGTON STREET;
BELL AND BRADFUTE, EDINBURGH;
CUMMING, DUBLIN; AND
GALIGNANI, PARIS.
1832.



NEW INTRODUCTION.

SPRING, with its bright immature green; Autumn, with its partly mellowed, partly withered foliage, are not less alike, than the same individual in the different seasons of youth "and the sere of life." To read one of our first literary productions after a long lapse of time, is something akin to the boldness of calling up "from the vasty deep" of memory the ghosts of our departed years. How few of those crowded phantoms do we find angel-faced, when they come! How many, full of strange disfigurements!

That, during the revisal of this work of my girlish day, I have found much to smile at, and more to grieve for, I am forward to acknowledge; but I will as frankly claim credit for a conscientious endeavour to expunge from it now, whatever false conclusion, or misleading sentiment, I was unqualified then to detect and erase.

That critics and other readers found, in the freshness and flow of the young heart, some compensation for the mistakes of the young head, I am induced to hope, from the fact of its retaining so much public favour as to warrant its republication in this collection of time-tried novels. I consider myself to have been fortunately unambitious in the scheme of my book; not venturing upon ground quite unknown to such a de-

scriber. My principal personages are represented as very young people; and the adventures through which I take them, are only such as young persons usually seek, or fall into.

If it be allowed that we describe best that which makes the liveliest impression upon us, surely youth may be supposed the fittest painter of youth. Its own erring sensibilities, its rash judgments, its preposterous expectations; the depth of its despair, the height of its joy; its natural bias towards idolatry of human objects; its imaginative rather than heart-seated religion: all this, youth will paint truly, because it has merely to stamp itself upon the canvass. Thus, we shall have a faithful portrait, though, at the best, of a countenance unformed: there will be no furrows of care; no shadows of sad and various experience; above all, no expression of chastened feelings and heavenward desires.

Much, therefore, is wanting in my juvenile production, which ripened minds will miss, and inexperienced ones ought to have had supplied. I am consequently bound in duty to note or remedy the deficiencies. Some of the minor ones, I regret to own, are so dovetailed into the work, that, to get them out, I must pull the whole frame to pieces.

The glaring error into which I was led by my limited acquaintance with the world, appears to me now to be, that of my having made all my older personages as indiscreet and romantic as my junior ones. I do heartily congratulate my young readers, upon the very little probability which exists of their ever meeting, in real life, with such blind guides as Marshal Ingersdorf and the Duchess di Felieri.

I pray them to remember, that it is not the fitting office of age and experience to companion themselves with the young in their many races after many objects; but, with a wiser sympathy, to watch their course, warn them from taking wrong paths to right aims, never encouraging them in risking life or limb for brief enjoyments.

Another offence — not against fact, but much against what ought to be, I have endeavoured to repair in this revised edition. Throughout earlier ones, that idolatrous affection, to which I have before alluded, was painted and dwelt upon with all the ardour of congenial feeling. The brothers were, in a manner, each other's deity: the elder was too intent upon the younger's reputation and earthly happiness; while Demetrius, by referring his conduct solely to the standard of his brother's character, was virtually excluding Him, who gives at once the law and the example of purity, with the promise of enabling us to fulfil it.

Such error, I repeat, is perfectly natural; and, both my Hungarians being under thirty, it was incumbent on me to give each of them that trait of immature wisdom: but it was the author's province to have noted it as a defect; shown the mischief with which it is pregnant; and taught the young eagle never, in his skyward flight, to look lower than the great luminary of earth and heaven.

For this duty, however, the inexperienced author was at that time unfitted: being then as fond and fearless a worshipper of real excellence (in youth's dictionary perfection!) in the persons of dear friends and kindred, as were her heroes themselves.

Military men must grant me a free pardon for what-

ever they may find extravagant or defective in my description of war fields. Thanks to a gracious Providence, women are not often enabled to delineate them accurately; besides, our admiration of that quality which ensures us protection, has such a tendency to make us exaggerate its performances, that a woman's hero generally enacts singly as many deeds of daring and devotedness, as would require at least a dozen existing brave men to effect. I am, however, proud to say, that for the accuracy of my military statements, the summary of more than five campaigns, I can vouch still. One of the greatest generals of that period did me the honour of expressing his perfect satisfaction with their various details, and confessing some surprise at my acquaintance with such a subject. As the same feeling may be excited in one or more of my present readers, I will explain the mystery.

It was my fortune to pass a whole winter once, nearly alone, in a country house far removed from neighbours. I was thrown principally upon my own resources for amusement, during many a long evening: the small library had often before been gone through by me. I found no books with which I was not familiar, except a formidable range of paper-backed volumes and pamphlets, which had been collected by a beloved member of my family, during a short visit to the Continent. They were the productions of French, Italian, and German authors; all treating the same subject, though under different impressions: that subject was, the war which broke out directly after the French Revolution, and terminated in making Austria, Italy, and Prussia pass under the yoke of the Conqueror,—who was himself, ere long, to be put under foot by England!

Early enamoured of martial glory, I had, in my multifarious readings, already acquired a relish for such topics as were largely treated of in the volumes left on my brother's book-shelves. I went to their perusal full of recollections of ancient military victors: the new system of war excited in me the liveliest interest: a soul seemed now to be breathed into what before was an inanimate engine of destruction: and had I been of the nobler sex, my enthusiasm would have carried me into the very scenes where I knew the greatest military geniuses were hazarding their bold experiments in support of, or against each other. As it was, I had no better channel to let my ardours run into, than that of following some imaginary hero through a few campaigns: and by making him speak and act as I thought a gallant and enlightened soldier ought to do, I flattered myself that even my humble romance might assist in exalting the military character in public opinion.

Such is the brief history of the work now presented again to a kindly public.

Esher, December, 1831.

THE

HUNGARIAN BROTHERS.

CHAPTER I.

In a steep recess of the Carpathian mountains, at the foot of which glide the waters of the Tareza, stands the castle of Leopolstat. Its deserted towers were formerly but dimly seen by the traveller, through woods of pine and larch that were suffered to grow rankly around; and, if he approached the edifice, its mournful solitariness at once excited his surprise and his curiosity. His eye vainly sought for martial groups peopling the mossy ramparts, and harmonising with the scene; and his ear fruitlessly waited to catch the sound of arms and of watchwords, the steps of sentinels, the clang of cymbals, and all the kindling accompaniments of spirit-stirring war. Massy, magnificent, and entire, reflection could not account for this abandonment of Leopolstat; but every peasant in Hungary could solve the mystery.

The family of Leopolstat were fallen into decay: the virtues of some of its individuals, and the vices of others, had dissipated its once rich revenues, leaving to the remaining heirs only that respect which the good delight in bestowing upon such as suffer undeservedly. Udislaus, the last count, wasted the advantages of eminent talents and a commanding exterior, in a life of profligacy. He married a beautiful orphan of no rank, at an age when neither his character nor hers were formed; and shortly afterwards, growing to hate her for the very virtue which forced him

to surrender his liberty, ceased to treat her even with common consideration. He spent his riotous hours in Vienna; she, her blameless ones in Hungary: and while he revelled away his soul and his fortune at the gaming-table, or drowned recollection of both in the caresses of courtesans; she walked on the moon-lighted battlements with her little son, extracting from the silvered scene below, and the splendid one above, lessons of knowledge and piety.

After five years' total estrangement, the Count returned to Hungary, in consequence of a disorder for which the air of his native place was recommended. The Countess, having sincerely loved him, felt her tenderness revive as she fixed her tearful eyes upon the ruins of his once admirable figure. Sickness had silenced awhile licentious passions; and something like the father and the husband rising in his breast as he beheld his wife and child, gave a thoughtfulness to his appearance which indicated remorse. Flattering herself with the hope of reclaiming and attaching him, she sought every method devised by duteous affection to soothe his wayward spirits, and restore his health. Such sweetness with such beauty could not pass quite unheeded by the man to whom they had once been inordinately dear; they rekindled a short-lived passion, which soon terminated in indifference; and his heart hardening, as the fear of death receded, he set out for Germany, leaving his credulous wife to mourn over that fond delusion which had left her nothing but the prospect of giving birth to another child, destined to neglect and ruin.

While her youngest son was yet in arms, the Countess heard the afflicting intelligence of her husband's flight with a married woman; and received at the same time a proof of his complete depravity, by finding herself and children reduced almost to poverty. Udislaus had alienated and mortgaged nearly the whole of his paternal inheritance; had left, in short, nothing but the ancient castle, and a small belt of ground encircling it, barely capable of producing annually one thousand rix-dollars. To inhabit the castle upon such an income was impossible; the countess, therefore, quitted it, and took refuge in a lodge which had formerly been the abode of Leopolstat's chief huntsman.

There, forgotten by that world (which indeed knew her only by name), in the very May-day of life, did she devote every thought to her children; and there, under the observing eye of maternal solicitude, did their infant hearts gradually unfold from innocence into principle. The prior of a neighbouring convent supplied the place of a tutor to these deserted boys: he found, in the youngest, genius and docility; in the eldest, the application of a comprehensive, vigorous intellect; and won to love, as much as at first he pitied them, this excellent man soon enriched their minds with the mingled treasures of history and philosophy.

Accustomed to the hardiest sports, chasing the chamois and the boar, amongst trackless woods, and over tremendous heights; sometimes on foot, joining the perilous toils of the gold-hunters, and leaping from cliff to cliff with the agility of a young antelope; sometimes mounted on a horse fleeter than wind, and borne along through sudden storms of thunder or of snow; with a dauntless heart, and a complexion glowing like the heath-flowers that sprung up under his steps, Charles grew enamoured of danger, and became habituated to fatigue. At sixteen he panted for military renown, and at sixteen his anxious mother procured for him the patronage of Prince E——, through whose friendship he obtained a commission in the Austrian service.

Only four years had elapsed after his departure from Hungary, when he was recalled to receive the last sigh of his mother. Without energy to contend against disappointed affection, and with an apprehensive tenderness for her children, which continually presented the most melancholy presages, the bitterest regrets, this too susceptible woman sunk under the weight of unshared sorrow, and fell a victim at once to maternal and connubial love. In her dying moments she adjured Charles, by his hopes here and hereafter, to watch over the rectitude and prosperity of his brother; she joined their trembling hands as they knelt before her death-bed listening to the tone of holy awe and subdued anguish, in which Charles swore to obey her.

After having paid the last duties to the remains of his mother, the young Count intrusted Demetrius to the care of

their mutual benefactor the prior, purposing to take on himself the charge of his future conduct, whenever Demetrius should arrive at an age fitted to encounter the world.

As his mournful eye hung on the sweet boy, retiring from the parlour of the convent, he drew a profound sigh, pressed his hand for a moment upon his forehead, and then said,—

"I have, perhaps, already wearied you, good father, with instructions about my brother; but you must pardon the weakness of an overcharged, overflowing heart, as full of fondness as of grief."

He stopped awhile, and resumed in a firmer tone—

"Suffer me to add one more to my many requests.—When you answer the questions concerning our family affairs, which the ripening reason of Demetrius will probably soon prompt, do not inform him fully of our destiny; do not tell him he is absolutely dependent upon such a poor fellow as I am; for that would be to substitute obligation for affection, apprehension instead of confidence between us. I should abhor the thought of owing his regard to mere gratitude: he must intrust me with his future errors or difficulties, free from every sordid fear, or I shall shrink at the task of censuring them.

"There is another motive, too, stronger even than this (for this is but a whim of overstrained delicacy, perhaps); it is my passionate desire to let him *enjoy* the brightest part of life. Our youth, good father, is the only delightful portion of our sojourn here; it is the blessed period in which we may safely surrender ourselves to innocent cheerfulness. With guileless thoughts, unchastised hopes, unbroken health, and warm affections, could I bear to see that dear boy withered, blighted, crushed as it were, by a perfect knowledge of all that his mother suffered, and all that his brother has yet to contend with?"

"The springing spirit of youth is not so easily crushed," observed the prior.

"Ah! but it is," cried Charles, hastily (and the conviction of how it had been overpowered in *his* young bosom blanched his healthful cheek): "am not I a proof that the most thoughtless gaiety is to be speedily vanquished by

anxiety for beloved objects? Ever since I could reflect, my liveliest moments have been imbittered by cares. Often have dismaying anticipation and vehement indignation chased away the remembrance of enchanting pleasures, and driven sleep and peace from my pillow, while I thought alternately of my mother, my brother, and my own ravished rights. I am not proof against the certainty that I was born to a splendid fortune, and that a father robbed me of it: that his barbarity has left me only an empty title; debarred me from the gratification of honourable desires; deprived me of all hope of blessing a race of my own; and entailed on me the additional misery of seeing a beloved brother doomed to a life equally joyless. I am a man, Father! a very young one; and I feel keenly, too keenly perhaps, the bondage of broken fortunes. Let me then interpose between my brother and premature cares: let my breast be his shield. Demetrius shall be happy — at least awhile, if I can keep him so — the world will soon enough make him otherwise."

To this distempered reasoning the prior had nothing to oppose: too ignorant of this world to foresee the evils which might accrue from following the plan proposed, and not sufficiently mindful of what is wisely appointed to fit fallen man for permanent happiness in a higher existence, he assured Charles of his acquiescence, and instructed his pupil accordingly.

A commerce with mankind, of nearly five more years, did not materially alter the character of the young Count. It is true, that passion and example had essayed to whelm him in vice; but like the oak, whose roots are said to strike deeper as the storm rages fiercer among its branches, his virtues strengthened by contests with his own frailties, and every fresh struggle but confirmed their stability.

Though devoted to his profession, and employed in actual service, he found means to reconcile war with the graces. Even in camps, he pursued the track of useful science into which the prior had conducted him: he studied intently; relieving his severer pursuits by music and drawing.

The commencement of hostilities between France and

Austria gave him an opportunity of applying military speculations to practice. In his very first campaign he astonished the veteran officers. His gallant defence of an obscure post, which circumstances unexpectedly rendered very important, attracted universal admiration to one hitherto unobserved; so that it soon became common for the generals to prophesy, that the young Hungarian, who studied the principles of war so assiduously in his tent, and illustrated them so bravely in the field, would one day rival the fame of Saxe and Montecuculi.

The peace, which closed the year 1797, afforded Charles an opportunity of revisiting Hungary the ensuing spring.

He set out for his native place, with a crowd of sweet and bitter feelings thronging round his heart; and came in sight of the untenanted castle (of which his father's death had long since made him lord) just as the evening sun was empurpling its moss-grown battlements. What gushing tenderness, what manly indignation, by turns dimmed and lightened his eyes at the view! What affecting remembrances of his mother and brother were revived by every familiar object! How many hopes and fears, and anxieties, throbbed in his brave bosom, as he thought of that dear brother, so inexpressibly interesting, so tenderly beloved, so impressively confided! He had left him a child, he was now to find him a young man: he was about to bear him from the shelter of religious retirement, to plunge him amid the boisterous element of war. For, alas! Demetrius was even more destitute than Charles; and, in Germany, the army alone opens a path to preferment.

The tenderness predominant in the character of Demetrius, joined to a peculiar delicacy of constitution, tended to deepen the interest with which his desolate childhood had ever inspired his amiable brother. The latter could now contemplate his own blighted fate with serenity: but to imagine the life of that precious object, devoted to struggling with the mortifications entailed on indigent nobility, was to dwell on a prospect at once agonising and abhorrent.

Absorbed in multitudinous reflections, he turned his

horse towards the valley in which the convent of St. Xavier was situated; stopping at its entrance (scarcely conscious that he did so) to look at a figure on an opposite acclivity. It was that of a young man of eighteen, standing with careless gracefulness near a marble quarry, momentarily observing the labours of the workmen. He wore the Hungarian habit, which, from its noble simplicity, is so well calculated to heighten the beauty of manly proportions. At his feet lay a couple of wolf-dogs; and in his hand he held a light hunting-spear.

At so short a distance, Count Leopolstat could distinctly note his figure and face: the former was of admirable stature, and buoyant with animation; the latter announced a heart that as yet thought not of sin, and knew not sorrow. It was a countenance bright with all the hopes and all the benevolence of youth; warm with the carnation tints of that sweet season of life, when our very fluids seem as pure as our wishes, as vivid as our expectations.

In a tumult of doubt and eagerness, Charles threw himself from his horse, while some indistinct sounds escaped his lips: the young man started, darted a joyful glance, and precipitating down the height, flung himself into his brother's arms. "Charles!" he exclaimed, in a thrilling tone of affection. His brother pressed him to his breast without speaking; for the remembrance of their dying mother suddenly came over him, and tears blinded him as it did so.

Never before were two such brothers clasped in the fraternal embrace. At that instant they might have been taken for models of moral and material beauty: they were indeed perfect specimens of the loveliness of youth, and the magnificence of manhood.

The superior stature of Charles; the determined form and martial character of his limbs; his complexion embrowned by many campaigns; and his features, touched with that gentle sadness to which thought and experience invariably gave birth, were finely contrasted by the youth, the bloom, the spirit of Demetrius. Thus would have looked the noble war-horse, sublime in conscious strength and "proud submission," when contrasted with the young

Arabian; yet free and unbroken, and sparkling in all the graces of his original wildness.

The eyes of Demetrius met the soft scrutiny of his brother's with a sweet fearlessness; his unspotted soul was to be seen in their bright azure, and all its properties immediately defined: but the expression of Charles's (though they were blue also), was not so easily comprehended; it was an expression made up of mingled feelings. His eyes were not to be read in a single glance: they were a volume of noble matter; and the observer developed gradually in them all the signs of great and amiable qualities.

When the transport of meeting had subsided, Leopolstat gave his horse to a peasant, and proceeded with his brother towards St. Xavier's. Mutual embarrassment now caused mutual silence. It is ever thus between persons who love each other, meeting after long separation. The fear of jarring in opinion, taste, or manner,—the dread of displeasing or being displeased, when it is so important to be congenial,—generally produces a reserve which makes the first interview, of all others, the least satisfying to the heart. Charles often looked wistfully on the beaming countenance of Demetrius; and, as often, affectionately pressed his hand. They were entering the vineyards belonging to the convent, when Demetrius, meeting one of those anxious glances, said, smiling,—

"I am *sure* we shall like each other!"

Entertained with the *naïveté* of this remark, his brother smiled too, and replied,—

"I have no doubt of that; my only fear is, that I shall like you too well."

The prior of St. Xavier's had been apprised by Charles of his intended visit; he was therefore prepared to see and to welcome him. Every inhabitant of the convent was forward in demonstrations of that genuine esteem which is the purchase of goodness only. They all knew that he had voluntarily resigned to his mother, (and since her death, to the charges of his brother's military education,) that slender income which was independent of his profession; and though themselves shut out from the world's temptations, they still had judgment to appreciate the self-denial

of a young man, who thus persisted in abjuring all pleasures for the sake of a sacred duty.

At five and twenty Charles was more cheerful than he had been at nineteen: for, at that age, he was suffering from the shock of disappointed hopes, and the complete knowledge of those evils attendant on rank united with poverty—at that age, experience showed him that he could not hew out a path to fortune and honour by his sword alone; that envy and intrigue obscure the brightest actions, rob them of their reward, and too often give to them the colour of crimes.

Astonished and indignant at beholding the elevation of the contemptible, while modest virtue was pushed rudely down; finding no additional respect paid to his nobility, from his misfortunes (an expectation so natural to youth), he renounced, with disgust and despair, all views of comfort; he mixed in scenes of gaiety without enjoyment, and became for awhile gloomy and misanthropic. But this misanthropy was a transitory fever; an immoderate passion, in which his amiable nature exhausted its small portion of bitterness. As he learned more of life, and came nearer to his fellow-creatures, this asperity wore off: he saw so much good where at first there appeared so little, and so many failings where he once expected to find greatness only, that he soon became reconciled to the characters of mankind; and reason and religion teaching him to comprehend such of the plans of Providence as are permitted us to scan, brought his mind to a cheerful and admiring acquiescence with them all.

After a fortnight spent among the brotherhood of St. Xavier's, Leopolstat announced his intention of returning to Germany. In this short time, he ascertained nearly the whole of his brother's character; he observed all its tendencies; and convinced, from such observation, that Demetrius would long require a monitor, solicitously sought to secure his future confidence.

The night before their journey, the brothers, unconscious of each other's purpose, met at the grave of their mother. Demetrius was stretched upon it, mingling tears with his kisses, when Charles entered the little cemetery in which it

stood. Lost in his own grief, Demetrius heard not the steps of his brother, who advanced slowly; but a deep sigh rousing him, he started up, ashamed of the tears then flooding his disordered features, and, trying to escape, stammered out some indistinct words. Charles, gently detaining him (while his eyes riveted themselves with sad earnestness upon the grave), said, "Why should you go, my brother? Ought not we both to lament here?" He then threw himself upon the ground.

Under the melancholy light of a shrouded moon, while the cypress trees by which the burying-ground was shaded groaned in the gusty wind, did Charles once more renew his promise of protecting and guiding Demetrius; and Demetrius, leaning on his brother's breast, internally vowed to emulate the excellence he loved in Charles. This scene passed in silence; and it was not till they were far from the cemetery that Charles, looking back and seeing its dark trees rustling in the chill night air, shivered with strong emotion, and observed that it was piercing cold. They parted immediately afterwards, sad and thoughtful.

A sunny morning had revived the spirits of the brothers, when they met to commence their long journey; and then affectionate adieus and grateful acknowledgments passed between them and the holy brotherhood.

Demetrius entered the capital of Austria with eager steps. The palaces and public buildings certainly faded before the magnificence of his imagination: but the warlike appearances presenting themselves at every gate; the carriages filled with handsome and ornamented women; the buzz of pleasure; the tumult of business; the groups of young men in military uniforms that stood discussing political questions in the libraries and squares; the cordial welcome given, *en passant*, to Charles, excited in him new and delightful sensations. He longed to be enrolled amongst these spirited young men, and to find himself of some consequence in society, by having, like them, a profession.

A visit to a camp just formed near Vienna, and an introduction to several distinguished officers, completed the intoxication of Demetrius; he was never wearied with asking questions and making observations; not a single

sentinel escaped him. Charles smiled at the zeal with which he prosecuted these enquiries, and the swiftness with which he noticed every minute peculiarity: but he was observing also, and he hailed with pleasure, these signs of an enthusiastic temper.

The third day after their arrival Demetrius was presented to the Archduke, who now graciously acknowledged the services of Charles, by giving his brother a commission; Demetrius dined the same day with the officers of his regiment, and the next morning Charles thus addressed him:—

"I am not going to preach a long lecture to you, my dear brother; for I believe the thorough knowledge you must have of my anxiety for your temporal good and eternal happiness will render that unnecessary. I depend upon the warm affection you are daily showing me,—an affection my heart gratefully acknowledges,— for your honourable conduct through life. I am certain you will never rush wilfully into any immorality, because you are convinced that my peace would be imbittered incurably by it; and I trust you will always have such a dependence on my indulgent tenderness, as never to withhold from me any circumstance perilous to your tranquillity or rectitude. Though I have lived seven years longer in the world than you have done, they have not been spent in making me austere; I should have lived them to little purpose had they not rendered me compassionate to all that err, and doubled my reverence for such as continue upright.

"At your age I had to struggle with temptations that will assail you also; under some I sunk, over the most serious I triumphed. But I did so, Demetrius, through the Divine assistance: believe me, the source of moral strength does not lie on earth; it must be sought for above."

Charles paused, and his eyes resting upon the face of his brother, gradually softened from the expression of adoration into a smile of affection. "To make a discourse to a young man upon the hazard of having a handsome person," he resumed, "seems laughable; and, a century or two ago, would have been a work of supererogation; but the free manners of the present day render it indispensable.

"Trust me, there is nothing which a youth is so intoxicated by, nothing for which he is so little prepared, (and, therefore, so little to be taken *à coup de main*;) as admiration from women. He enters the world, expecting, perhaps, to fall in love; but the thought of being beloved in return, upon any other grounds than a series of worth and constancy, never passes over the threshold of his imagination: he is, consequently, in danger of being overset the very first time he receives proofs of unsought tenderness. Let me urge you, then, to remember (whenever such a thing happens to you), that the affection of the estimable is alone worthy of esteem; and that the woman who displays unsolicited liking, forfeits her most respectable claim to the heart of man.

"Be careful, therefore, to stifle the earliest spark of vanity; for that is a passion which is as powerful as love itself: many persons, seeking only what they thought a harmless indulgence of it, have been entangled in snares from which they never afterwards could escape.

"I can conceive no situation more desperate than that of a man, otherwise well principled, who has suffered himself to be inebriated with the admiration of a woman whom he does not sufficiently respect to marry; and who, having sacrificed both her virtue and reputation to his heartless frenzy, finds himself imperiously commanded by honour and compassion not to abandon her.

"Always ask yourself what is likely to be the consequence of such and such actions, and you will then obtain timely warning of a moral danger. Above all things, teach yourself to refer every action and every motive to the commandments of your Creator. Never, my brother, never for a moment lose sight of the important truth, that you are an accountable creature; that virtue consists in a series of sacrifices, happiness in the consciousness of a life well used!

"Continue to love me as you now do, and I shall fear nothing. Let us henceforth have but one soul: let us impart our weaknesses, our faults, our griefs, our joys to each other: let us candidly reprove, or affectionately applaud, what-

ever we may observe wrong or praiseworthy: let us, in short, never forget the death-bed of our mother!"

Charles took his brother's hand as he spoke, and pressed it to his heart: that excellent heart was big with many emotions. —"God bless you, my Demetrius!" he added: —"you know not how extremely dear you are to me."

The expressive colour in his attentive hearer's cheeks had varied rapidly during this address; he now bent his head over the hand of Leopolstat, to hide the sensibility which boyishly he blushed at; but, soon after raising his eyes, he said —

"My future conduct must entitle me to this excess of goodness. At present, Charles, I can only offer you the sole possession and guidance of my inexperienced heart: such as it is you see it completely; and ever shall see it."

Answering this with an eloquent smile, Charles proceeded:—"It is proper to tell you how much money will be at your disposal for the time to come. Added to the pay of your commission, you will have a thousand rix-dollars annually: can you contrive to live upon so modest an income in this gay capital?"

"A child cannot be more ignorant of money than I am," returned Demetrius; "but I dare say some obliging acquaintance will soon teach me how to dispose of it. Yet tell me; am I indebted for this to your generosity?"

A graceful embarrassment made Charles hesitate, while he ambiguously answered, —"My father put it out of my power to be *generous* even to my brother: this was our dear mother's income; and of course it becomes the property of her younger son."

Demetrius believed this assertion implicitly; the thing appeared so natural; and it was so unlikely that a Count of Leopolstat should possess only an estate of a thousand rix-dollars, yet be able to resign it to his brother. A cheerful smile brightened his eyes, and he was about to reply, when a party of young men, self-invited to breakfast, entered the apartment.

With some of these the brothers attended parade, and afterwards visited the magic gardens at Schonbrunn: they went in the evening to the opera, where their inexperienced

companion was enchanted with all he heard and all he saw. Exquisitely susceptible of every thing that ministered delight to the taste and the heart, Demetrius might be said, from this night, to have literally fallen in love with Harmony, of which he had hitherto received only a faint impression.

When the entertainment terminated, the party dispersed; and Charles took his brother to the house of Baron Ingersdorf; where they made part of a large and brilliant assembly.

At the assemblies of the Baron, foreigners of distinction, men of learning, the bravest officers, and the most eminent of the nobility, were always to be found. The Baroness was a votary of the fine arts, consequently honoured their professors; and the political power and integrity of her husband surrounded them with the great and excellent. It was in this house that Charles wished to see his brother familiarised; for it was here, he knew, that reason and decorum guided the unsteady steps of pleasure.

Demetrius was too young and too happy not to seek crowds with avidity: he was of an age to be attracted by amusement and splendour: he was of a temperament to take a strong bent, either towards the highest self-control, or the wildest licentiousness: he was to be moved by lively emotions only; and Charles wisely thought that to bring him into contact with a character like Baron Ingersdorf's, (which forced admiration by its unshaken rectitude, while it endeared by its amiable sociability,) was to impress on him the conviction that contemporary applause and internal satisfaction would be the fruit of imitating his virtues. The princely magnificence, and agreeable mixture of rank, science, and beauty, which prevailed in the assemblies at Ingersdorf's house, would also give an additional charm to the lesson that was there to be studied.

In their way from the opera, Charles had given his brother a portrait of his patron; so that Demetrius saw no other object in the superb saloon into which they were ushered.

The Baron was a tall, handsome man, in the prime of

life, with a serene, yet somewhat thoughtful countenance; which, whenever he smiled, had a divinity in it that —

> " Would he begin a sect, might quench the zeal
> Of all professors else; make proselytes
> Of who he but bid follow!"—

No lover was ever more agitated by the first sigh of his mistress, than Demetrius when the Baron bestowed upon him one of these benign smiles; when he cordially grasped his hand, and turning to Charles, said — " I heartily congratulate you upon having got your brother under your own eye; and I wish him as much public gratitude, as much private esteem, as it has been your happy destiny to deserve and to acquire! — his countenance assures me I do not wish in vain."

The grateful blush that now enriched the cheeks of the brothers was reflected by one of a brighter vermilion, which at this instant overspread that of a beautiful brunette who was engaged in conversation near them. She was by far the handsomest woman in the room; and from a pair of dazzling dark eyes (that outshone the blaze of jewellery about her person), Demetrius observed her darting frequently an anxious look towards where they stood. Charles immediately approached and presented his brother. It was to Mademoiselle Ingersdorf.

Demetrius had been received with so much cordiality by the Baron, and so much graceful familiarity by the Baroness, that he was now somewhat mortified to observe an air of bashful restraint in their lovely niece: it was a bashfulness that, as he was yet fettered by the same chain, placed an obstacle between their mutual freedom. He was, however, shortly drawn away from the contemplation of it, by the sound of music in a distant apartment, where a few amateurs were practising one of Mozart's most admirable compositions. In its ravishing expressions he lost all thought of Mademoiselle Ingersdorf.

From this period, the brothers were inseparable. They were always to be seen together on duty, at the tables of the generals, at the private parties of men of talent, and the public assemblies of women of character; where they were

as much admired for their fraternal love as for their fine persons.

Charles knew exactly how far to go; and how much better it was to let his brother drink temperately of the cup of pleasure, than by forbidding it wholly to provoke a thirst never to be allayed. Without becoming a spy upon his actions, he was enabled to judge of their propriety, being constantly his companion; but he was so only at the desire of Demetrius himself, who, indeed, relished no amusement unshared.

The discretion and rigid frugality of the young count prevented any one from suspecting that he lived solely on the income arising from his military employments: for no man was better habited; no man freer from debt; or so often known to assist others. But the secret was, that Charles had long since ascertained his income; and having a lively abhorrence of dishonesty (however disguised under the convenient terms of thoughtlessness, liberality, spirit, &c. &c.), and having the good sense to allow that appearances, discreetly kept up, are necessary to obtain, even the best men, consideration,—lived a life of rigid temperance. Every body knew that he was not rich, but no one guessed that he was poor; and the young nobles, in whose expensive revels he refused to join, always placed his refusal to the account of principle.

Charles really preferred the evening parties, of Baroness Ingersdorf, which amused and cost him nothing, to a destructive acquaintance with women, whose good humour was to be heightened and favours purchased by extravagant gifts. He detested gaming; he despised drinking; so that excepting a little delicacy in dress, and a compliance with his love of collecting fine drawings, he lived without expending unprofitably a single ducat.

Poor Demetrius was not so expert in balancing between parsimony and profusion. He was occasionally asked for forty or fifty rix-dollars by some of his associates, and to deny them was impossible: he was also petitioned in the streets by beggars, whose claim on assistance he would not hear questioned; no one could do the slightest service for him without tasting his bounty; and if he were jested on

an unfashionable boot or hat (not having presence of mind to defend the old servant), he cashiered it instantly. To become ridiculous, even in a trifle, was more frightful to him, than to be accused of crimes.

No two men could have less resemblance than these brothers; and yet nothing could be more nicely equal, than the number of their admirers.

Demetrius had exuberant spirits; but they were more than the common spirits attendant on youth and health. They were part of a vivid character, which was energetic in every thing, and were therefore, always proportioned to the gaiety of the occasion.

Charles was thoughtful and serious; but his seriousness had a sweetness in it, which excited tenderness; and whenever he became lively, his playfulness was the more valued, on account of its rarity.

Demetrius was frank to indiscretion; inconsiderate, impassioned; loving, and hating, to all appearance with equal violence: still he never carried his hatred beyond the bounds of simple disgust at sight of its object; for to injure or to mortify, never entered his imagination.

Charles was somewhat reserved; not from an uncandid or unsocial spirit; he was discreet from delicacy. Too tender for extravagant emotions of any kind, love melted, rather than fired him; and where Demetrius hated, he pitied or despised.

A talent for poetry, gave Demetrius an acute relish of whatever was beautiful, either in animate or inanimate nature; and so perniciously coupled were the ideas of moral and physical perfection, in his visionary fancy, that he could never separate them.

Charles, on the contrary, distinctly perceived every grace, and every deficiency; his genius for drawing, giving him a habit of accurate observation. He was never to be pleased by an agreeable error: truth, and truth only, satisfied him.

Demetrius thought every pretty woman faultless, because his imagination completed, what nature had left unfinished.

Charles was not to be so taken in; his correct taste instantly feeling, and his judgment acknowledging, all that was imperfect.

Those who liked to have their interest excited by the changeful conduct, and careless graces of youth, preferred Demetrius: such as found pleasure in contemplating the mild dignity and tried integrity of manhood, decided for Charles. But every one concurred in admiring their mutual affection.

CHAPTER II.

The brothers were one morning together, when a letter was brought to Charles, which as he opened with some confusion Demetrius quitted his seat, and facing towards the glass, began to settle part of his dress.

"Thou wilt certainly grow a coxcomb, my good fellow!" said Charles, at last rising and laying his hand upon his brother's fine hair.

Demetrius, with a look of alarm, exclaimed — "Do you really think so?"

Charles laughed — "No, on my honour, or I should not have told you of it, so lightly; but to say the truth, you are no indifferent worshipper of your own image: if I may hazard a conjecture on the usual length of your devoirs, from the present specimen."

"Attribute the blame to your confounded letter, Charles! I saw you were forced to spell it, and charitably tender of such dulness, removed myself out of your way."

"One must not read love-letters before you, I find," observed Charles.

"Is it a love-letter? — my dear brother, do let me see it."

"I did not say it was — indeed it is not: and whether it comes from man, woman, or boy, I am completely ignorant: — there it is: when you have read it, I will tell you all the little I conjecture of its writer."

Demetrius nearly forgot that he had just thought himself in peculiar good looks that day, and that he meant, therefore, to sally forth immediately: he snatched the billet,

which was written delicately, in a small hand, without a signature, and read as follows: —

"I am more than ever pleased with you: — your virtues are indeed sterling, since they bear the test of universal admiration. How sincere is the tribute my heart pays you, when I reflect upon the disinterested affection with which you are now guiding the unsteady steps of your brother! I foresee he will one day reward, by resembling, his youthful Mentor.

"Continue what you now are; suffer no praise, no consciousness of desert, to banish from your mind the solemn conviction, that all human goodness stops far short of our divine pattern. It is only by forgetting this, that you can become arrogant.

"I hear of you everywhere; and always with honour: let it be your study to preserve this universal esteem. Believe me, you are not the less amiable for being rigidly upright; and receive this assurance from me, that your fine qualities have secured to you one of the tenderest of hearts. "Adieu!"

"What I would give, to have such a letter written to me!" exclaimed Demetrius, — "she must be the dearest creature in the whole world, — I hav'nt a doubt but that she is as beautiful as an angel."

"But can't you conceive the possibility of this 'dearest creature,' having whiskers and a bald head," said Charles smiling, "don't you think you may have made a trifling mistake in the pronoun?"

"What! — is it a man after all? — pshaw! — I would not care a rush for the best letter that ever was penned, if it came from a stupid old object of a man."

"Demetrius!"

There was a tender severity in the voice of Charles as he pronounced his brother's name, which brought the other instantly to recollection: he blushed, and ingenuously protested against the levity with which he had spoken. "To be sure," he added, "praise is sweet, from all good people, whether they be young or old; but you must allow that it

is much sweeter whenit proceeds from female lips?—now don't interrupt me, Charles; I perceive you are going to say, such praise ought not to be half so valuable, because men are, generally, better qualified to give just reasons for their approbation— true—so they are; but then one is so grateful for a regard that out-runs one's desert!—at least I am—'tis that makes me love you so well. But come; tell me who this worthy old gentleman is?"

"So now, it is positively an old gentleman."

"Why have you not expressly said so?"—

"No.—I only hinted it as a probability: you may recollect my having said I was ignorant of the writer's sex or age. So now, if your curiosity can be rekindled by the *chance* of my correspondent's turning out 'a dear creature, as beautiful as an angel,' I will tell you how, and when, and where I received her first favour. But to do that satisfactorily, I must recapitulate the events of many years."

"My dear brother!" exclaimed the grateful Demetrius, and eagerly seizing a chair, prepared to listen.

Charles was very modest: and the colour deepened in his cheek, as he thus began a regular account of his short and meritorious existence.

"You know that I was so unfortunate as, very early in my career, to lose the prince E——, from whose friendship I had reason to expect so much. He fell in a duel; just after having taken me a most improving tour through Switzerland and Italy, and obtained for me the first commission I held under the Emperor.—I was then thrown completely upon my own resources; and forced to content myself with the prospect of remaining an obscure individual, all my life.

It would be frivolous to fatigue you now, with a narrative of my petty adventures, during the four following years; they were precisely like other young men's. Sometimes I fancied myself in love, or beloved; sometimes I was persecuted by the advances of other men's mistresses; or was occupied, by finding enemies in friends, and friends in enemies. Doubtless, had I not had the blessing of a pious education, under the eye of a tender mother I should have yielded to the temptations around me, and made my

desperate prospects an excuse for rendering them worse. As it was, I had discretion enough to prefer occupation before idleness, sound sleep before nights of revelry; so I studied, when others sought pleasure; and when our regiment was ordered into service, I made my first campaign in ninety-three, with several advantages.

Books were my recreation; and reflection was the only physician I ever needed; (for, thank Heaven, all my indispositions were but the effects of an extravagant sensibility,) my life was not so full of felicity as to make me very careful of it; so I rode into action, with some speculative acquaintance with war, a body capable of enduring fatigue, and a heart that feared not death. After one of the severest engagements in which our regiment had shared, so many of the principal officers were killed or wounded, that it became my lot to head a squadron. By this fortunate chance—(having dauntless Hungarians to command, and happily succeeding in a hazardous attempt, which dislodged the enemy from a very important position,) I attracted the favour of Marshal Wurmser; and the bravery of my gallant countrymen thus obtained for me the command of a troop."

"No disqualifying, Charles!" interrupted Demetrius. "If your hazardous attempt had not been well planned, and likely to succeed, even success would not have saved you from censure. I have learnt enough of military rules, to know that, in these cases, a man must never act but upon probabilities. The courage of soldiers, is only a powerful machine, which depends, for its usefulness, on the hand that directs it: and for this reason public opinion is not unjust, when it decrees superior glory to commanders."

"Bravo!"—cried Charles—"your remark is right, and its application so flattering to your brother, that he will not endeavour to disprove it. To proceed, therefore. From this period I was frequently entrusted with the execution of partial attacks, observations, &c. &c., which good fortune enabled me to accomplish fully: and having been so lucky as to propose and effect the recapture of a lieutenant-general, who had been surprised by a roving party of French

chasseurs, I secured him my friend, and, in the year ninety-five, went with him to join the imperial army in Italy.

"It was at the close of the foregoing year, when I was lying ill of a flesh-wound, got in the skirmish with the chasseurs, and which, for some days, I had not been able to attend to, that I first received a letter from my unknown. Here it is—you may read it.

To Count Leopolstat.

"While a whole army are loud in the praises of a young man, not yet one-and-twenty; while the consciousness of desert intoxicates his senses, and perhaps threatens to make him an arrogant character for life; will he condescend to reflect on the anonymous tribute of mingled caution and eulogium, presented in this letter, by an individual?

"It was my fortune to hear of you continually during the last campaigns; I heard of you, not merely as a gallant soldier, but as one who, in spite of misfortune, nobly supported his nobility; and extorted that consideration by his virtues, which does not often fall to the share of any but the fortunate.

"Your character pleased — your situation interested me — and I have ever since followed your actions with the most watchful solicitude. In the late exploit, you added a new motive for that admiration, which I am romantic enough thus to acknowledge.

"So anxious am I to see you persevere in the magnanimous course you now tread, that I cannot forbear from thus telling you, that even the most dissolute breathes your name with respect, the most virtuous with enthusiasm: but should you lay aside your self-denial with your obscurity, your modesty with your neglect, believe me, you may fight like a lion, and you will only

'Light a torch to show your shame the more.'

"Apostates from propriety, like apostates from religion, are ever more abhorred than such as never made a profession of either. Continue, then, to think and act as you

now do; new virtues will, in that case, spring up from new circumstances; and you will remain a memorable instance of sensibility without weakness, valour without rashness, success without insolence, youth without error, graces without vanity, and excellence without enemies.

"Farewell."

"With this epistle," resumed Charles, "came a valuable collection of books and maps; all that you see there, bound so gaily in crimson and gold: they are, indeed, a complete library for a soldier; some very scarce, all very useful.

"I should dissemble unwarrantably," he added (as his brother eagerly asked what impression the letter made upon his feelings), "I should falsify truth most notoriously, if I did not own, that it conjured up a good deal of vanity in me. I read it over and over again, and always with the hope of finding some new reason for concluding it to be the production of a woman. To be sure, there was not a woman whom I wished it to come from; yet was I puppy enough to desire that there might be some charming creature vastly in love with me, whom I might discover, and love in return with my whole heart."

"Nothing could be so natural — nothing could be so natural," repeated Demetrius, with an ardent sigh. "I should have died of impatience to discover her. What a soul! what sensibility to excellence! what judicious admonitions!"

"Those very admonitions," answered Charles, "first taught me to suspect that I was deluding myself: the chances were fifty to one against any young woman in love dictating such a rational epistle. Few persons in love have the sanity to believe, and the courage to tell its object, that they imagine if possible for him to fall short of perfection. I therefore abandoned the solitary post of 'I am romantic enough' (in which I had, at first, most obstinately entrenched this vain opinion), and betook myself to take the writer's counsel, instead of agitating my heart with unavailing conjectures.

"Immediately after this incident I went to Italy, where

I became acquainted with a Saxon officer, who was destined to traverse most of my views.

"Joseph Wurtzburg was two or three years my senior; and, without talents of any kind, burnt to be distinguished. As this desire of distinction had its source in a grasping churlishness, which would willingly have admitted no sharer in the distribution of worldly honours, so was it totally incapable of comprehending the real value of actions; learning to estimate them solely by public praise or public blame. He lived, wishing to be every thing, yet becoming nothing.

"By turns, you saw him consumed with a gnawing desire of supplanting a man in the heart of his mistress, or being pronounced a finer figure than his companions, a better dancer, deeper thinker, more active officer; in short, there was nothing too high, nor too low, for his covetous temper to think above, or beneath its reach.

"Envy, like a canker-worm, eat into his very heart: those who knew him slightly called him a gay, good kind of fellow; such as observed him closely, perceived in him the forced levity of a man in continual ill humour with himself. I do verily believe, that for himself he united the two extremes of love and hatred; and preposterously wishing for superiority in all points over others (for which nature had completely unfitted him), neglected the only point in which perhaps he might have shone — yet Heaven knows what that was!

"Being thrown much together in our military stations, he and I became acquainted; and, from the very first moment, I saw he eyed me with dislike. So little did I then dream of the existence of such a character as Wurtzburg's, that I imputed this dislike to something amiss in myself; and the next time we met, endeavoured to appear as sociable as I felt. Nothing altered him; he constantly looked at me with detestation, and spoke to me with bitterness; yet so that, without drawing upon myself the charge of irritability, I could not notice his conduct.

"The fact was, that as the veteran officers on the Rhine (thinking a little exaggerated praise might urge me forward to really meritorious achievements), had said far more of

me than I deserved; Wurtzburg hated before he saw me: the happy auspices under which I joined the troops in Italy completed this aversion.

"Fortune still favoured me. I continued to obtain the approbation of my generals, and saw myself approaching that promotion for which I panted; because from that alone I could expect opportunities of trying those speculative experiments, from which I hoped my country and myself might reap solid advantage. But here Wurtzburg stepped in, like my evil genius, and for a while darkened my prospects.

"The general, whose liberty I had preserved, and upon whose friendship I had been taught to reckon so confidently, was a relation of Wurtzburg's. He was a well-meaning, weak-headed man; and I quickly perceived that his commendations of me grew every day cooler, his zeal for my advancement slackened; till, at length, he ceased to distinguish me from any other person.

"You are well acquainted with the disasters which befell the Austrian army in the campaign of ninety-six. My brain maddens, when I remember the thousands of gallant soldiers that were absolutely sacrificed by the insanity of General A—g—u: but, thank Heaven, though I shared in the misfortunes of the battle of Montelezoni, I escaped its disgrace.

I was in the division commanded by Lieutenant-general Provera; that brave division which, forgotten by the flying A—g—u, was left in the midst of a victorious enemy, without a chance of succour, relying solely upon its own energy.

"During two nights after the engagement of the main armies, the intrepid Provera endeavoured to effect a retreat by crossing the Bormida; but that river was so swoln by heavy rains, that its passage was impossible; and he therefore came to the resolution of fortifying his little army among the ruins of an old fortress, on a neighbouring mountain. There, for two days and nights, completely encircled by the republicans, without provisions of any kind, even without water, and almost hopeless of assistance, we repulsed the assailants. They had insolently summoned us to surrender at discretion; but, after having

been thrice beaten back with great slaughter, and lost three of their generals, they allowed us terms; and we surrendered prisoners of war.

This removal of me was, I am certain, a sincere pleasure to Wurtzburg; but he was not long suffered to enjoy it: we were exchanged; and as every individual of the brave Provera's brigade partook of the honour due chiefly to himself, I was again congratulated by my brother officers.

"You wonder, perhaps, at my using the word congratulated; yet I have not misused it. Success is not the test of honourable exertion. A handful of troops, abandoned, isolated in the midst of an army surrounding them, like the waves of the sea — an army which they baffled, in spite of famine and despair, was, in the eyes of Europe, an object of respect and admiration. No, Demetrius, I would not give one leaf from the hard-earned laurels of that memorable time, for all the blood-stained wreaths that may hereafter cover the shame of rebels and usurpers.

"No sooner had I rejoined the army, than Wurtzburg came again in contact with me, by his being placed in the same brigade, which was sent to strengthen the garrison of Mantua. About this period, I received a second letter from my unknown, together with the fine ruby, now upon my finger: it is exquisitely cut, and would be inestimable to me, were it only for its representing the great Gonsalvo.

Letter to Count Leopolstat.

"I hasten to send you a trifling testimony of the increasing esteem with which I consider you; though I have been so long silent, I have not thought of you the less. Accept this ring, for the sake of one to whom your virtues have endeared you; not your graceful person, nor still more graceful accomplishments: these can have no weight with me (though I confess myself so silly as to set some value upon a pleasing exterior), since I never have seen you.

"Whenever you look on the head which enriches this gem, let the noble character which made it thus admirable, refresh and animate your present virtues. Like his, your

gallant acquirements have already obtained for you the title of 'Prince of the youth;' and like his, I hope, your continuance in the same course will ensure to you the name of a hero.*

"Your career in Italy has been uniformly as bright as my heart predicted. I have many military connections; and from them have heard instances of your humanity, far more affecting than all the exploits of valour.

"Amiable Leopolstat! be true to your own principles, and you will carry with you into every situation the prayers and blessings of such as love goodness. Adieu."

"Say what you please, my dear Charles," exclaimed Demetrius, "yet I'll maintain this sweet, sermonising epistolarian to be a woman; and if you ever fall in love with any one else, I shall think you have a heart like a bullet."

"That would be passing a terribly unjust sentence upon my character," returned his brother: "my heart is indeed touched with very tender gratitude towards this supposed fair; but as I really cannot persuade myself to become certain that my anonymous is a woman—a young, amiable, delightful woman, I may, perchance, dispose of my affections, after all, in favour of some charming reality. However, to satisfy you, my dear boy, I will own that always after receiving these letters, I thought for many weeks of nothing but their writer; wearied my brain with conjectures of who it was, and where she was; and never met a pair of fine eyes looking at me, without momentarily believing that they belonged to my correspondent.

* Gonsalvo de Cordova, justly denominated the Great, was one of the most celebrated generals of his time. In the midst of a brilliant military career, during which he had achieved the conquest of Naples, he was recalled to Spain by an ungrateful master, who envied him that love and admiration, which he suspected might one day be employed for the purposes of ambition. Disappointed in a long-promised honour, and cruelly neglected, Gonsalvo retired to Loxa, where he devoted himself to the study of elegant literature, and the practice of every domestic virtue. At this period, he was consulted by cardinal Ximenes, upon an expedition to Africa against the Moors. It was then that Gonsalvo proved himself a hero: forgetting private wrongs, in zeal for public good, he roused every power of his soul to produce a plan which was to crown another with glory; he recommended the only general likely to rival his own fame; and when success had consummated the enterprise, in the depths of his solitude he heard with joy the shouts of popular applause, greeting his fortunate competitor.

" In Mantua, where I was shut up for eight months, I thought I had at last discovered my incognita. This lady was a young widow, the niece of the chief ecclesiastic there; and having been early married to a Neapolitan officer, who died early, had returned to live with her family.

" She was at this time about five-and-twenty, elegant rather than handsome, and exquisitely accomplished. From the moment she distinguished me by particular notice, Wurtzburg fell *enormously* in love with her: it was amusing to see the little contemptible tricks which he used to supplant me, and the arts he essayed to prepossess me against her. Had I been attached to Signora Berghi, such conduct would have exasperated me; as it was, I laughed at him.

" The uncommon information and delightful conversational talent of this charming woman, beguiled most of the tedious hours which made up the days, and weeks, and months, wasted in Mantua. I felt a sort of home-like affection for her, and was accustomed to talk with her as with a sister.

" Hitherto, I had never attributed her unrivalled kindness to any other account than a sympathy in our tastes and opinions; but one evening, after an interesting discussion of military events (for she was surprisingly skilled on this subject), I was accompanying her voice in a favourite song, when finding her hesitate, I looked up, and met her eye as it rested upon my ring with a very agitated expression; she blushed excessively, and stammering out an excuse, retreated from the instrument.

" At that instant, I scarcely know whether I was rejoiced or disappointed: to say the truth, I believe I was the latter; for Signora Berghi, with all her excellencies, was not precisely such as a young man of two-and-twenty would wish to find an incognita. This blush, however, was convincing. Without taking time to deliberate, and in such a hurry of spirits that I forgot all caution, I followed her to a sofa, respectfully took her hand in mine, exclaiming—

" ' Have I then learned from that amiable blush, what you have hitherto so cruelly concealed from me? — what I have so long panted to discover? And may I now dare to assure you, that your goodness — your approbation —'

"Here I lost myself, for I felt as if I ought to have been rather more ardent in my gratitude to a charming woman.

"Signora Berghi, who could only understand from this that I was in love with her, and had interpreted her blush into a mutual preference, became really beautiful with the various emotions, that, embellishing her cheeks and eyes, gave to her whole figure an air of the most touching sensibility. She trembled, sighed, averted her face, and withdrawing her hand, said softly — 'And have you indeed wished for this discovery? Till now, I feared that you set no value on my esteem.'

"'How could you wrong me so? Was it possible for me to read such pure and admirable sentiments; to know myself so partially considered; to wear this sweet remembrancer, and yet not languish to discover the sex and character of my invisible friend, my guardian angel?'

"I stopped, but received no answer. A deadly paleness succeeded those rich colours which but the instant before had animated her countenance. She pushed me from her, faintly exclaiming, 'Ah! there is some fatal mistake.' While she spoke, she fell senseless on the ground."

Here Count Leopolstat sighed repeatedly; and Demetrius, observing his brother's eyes swimming in tears, cast down his. Charles then proceeded.

"When she recovered, she earnestly demanded an explanation; and as, indeed, I had already gone too far to recede, I frankly told her the history of my ring. At its conclusion she wept some time without speaking; at length, still keeping her eyes fixed on the floor, she said, with the most affecting gentleness, 'Surely you will be generous enough to acquit me of a forward affection (even though I have thus explicitly shown how dear you are to me), when I solemnly protest I am not that happy person, so deservedly interesting; and that, consequently, I could find in your first address only the declaration of a mutual preference. Oh, Count Leopolstat, when we are separated for ever, think of me, not as an indelicate, but too ingenuous woman, whose heart had yielded to your virtues, and now tears itself from them eternally, with the agonies of death!'

"The agonies of death did indeed sit on her pale face, as, breaking through my now clasping arms, and gasping convulsively, she rushed out of the apartment. I could not suffer her to leave me thus; but following, and conjuring her to hear me a single instant, at length almost carried her back.

"It would have been criminal in me to have deceived her: I therefore candidly explained what my feelings had been towards her; what they now were (for they were tender beyond all expression, and my looks must have been faithless to my soul, if they did not express that tenderness): but it was in vain that I talked to her of love; she answered, that I mistook pity for preference; that though she believed my pity was ever accompanied with respect, and far tenderer than the love of most other men; though it might make her happy, it would not render myself so. She therefore resigned me to the mysterious, and, she hoped, fortunate lot which seemed destined for me.

"I will not weary your attention, my brother, with all the arguments which, during several interviews, I used to this eccentric, admirable woman; but proceed to tell you, that as every interview displayed more accurately the delicacy and sweetness of her character, I became so truly attached to her, so grieved at her incredulity, that I fell ill; and the physician pronouncing the disorder to be on my mind, she was induced to credit my protestations, and blessed me by saying so. Of course, my recovery was immediate."

"But how came she to blush, when you caught her eyeing the ring?" said Demetrius. "I do suspect, in spite of all her assertions —"

"You are mistaken then," interrupted his brother. "Wurtzburg, who found out her preference for me, long ere I suspected it myself, desirous, I presume, to have me considered as under engagements to some other woman, had censured my reserve, and instanced its folly, by my making a mystery of such a trifle as a ring. Of this ring, he said, he had often asked me in vain; adding, that it was most likely the gift of some fair favourite, which solved the riddle of my extreme coldness in praising all other women. Dur-

ing my indisposition, this silly fellow made a passionate declaration to Signora Berghi, which she silenced by declaring our engagements: from that instant his animosity knew no bounds."

"Well, but, proceed, Charles; tell me how it happens that you have not married this amiable creature?"

Charles now turned very pale; he averted his head, and said, in a suffocated voice, "She was taken from me by death." He then rose, walked to a window, and remained there a long time in silence: when he quitted it, his eyes were heavy and swoln, and the smile which he forced to his lips, parted them but for an instant.

"I'll finish my story another time," he said, hastily, (brushing off with his hand the tears that gathered afresh in his eyes); "let us have a walk."

Demetrius, without trusting his voice to reply (for sorrow is contagious), rose quickly, and tossing his hair into a thicker shade over his brow, as he put on his hat, followed his brother into the street.

CHAPTER III.

The next time in which the brothers breakfasted alone, Charles resumed his narrative.

"When I was first suffered to avow myself the lover of Signora Berghi, the situation of Mantua grew every day more critical: Marshal Wurmser having imprudently thrown himself into that half-famished city, with twenty thousand fresh troops, was now, after four months' defence, reduced to extremities: each attempt made by the allies, to raise the blockade had failed: we saw ourselves on the point of either perishing with hunger, or disgracefully capitulating. A dreadful fever raged in the garrison; we were obliged constantly to break the formidable cordon of the enemy, merely to obtain a few provisions, which the environs soon ceased to afford us; and we were fast sinking

into despair; when General Provera, with a small force, arrived before the French lines.

"As the command of foraging parties had often been entrusted to me, and as I was, therefore, thought capable of executing a difficult enterprise with some presence of mind, it fell to my share to convey intelligence from the Marshal to General Provera. At some risk this was effected; and the service being deemed important, both generals promised, unsolicited, that their representations to the Emperor should obtain for me the grand cross of Maria Theresa.

"During this short absence from Mantua, my poor Leonora, (whom I had left ill of the fatal fever, and from whom I parted with a foreboding heart,) grew rapidly worse; and living only to hear that I had succeeded; that the relief of Mantua was almost certain; that her Charles was about to receive an honourable testimony of his zeal for the service, expired in my arms.

"The day was just dawning, Demetrius, when the tumult of musketry, shouts, and shrieks, announced the hour of the sortie. What were all the emotions of my life, to that which I felt then? My character, my honour, my duty, my future peace, were all at stake! If I were absent, I should be disgraced for ever — if I joined my regiment, the woman I loved would die deserted!

"This distracting conflict did not continue long: her last sigh struck my ear, and her cold hand suddenly dropt mine. What I felt, what I did at that agonising moment, I know not: I remember nothing, till a loud burst of artillery, succeeded by cries of frightful surprise, recalled me to the consciousness of holding her dear body, fast locked in my arms: I pressed it several times to my overcharged heart; motioned for her wretched uncle to receive the precious burden; and then hurried like a madman into the thick of the engagement.

"Conceive my horror, when I found that I had been repeatedly called for by my commanding officer; that my squadron was already engaged; and that our cause was desperate!

"During the night, General Buonaparte (receiving intel-

ligence of Provera's destination), had followed him with the utmost celerity, and was now united with the blockading army. What a scene of slaughter ensued! we were in despair,—the enemy confident: and it was not till the unfortunate, astonished Provera (obliged to submit to an unforeseen superiority), had surrendered his remaining soldiers, that we relinquished the contest.

"We were again shut up in Mantua, before which a victorious and immense force was now consolidated.

"No sooner did I lay down my arms, and thought to have had a short interval that I might dedicate to the memory of one whom I shall never forget — O never, never! — than I was summoned to a court-martial, and charged with desertion from my post on the morning of the 14th. My enemies (who seized this occasion) were indefatigable in exciting suspicions of my fidelity; and they had so artfully woven truth with falsehood in their accusations, that for many hours my very life seemed at the hazard. But my defence was so simple; the circumstances of my case were so affecting and peculiar; my attachment to the general cause so well ascertained (by the eminent risks I had run to prosper it the day before); that the sentence passed was comparatively lenient. I was suspended from all rank for six ensuing months, and my claim to the Order of Merit no longer allowed."

"O heavens!" exclaimed Demetrius,—"how were you able to bear this?—Did you not shut yourself up from every living creature, and almost break your heart with grief and shame?"

"No, Demetrius!—had I deserved censure, I should have sunk under it:—but I knew that every honest heart would acquit me of an intentional breach of duty. Even my judges pronounced sentence with regret, upon a man, faint with fatigue and anguish, and covered with wounds got in the very scene he was accused of having wilfully deserted. Commiseration from every auditor followed my sentence; and perhaps your persecuted brother was never so praised, so pitied, so esteemed, as at the instant in which his enemies hoped to have effected his ruin.

"Before I left the court, I requested permission to serve

in the ranks as a volunteer, which was granted me, with great emotion, by the venerable Field Marshal. Since then, he has assured me, that my colonel would have feigned ignorance of my temporary absence, had he not been vehemently pressed with the charge of partiality by two or three officers, who at length forced him to demand a court-martial. The names of these officers I could never learn; but my suspicions, perhaps unjustly, fell principally upon Wurtzburgh.

"The surrender of Mantua, shortly after this period, separated me entirely from this cold-blooded fellow. The terms of our capitulation were such as ought to have been demanded by a veteran like Marshal Wurmser; and, indeed, his gallant defence and venerable character wrested admiration from the enemy.

"Deprived of all military rank, I joined the army of the Archduke Charles. That young prince was now come from fields of immortal glory in Germany, to repair, if possible, the errors or misfortunes of the commanders in Italy. Alas! this was not to be done, even by him. The French (under a man, who has all the talents but none of the virtues of a general, who violates treaties and neutralities without regard to the law of nations,) were in possession of every important fortress; and nothing was left the Archduke but a resolution to defend the passes into Germany with obstinate bravery. His line, for this purpose, was drawn from the Grisons to the sea; it was linked together by a chain of posts, which formed a barrier between the enemy and the remainder of our army, then cantoned in Friuli and Carinthia. I had always languished to serve under the Archduke, and I was now insensible to every other desire in this world, save that of gloriously effacing hard disgrace.

"In the sanguinary action of Tarvis I was so fortunate as to find myself in the heat of battle, by the side of my General, at the very moment in which his horse was shot under him: I instantly threw myself from mine; and while he mounted, disabled a French dragoon, whose sabre was raised to cut him down. The Prince saw the action; and

exclaiming, 'I will not forget you,' charged furiously through the field.

"He kept his word. When the engagement was over, he enquired for the hussar, to whom he generously declared himself indebted for life; and recognising him in me, promised to promote me to a majority, so soon as the period of my suspension from military rank should be rigidly fulfilled.

"The decrees of courts-martial are never to be reversed; and I know that severe justice demanded some expiation of my offence. At the end of the time I speak of, I was restored to my former station; and immediately afterwards was presented by the Prince with a major's commission, and the order which I now wear. Ah! how did the sight of it wring my heart! when it was first promised me—Leonora, the tender Leonora—but why do I thus recall her!—

"When our troops were in the neighbourhood of Hundsmarck, the wife and niece of Baron Ingersdorf were on the point of falling into the enemy's hands. A dangerous illness had confined the Baroness some weeks to her country-house; and the march of both armies was too rapid to allow her attendants time to learn the necessity of removal. Prince Charles, anxious to preserve these ladies from the horror of captivity, strenuously urged the Baroness to quit the place in a litter, and to trust herself to the protection of a troop of hussars, which I offered to conduct. His advice was gratefully accepted: and after a swift journey, during which we had a sharp contest with a party of French horse, we had the happiness of delivering our fair charges into the hands of the Baron himself. From that hour he became my sincerest friend."

"I hear nothing of your anonymous all this while!" cried the impatient Demetrius.

"True," replied Charles, "I neglected to tell you, that when I was in Mantua, and immediately after quitting it, I received two letters: it will be as well not to read the last now. The subject is a sad one; yet the manner in which it is alluded to does honour to the writer's heart, and soothed mine. I was too unhappy a man, at that time, to require caution against folly; and the Unknown tenderly

forbore from saying any thing that was foreign to my grief. However, I was strengthened under mortification and sorrow, by receiving an assurance in this letter, that my extraordinary situation, and the sentence of the court-martial, were the talk of all Vienna; and that so far from suffering by such discussion, I became interesting to every one.

"Here is the singular epistle which reached me in Mantua just before my heavy loss."

Demetrius perused its contents with surprise.

To Count Leopolstat.

'Only a few weeks ago it was my intention to have made myself known at this period; but an unforeseen, perplexing circumstance delays this discovery, and you are now on the point perhaps of destroying my dearest views.

'I hear you are going to marry. — If it be true, and if the happy woman be as deserving of your heart as report says she is, I will stifle that selfish regret which I am too honest to deny feeling.

'Disappointed as I am, I promise to disclose myself hereafter: and ever, ever to remain your friend, though deprived of all hope of becoming your——.'

"A most singular letter indeed!" he exclaimed. — "What did you think of it, Charles?"

"I scarcely know what," returned his brother; "it seemed to me as if the fair writer had designed me the honour of her hand; and yet I could hardly reconcile such an explicit declaration with my ideas of female delicacy.

"I certainly revolved the subject over many times with great anxiety, and I fear also with some regret, that this discovery had been so long delayed. I will not dissemble with you, Demetrius — (though at the time I certainly deceived myself) — Signora Berghi, amiable, accomplished, as she was, did not warm my heart to that delightful excess I know it capable of.

"My nature is, I think, inaccessible to vanity; but it is weakly tender; and no virtuous woman ever loved me yet, without creating in me so much gratitude, as to make me a little in love with her.

"Had Providence destined me to be the husband of Leonora, I should have spent my life happily with her; yet not *so* happily as I might have done with some other woman — this incognita, perhaps."

"This incognita, I hope," said Demetrius—"she must, she shall reward you, at last. If she prove of great rank, extraordinary rank, as I suspect, you may easily account for her romantic frankness.

"You smile — well — go on with your narration."

"I have little more to say of the campaign," resumed Charles: "while the commissioners were treating for peace at Leoben, the armies lay nearly inactive; and before the end of the year ninety-seven, the definitive treaty released us from severe discipline: after which I repaired to Vienna.

"Attracted by every thing estimable and delightful, I had often visited Baron Ingersdorf's house, when one morning after breakfast he thus addressed me: —

"'You and I, my dear Count, are now sufficiently acquainted to wave all ceremony; I therefore freely tell you, that I am peculiarly interested in your future fortune; and having some influence, pledge myself, from this hour, to serve you in any one way which you can point out, or I accomplish. My wife and niece owe you everlasting thanks; and it must now be my task to prove that we all think so; though never with the hope of liquidating our debt.'

"I was going to protest against this exaggeration of a simple act of military duty, when he interrupted me.

"'Come, come, you must allow me to be a fairer judge of your merits and demerits than yourself. I have canvassed the latter for some weeks, and do not find them so very frightful as to prevent me from saying, henceforth use this house as if it were the house of your nearest relative; make it your home, whenever such a home seems agreeable; and rely upon a friendship which, having gratitude and esteem for its basis, will never fail you, unless they perish.'

"What was said by me in reply to such undeserved goodness I know not; but I did stammer out a heap of tumultuous expressions, proving that oratory, at least, was not among my qualifications.

"The Baron re-assured me by cordially pressing my hand.

"'There is one thing more I have to add,' he continued: 'you are young, and probably susceptible; my niece, good and beautiful; if you see her often, and discover those endearing virtues which are too much obscured by invincible diffidence, you may perchance fall in love with her: it is this I would warn you against.'

"Here my indignant features became scarlet; the Baron, without allowing me time to speak, hastened on.

"'I see you misunderstand me. Believe me, there is not a man in the world to whom I would so joyfully give Adelaide as yourself; but she is not mine to give.

"'When Adelaide was quite a child her mother died; after which event, my poor brother, who is one of the best men in life, and one of the strangest, found consolation in nothing but his affection for this girl. She was educated in the convent of which our sister is abbess; and never quitted that retirement till a month before you saw her. My brother, whose estate in Bavaria joins the lands of the convent, had been so accustomed to the society of his daughter, that it was with difficulty she obtained his leave to become my wife's nurse, when the physician ordered her to Hundsmarck, and with still greater difficulty obtained permission to winter it with us here. This concession was made by him after having premised several restrictions; the principal of which is — a careful watch over her heart. Adelaide has been engaged from the age of fifteen to the son of a man, from whom my brother professes to have received the most signal service. Of course we should not interfere with a parent's views; and Adelaide is herself too warmly attached to her father, and too strict in her notions of duty and delicacy, to make me afraid of trusting her, even with you, after my having thus appealed to your honour.

"'Perhaps this may be a useless, and therefore tedious, detail to you, my dear Leopolstat; yet my conscience would not have been quiet, had I not made it. I have uniformly reprobated those parents and guardians who permit complete intimacy between amiable young people, and then

are enraged at finding mutual good qualities have produced mutual affection; and I am consequently bound to avoid the conduct which I censure.'

" ' How just are your conclusions! how admirable your sentiments, my dear lord!' I exclaimed, charmed with his generous frankness; ' this is the strongest proof you have yet given me of your friendship. Be assured, that even were I not what I am — a poor soldier of fortune — such benevolent anxiety for my peace would not be lost on me. As it is, my peculiar destiny renders presumption impossible — yet Mam'selle Ingersdorf is not to be beheld with indifference.'

" At the latter part of my speech the Baron laughed so heartily, that he utterly disconcerted me. — ' I see you are to be trusted,' he cried, with his usual gaiety; ' that grave, cold compliment, so awkwardly delivered, convinces me that my poor Adelaide would have stood no chance at any rate; — that, if she gives her heart to you after all, it will be unsought even by a single civil sigh. Well, 'tis all as it should be: learn now to treat her as a sister; and her attentive kindness (being no longer liable to misinterpretation) will soon prove to you that her uncle is not partial Here ended our discourse.

" From this period, Baron Ingersdorf constantly treated me with the most flattering regard; consulted me on his own private concerns; and learnt from me in return the history of my life. He is now engaged in an endeavour to restore us part of our lost inheritance, which he suspects to be reclaimable: and it is to him that we are indebted for almost every valuable connection we possess in Vienna."

" And pray what has become of that vile wretch Wurtzburgh?" asked Demetrius.

Charles smiled.—" I hope he is undeserving of such a decisive epithet as that. You must remember, Demetrius, that all the malice I have perhaps too hastily laid to his charge, was never proved: the evidence was merely presumptive. Possibly a year may have wrought wonderful alteration in him; for I met him unexpectedly two days ago, as I was passing Prince Eugene's palace, and he returned my salutation with such politeness that it amazed

me. Some person told me since, that he has got the command of a regiment."

"A regiment! such a churl have a regiment?" vehemently interrupted Demetrius: "but hang him! what is it to us? — Do let me read that letter again — the last, I mean: — my dear Charles, I'll keep such a look-out for you! it will be impossible for me to see your incognita without knowing her by instinct. 'The tenderest of hearts,' — ah! that is hers of course, — what a sweet woman!"

"It is not my intention to fall in love as monarchs marry — by proxy," said his brother; "therefore, my good boy, let me beseech you not to volunteer so very useless a service.

"Come — we have talked away half the morning, and have not yet paid our respects at Madame Ingersdorf's."

Demetrius snatched up his hat, seized Charles by the arm, and hurried him along the streets with as much rapidity as he harangued.

CHAPTER IV.

THE Baroness Ingersdorf was a passionate admirer of the arts: her mornings were usually passed in a magnificent saloon, denominated her work-room, to which she admitted only select friends, while she plied the modelling-sticks, or the chisel, with equal vileness.

Nothing could be more surprising than to see her there, surrounded by antique statues of infinite beauty; to hear her descant upon proportion, grace, expression, form; to observe her judging accurately of other's performances, even at the time in which she was shaping some hideous mass out of clay or marble, calling it a bust, and looking at it with exultation.

Charles pretended to no skill in modelling: but he drew like a master; and his spirited sketches were often made in the work-room of the Baroness. It was her passion to

have him drawing near her, while she was engaged on some piece of sculpture, and Demetrius singing or reading by snatches, as the momentary humour dictated.

It is notorious, that a female artist speaks to a man of his person with the greatest freedom: the Baroness, therefore, had assured Charles a thousand times, that he had indisputably "the finest head in the world,"—"the most noble contour;" she had modelled his bust, alternately for an Apollo, a Scipio, a Cyrus; and was now condemning him again to fresh torture, having just discovered that he, his brother, and her niece, would make a glorious group of Hector, Andromache, and Paris.

"I had rather sit on your knee for Astyanax," muttered Demetrius to Adelaide, in a tone of mingled mirth and pique: Demetrius had a bitter contempt for poor Paris: the Baroness overheard him—laughed, and persevered.

Whenever the brothers were not on duty, or engaged in study, they went to Baron Ingersdorf's: perfect liberty was allowed to every one thus domesticated; and if one of them would but "sit" to the Baroness, the other might converse with Adelaide, while she worked, or practised the harp.

So familiarised, Demetrius saw a multitude of charms in Ma'm'selle Ingersdorf, which her first appearance had not led him to expect. She was indeed made up of all the gentle elements; and, naturally cheerful, displayed a sportive ease in her discourses with him, which she never ventured with Charles. Demetrius admired her so much, that Charles at length felt strangely alarmed, and warned him of her engagements: the other jested him on this fear; for he was heart-whole.

The birthday of Adelaide was celebrated by her relations with great splendour. On the day which made her twenty, all the beauty and fashion of Vienna were collected, to offer congratulations.

The Hungarian brothers were among the first who entered these gay saloons, which were laid out to represent the gardens of Armida.

Bowers of rose and laurel, groves of orange and myrtle, fairy lights twinkling through thick foliage, music breathing

from the flutes of unseen performers, distracted admiration till the ball-room absorbed every sense.

This was formed into an extensive grotto, almost blinding with its glittering spars, crystals, corals, and alabaster: a choir, like that which imagination supposes in heaven, sang beneath its lofty arch; while perfumes, sweet and refreshing, alternately grew and faded upon the air.

For some days before, the brothers had taken no inconsiderable share in assisting the lovely Adelaide to create this scene of enchantment; they consequently contemplated its effect with peculiar pleasure: but it was annihilated to Charles, when, advancing to Mam'selle Ingersdorf, he saw on her bosom a miniature of her father, which he had recently copied from a large portrait, and surprised her with in the morning. This compliment was the more flattering, as it was the only ornament out of many with which she had been then presented, that she chose to wear. For a long time after entering the ball-room, nothing was to be heard save bursts of admiration from the company, which began to crowd the apartments: at length, Charles and Demetrius (who were talking together among some thick laurels) unintentionally overheard the following sentences.

"And—pray tell me, my dear girl, who the young officer is, that was disentangling your dress from a bush, just as I entered? — I never saw so handsome a creature in my life; what love-lighted eyes!"

"Yes, he is very handsome; but surely not so much so as his brother? — It was Count Demetrius of Leopolstat."

The brothers were equally confused at these remarks: each wandered in his discourse; each grew scarlet; and moved abruptly away. As Charles did not turn round to discover the speakers, Demetrius dared not: but Charles knew the voice that had praised him too well to require the use of his eyes; and the first strong pulse of vanity, beating violently in the breast of Demetrius, made him fearful that Charles would discover it, and despise him.

It happened that, as they emerged from the shade, they met the fair speakers. Mam'selle Ingersdorf introduced Demetrius to Madame de Fontainville, in a manner which showed her unconscious of what she was doing; for, cer-

tain that she must have been overheard, she now talked as much incoherent nonsense as the brothers had done a moment before.

Charles was so absorbed in wondering at, and detesting, the vanity to which he attributed his present delirium, that he neglected to observe Demetrius, when he first beheld the Beauty of Vienna; and poor Demetrius was already "Gone ages in love."

A mussulman might have been excused, had he taken Madame de Fontainville for one of the Houries. Her skin was of a dazzling whiteness, which gradually kindled into rich crimson upon her cheek; her large, soft, black eyes were half closed beneath brows of the finest arch; and her small, vermilion mouth lost itself in dimples. To this was added a figure, which had attained that luxuriant perfection of shape and fulness, scarcely desirable at three and twenty; for even the admirers of dimpled hands and shoulders must foresee, that such beauty (like a rose prematurely blown, which scatters its leaves as quickly as it expanded them,) will shortly lose its exquisiteness. A robe of black velvet, and a profusion of very rich pearls amongst her silken hair, seemed purposely chosen, as if the wearer meant at once to contrast and match her own delicate whiteness.

While every gazer did homage to such a world of perfection, the heart of Charles secretly worshipped that very bashfulness which obscured the lovely Adelaide. Her soft olive complexion, though warm with native bloom, was less dazzling than if it had been fair; and her uncommonly brilliant eyes, timidly cast upon the ground, lost the advantage of their brightness. A gentle confusion closed those lips, which never parted but to reveal snow-white teeth; and wearing nothing peculiar, drapery simple yet graceful, she moved under a thin floating veil, without many persons observing that her figure was admirable. Hers were the touching charms of twilight; Madame de Fontainville's the blaze of day.

It would be vain to describe the enchanting pleasures which were this night varied to infinity, under the roof of Baron Ingersdorf: every one seemed to have put on their

best humour with their best attire; and smiling eyes, dimpling cheeks, cheerful voices, united with taste and wealth to leave nothing imperfect.

The supper consisted solely of rare wines, fruits, and delicacies, so shaded by flowers, or formed into such deceptive shapes, that nothing gross enough for mortals was discoverable by the eye: and the table was spread in a circular room, transformed by the magic pencil of Charles into the panorama of an extensive landscape.

During the time of waltzing, Count Leopolstat saw, with some disquiet, that Demetrius had Madame de Fontainville for a partner, and that the countenances of both were lighted up with unusual animation. When others changed partners, they still danced together: this was observed to him, with great levity, by a young foreigner, and it prompted him to whisper his brother, that it was improper to dance the whole evening with the same lady. Demetrius soon afterwards selected another.

Mam'selle Ingersdorf had danced only twice; first with one of the Archdukes, and then with Charles: the latter now sat down beside her, to make observations on the company.

"Though I have seen the beautiful De Fontainville, as she is termed, a hundred times," said he, "I have never asked whether she be wife or widow, German or French: pray, which is she?"

"All of them, I think," replied Adelaide: "her father is a Frenchman; he was envoy at this court many years, during which he married a Saxon lady, who died in giving birth to their daughter."

"Well?"

"Well!" re-choed Adelaide, turning her brilliant eyes with a little archness on him: "so you can find me nothing better to do in a ball-room, than to give you a history of the prettiest woman in it? However, I'll satisfy you.

"When her father returned to France, Zaïre de Liancour married Monsieur de Fontainville, who, I fear, was never very agreeable to her; for he was a man of violent passions and a narrow mind: he took an active share in the Revolution, and the murder of its august victim; after which,

she immediately parted from him. She and her father emigrated in ninety-two, and now live here in very good style, upon an estate of her mother's."

Charles would scarcely allow Mam'selle Ingersdorf to finish this detail: he pleaded her implied rebuke of his want of gallantry, as a reason why she should give him her hand in another dance; protesting that if she had not attributed his forbearance to respectful timidity, she had wronged him so grievously, as to be compelled by justice to make him reparation.

"Well, well," she replied, (blushing at his earnestness, yet with an increasing gaiety which spoke increasing pleasure,) "if you 'll suffer me to rest a while, I will repair my fault."

She then proceeded to enquire the Count's opinion of Madame de Fontainville's person.

"I should have admired it a vast deal more," he said, "had I seen less of it. You smile incredulously;—believe me, I don't say this to compliment you upon a style of dress so opposite; though if I were to say all that I think upon that subject—"

"You shall say nothing about me," interrupted Adelaide.

Charles smiled and bowed.

"Well then—I think Madame de Fontainville *perfectly beautiful:* but though I confess she does not in the least look as if she were destitute of sense and sensibility, still she does not appear as if she had much of either quality; beauty, faultless beauty, is all that she impresses on my mind. I long to see those melting eyes sometimes change their character—to see them look as if she were thinking; to observe her complexion very little, awakening that tender interest which bloom, assailable by sickness and sadness, rouses in the breast of man. I am not to be captivated by mere externals: I prefer eyes that make one forget their brightness in the brighter intellect transmitted through them; cheeks that grow lovelier while gazed on; and a shape whose chief graces are displayed by accident. In fact, I am grown so old, I believe, as to prefer moral beauty before every other species; and to think no

woman lovely, whose countenance does not appear to me 'the transparent covering' of amiable and admirable qualities."

"Ah, then, you would be pleased with Princess Constantia," exclaimed Adelaide. "I hope she will be here to-night! So youthful, so pretty, so playful, so endearing, yet so intelligent! Had it not been my fortunate lot to possess her friendship from infancy, I should have desired it passionately, the very first moment I beheld her."

"I have often heard you speak of this charming princess," observed Charles, "and with such enthusiasm as to thaw a little of my usual indifference to strangers. You expect her to-night, then? I thought she was still in Italy."

"She arrived this morning. But, come!" Adelaide added (with a persuasive smile), "I must not suffer you to retain an unjust opinion of Madame de Fontainville: it is true, I know very little of her; but quite enough to authorise me in chiding your severity. By the way, let me tell you, my worthy friend, that your determined hostility to beauty is a very heinous fault; and that if you continue thus to look at pretty women, with a resolution to find them disagreeable, you will frighten them into being so."

"No such thing, sweet Adelaide," replied Charles, apprehensively hesitating, "the most charming woman I know is also the most beautiful."

There was an expression in his voice and countenance as he timidly uttered this heart-felt compliment, which forced Adelaide to apply it properly: she affected to treat it with levity, laughed, and cried, "Excellent!" while her cheeks burnt, and her eyes sunk under his.

"Since I came to Vienna," she hastily resumed, "Madame de Fontainville sat to my aunt for a head of Cleopatra (that unfortunate bust which your laughter-loving brother bantered so pleasantly); and in these quiet visits displayed a very great portion of sensibility—almost too much, I fear, for her own comfort. Excessive tenderness, unaccustomed to restraint, unused to leave the choice of its objects to reason, is, in my opinion, the heaviest misfortune that——" Adelaide stopped abruptly, exclaiming, "Here comes Constantia!"

Leopolstat now turned his observation upon a fair creature of seventeen, who entered from the gardens. She was delicately attired in white satin, which, by its soft folds, faintly shadowed out the form of her finely rounded limbs: except a white Provence rose, that was scarcely to be distinguished from the panting bosom on which it rested, and a garland of the same flowers binding up her auburn hair, she was destitute of ornament.

Advancing with the apprehensive lightness of a fawn, she addressed Adelaide; and her sweet youthful voice convinced Charles she was destined to be beloved.

Princess Constantia was not perfectly beautiful; but her lovely shape was a promise of future excellence, and its thousand graces prevented all criticism. She had blue eyes, that alternately expressed the tenderest of hearts and the most intelligent of minds; and an ingenuous smile, which changed admiration into affection.

When the friends had exhausted congratulations, Charles was presented to the Princess. At the sound of his name, her cheeks took a brighter red, she darted on him a quick glance of enquiry and pleasure, repeating in a delighted tone, "Count Leopolstat!—I am very happy to see you at last, after so long wishing——" She stopped abruptly, blushed, cast down her eyes, and a sweet fearfulness banished her gaiety.

For a single instant, Charles lost himself in the suspicion that she was his incognita. Captivated by her unaffected loveliness, his brain grew giddy, and he had not power to dissemble the feeling which suddenly animated all his features; but while his eye devoured every expression of her face, he met an amazed look from Adelaide, which recalled his senses, and the illusion vanished. Constantia was a girl of seventeen, and his incognita had written to him during five years: the thing, therefore, was impossible.

He smiled at his own folly; resumed his tranquillity; and marvelled how he could have embraced the error with such warmth.

The Princess, having been lately ill, was not suffered by her aunt to dance; so that Adelaide excused herself to Charles, at the same time inviting him to be of their party

in a walk through the saloons. During this promenade, his graceful gentleness so entirely restored Constantia to ease and sprightliness, that she turned every object they passed into subjects for pleasantry: yet this was done with such innocent mirth, that no one could find in it a particle of ill-nature.

The young Princess of Nuremberg was indeed a rare creature. There was a little girlish simplicity in her manner, which, preventing fools from being awed by the occasional penetration of her look, made her equally amiable to the wise and unwise: without intending it, she always charmed, by her desire to make others do so; for, possessing an instinct, as it were, of whatever would be most consonant to the tastes or feelings of her associates, she immediately fell in with their humour, and made it her aim to draw forth their best endowments. Naturally playful, but never excessively lively, she amused and delighted, instead of fatiguing; it was her happy destiny to endear, even while she entertained. Indeed, her archness had ever a softness in it, which flattered the person to whom it was directed, with the idea that she had their pleasure for her object, rather than her own gratification.

Leopolstat, as he slowly turned his admiring eyes from her to Mam'selle Ingersdorf, and remembered Madame de Fontainville (for she was in another part of the assembly), secretly commented on the whimsical chance which had thus shown to him, in one evening, three specimens of beauty, so perfect, yet so different. He then thought of Demetrius, whom he had not seen for some time, and sincerely wished that he might not be still with Madame de Fontainville.

Princess Constantia retired before supper with her aunt. Just as she was giving Charles her hand to conduct her to her carriage, a smile moved her blooming cheeks, "like roses, when their leaves are gently stirred with the wind," and she whispered him — "I know young men are apt to be abominably vain, and to construe every silly action into an offering to their conceit; so I must explain to you, Count, why I longed to see you (which confession, to be sure, slipped out of my lips without my intending it); why

I blushed when I *did* see you, and looked so prodigiously silly. I longed to see you, first, because my brother has told me as many wonders of your achieving as were ever done by the English Guy of Warwick; and, secondly, because numbers of folks told me I was as like Count Leopolstat as a sister. Now I always colour whenever I am taken by a pleasant surprise; no wonder then that I should do so when you were introduced to me."

A graceful bow prefaced Charles's answer.

"I am afraid your Excellency has chosen the worst way imaginable for laying my vanity. This flattering solicitude to be understood, makes me believe,—I hope not presumptuously,—that Princess Constantia is willing I should respect and admire her."

"She would willingly *deserve* to be respected and admired by all men like Count Leopolstat," was her gracious reply.

Charles bowed again, and a deeper colour glowed through his brown cheek: yet was there no undue explanation given by his thoughts to Princess Constantia's ingenuous speech.

"I suppose it is my brother who has the honour of being considered like your Excellency?" said Charles, as they approached the grand staircase.

"I hope so," was her gay answer; "for I do protest, that though your complexion is vastly becoming for a soldier, it would not be quite so well in a court lady."

Charles laughed; so did she; and her aunt inviting him to the Nuremberg palace, they were hastening down stairs, when their steps were arrested by the sound of a voice sweeter than those gales which, flowing over Arabia Felix, waft the perfume of the rose, and the song of the nightingale, mingled together. Princess Constantia's bright eyes, flashing with sudden delight, were riveted on the half-open door from whence these sounds proceeded; she did not, therefore, observe the burning glow which gradually spread over the face of Leopolstat, as he listened, with a disturbed heart, to the impassioned voice of his brother. That voice, evidently addressing its seductive language to Madame de Fontainville, seemed breathing the very soul of love into the air which bore it towards Charles. Almost blushing at

its contagious influence, he stood silently attentive to the following

MADRIGAL.

I.

Turn, turn those eyes, whose dewy light
Spreads their soft languor o'er my soul;
Whose orbs, like evening Vesper bright,
Through melting mists of softness roll.
Ah! turn those eyes; for now they dart
Resistless lightning through my heart.

II.

Hide, hide those lips, that fondly meet,
All rich and ripe as sunny fruit;
Through which thy breath, ambrosial sweet,
Half wooes, half chides, my ardent suit:
Hide, hide those lips, for pity's sake!
They tempt the kiss I dare not take.

Both ladies retired from the door, at the song's conclusion, without speaking; for how could they venture to admire a performance which united passionate tones with passionate words?

Charles saw them into their carriage; and, returning up stairs, was about to enter the room where Demetrius was, when an unseasonable commission from the Baroness, who hastily passed him, carried him back to the dancing-room. How would his mortification at this have been increased, had he guessed that Demetrius had not merely applied his glowing song to the bewitching Zäire, but rapidly composed it while another person was singing!

CHAPTER V.

When the brothers met the next morning at breakfast, Charles enquired what Demetrius thought of Princess Constantia of Nuremberg.

"I never saw her."

"You must have seen her; it is impossible for any one to overlook so sweet a creature."

"Well, then, I saw without knowing her. Was it that

fine woman in the Turkish dress? or that Spanish-looking girl that danced with Stzarray?"

"Neither. She was in white satin, with flowers through her hair; and came into the ball-room two hours before supper, but she did not sup."

"O! then I never saw her; for I was not among the dancers all that time."

"Where were you then?"

"With Madame de Fontainville. — Charles, she sings more exquisitely than you can conceive: and upon my saying how much I loved music, some one proposed a singing party; so we went into that little cabinet which leads off the grand staircase towards the back of the palace, and there she sang me all Signora ——'s songs in the last opera."

"So, then, you were the whole evening with Madame de Fontainville! and pray what sort of a companion did you find her? —Agreeable?"

Thrown off his guard by the assumed carelessness with which Charles asked this question, Demetrius burst forth into such a rhapsody of praise and transport as completely appalled him: Charles was silent awhile; at length regarding the animated Demetrius with a look made up of pity and fear, he said gently —

"Demetrius, you have more dependance upon your own heart than I should have on mine, if ever you trust yourself again in so dangerous a situation."

"How do you mean?"

"I mean, that Madame de Fontainville's beauty is enchanting enough to make a man forget she has a husband; she has French manners also, which too often awaken hopes that ought to be impossible. Take my advice then, avoid her society, as I sincerely believe I should have done had her avowed admiration fallen to my share."

"What! avoid a virtuous woman merely because she is married and charming? Why, Charles, your virtue is rather that of a monk than a soldier, if it consists in flying from danger instead of resisting it."

"No bad virtue either, my dear boy. I know what the passions are at nineteen; I know that you must be superior to all human weakness, if you are not at this very in-

stant delirious with gratitude, admiration, and expectation. (Charles, as he spoke, averted his head, that he might not see the blood plead guilty through the cheek of Demetrius.) Madame de Fontainville has decidedly expressed the liveliest praise of your figure; and she has tacitly avowed as much of your manners, by devoting herself to you the whole of yesterday evening. You think her the loveliest woman in the world: now, if you can stand this first attack, made at once upon your vanity and your senses; if you can drink long draughts of beauty and admiration without becoming intoxicated; and can drive your warmest passions to the very edge of ruin, and yet there stop them, I pronounce you a greater hero than Scipio."

"Heavens! my dear Charles, what frightful phantoms do you conjure up, about my talking five or six hours to a most delightful woman, who probably does not care whether I am at this instant above or below ground."

"You don't suspect her of such indifference; I'll be sworn you do not," returned Charles (an encouraging smile tempering the seriousness of his eyes). "Come, be sincere with your brother; own to him that you think she distinguished you very particularly; and that it would not terrify you if she were free at this moment, and doomed to become your wife?"

"I should be shockingly ungallant if it did," exclaimed Demetrius, laughing: "however, I'll not dissemble with you, Charles: I am certainly abominably vain, for I was last night elevated out of myself by Madame de Fontainville's attentions, and thought a heap of silly things; but none, none on my honour, that had the slightest criminality in them. You must allow me a little harmless indulgence of my vanity."

"What! at the expense of her peace, perhaps?" interrupted the Count; "after your flatteries, or frequent society, have alienated her heart from its nuptial vow: in short, when you have made her in love with you, you will end your sport and call it harmless. Fie, fie, Demetrius!"

Demetrius strove to disguise his vexation under the mask of levity.—"Pshaw!" he cried, "in love with a boy like me! ridiculous!"

"Possibly I am too serious," rejoined Charles, after a pause; "but you must pardon me, brother, in consideration of the experience I have had of what vanity may lead to. You may think these cautions premature; but I profess myself one of those physicians who deal more in preventives than cures."

"Yes; but, my dear fellow, you would not flay a man alive with blisters and cataplasms, or physic him to death with pills and boluses, when he is in sound health? You would not deny me my dinner, because I *might* eat myself into an apoplexy; would you?"

"You are excellent, I know, at the ridiculous, Demetrius, and I never dare enter its lists with you. All I shall now venture to add, is this: keep a watch over your heart; never forget that Madame de Fontainville is married; and that, situated as she is, her reputation is more delicate than that of a single girl. Recollect also, that though to make a woman guilty is the most heinous of crimes, to make her unhappy is a crime also; and that no plea of indulging 'harmless vanity' will silence your conscience when it has to reproach you, either with the loss of her peace, or of her character."

"Ah!— you are so completely master of yourself," cried Demetrius, with a loud sigh, "so nice a weigher of possibilities and improprieties, and such matters, that I fear— I shall never be like you. Consider, my dear, dear Charles, this is the very first time I was ever admired!"

"Not the *first* time, I am confident," replied Charles, kindly taking the hand that was stretched forth to him; "other women have admired you as much as Madame de Fontainville, I dare say, but were too discreet to express it."

"O! if it's only a 'dare say,'" cried Demetrius, shrugging up his shoulders:—"but you shall be satisfied. I was to have met Madame de Fontainville at the Opera to-night, and I will not go."

The smallest concession from a beloved person was always sufficient to endanger the wisdom of Charles: his tender heart, overflowing with the belief of this sacrifice being greater to Demetrius than it really was, would have annihilated his foregone admonition, had not the fortunate

entrance of a servant with a note put an end to their dialogue. The billet presented contained these words: —

" To Count Leopolstat.

" If the brave Charles will be this night, as the clock strikes twelve, at the great gate of the church of St. Josephine, he will there meet a veiled woman, who will conduct him to one *long interested in his happiness,* — one who has a discovery to make, which she trusts will prove far from unwelcome."

" Now is your time to impose mortification upon me!" said Charles, holding out the note to his brother: " retort, if it seem right to you, my dear boy; and be assured that I will stifle both vanity and curiosity the instant you bid me."

" I would not bid you, for the universe!" exclaimed Demetrius (when he had run over the letter). " It is from your Unknown! — Surely, you make no hesitation about going?"

" If I thought it were indeed my Unknown!" answered the other, half breathless with eagerness; " but no — no — I deceive myself: — yet stay; though the hand is not the same — the seal —"

He stopped, and examined the wax attentively. Some impression had evidently been made upon it, which seemed to have been afterwards pressed on with the finger; yet parts remained, out of which, either Charles's eye, or his fancy, formed fragments of a seal that had always been complete on the letters from his Incognita. He communicated this to his brother, whose sight being spectacled by credulity, soon discovered a whole eagle where Charles only saw the beak of one; and every word of a motto, of which no other human being could have described a single letter.

No sooner had this conjecture ripened by degrees from possibility to probability, and thence to certainty, than Demetrius began guessing about the lady's rank, age, beauty, and merit; drew a portrait of her person as confidently as if he had seen her; and betted boldly, that Charles would be her husband in a month.

"Nay, my dear fellow!" he gaily added, "I'd have you take notable care of yourself; for it would not surprise me at all if this sweet romantic fair were to have a divine in the house, and make sure of you this very evening. Now don't be too sublime, Charles; forgive a little eccentricity for the sake of much affection; and don't insist upon the poor girl loving you with and without reason at the same moment. For my part, Love like 'Charity covers a multitude of sins;' and I only wish some good kind of body would take pity upon me, and pick my pocket of my heart: for I'm confoundedly tired of its heaviness, and desire nothing more fervently than to get it agreeably off my hands."

"What a fund of mischief and misery, perhaps, lies under this rattle of yours!" observed Charles. "Ah! Demetrius, Demetrius! you know nothing of what you wish. — However, if you are really under such a pressing necessity to disburthen yourself of your heart, come with me, and I'll show you an object precisely formed to captivate you,— the young Princess of Nuremberg."

"A Princess! — Good, i'faith! — I venerate your prudent recommendation, Charles!"

"O thou giddy boy! — you know very well, I would neither have you wretched nor culpable; and, of course, Princess Constantia is as far removed from you by the customs of society, as Madame de Fontainville by the law of heaven: I merely wish to mend your taste by showing you a better species of magic."

"O! your humble servant, sage brother," cried Demetrius: "I now perceive from what quarter of the globe your foregone, woful cautions have been wafted! From the Paphos of sighs and dreams, and wishes and alarms! — only two hours in your company, and in that short time to bewitch away such a soul as yours! a soul so guarded round by triple chains of adamantine prudence! Mercy upon us! what would have become of me then, whose heart (it seems) wants nothing but the invitation of a few songs sung after a ball to lure it for ever, and aye, into the first fair bosom willing to cage it! — Ah well! Chance stood my friend, and, by depriving me of the sight of this

mortal Venus, saved me from hopeless slavery. As to you, my dear fellow, I haven't a doubt but that this evening will unrol a romance the length of a furlong, and as marvellous as the Legend of St. Denis. — So allons! for a peep at its heroine."

Demetrius was all spirits at this moment; he laughed at his brother's serious defence; forgot the preceding lecture; remembered only that Madame de Fontainville had sighed when they parted; that his feelings were ecstatic; and Charles's Incognita interesting. He therefore set out for the Nuremberg palace with no sensation which was not pleasurable.

The amiable Princess whom the brothers sought, having been early deprived of her mother, was educated in Bavaria, at the same convent with Mam'selle Ingersdorf; where the tenderest friendships grew between them.

Upon the death of her father, Constantia willingly hastened to relinquish even her friend for the task of soothing the forlorn hours of her maternal grandmother; who now childless, and enfeebled rather by sickness than age, earnestly longed for her society. After a residence of two years in Italy with this venerated relative, Constantia was prevailed upon to visit Germany with her uncle's wife; but a paralytic stroke suddenly seizing the duchess, induced her physician to recal the Princess long ere her intended short absence should have terminated.

Inclination led the brothers to make their first call at Baron Ingersdorf's, where they learned the mortifying tidings of Princess Constantia's departure. A courier had that morning summoned her back to Italy; and she had hurried from the capital with all the expedition of terrified affection.

How heavily to Charles passed the hours of this day! Fluctuating between the hope of finding his Incognita amiable, and the fear that she would be otherwise; now dreading that he was deluded, and now scrutinising with uneasiness the strange character which prompted such strange conduct; alternately suspecting her blameably imprudent, or constructing for her a marvellous romance capable of solving every mystery, and sanctioning the most erratic actions; — he nearly agitated himself into a fever.

But, for all this, he certainly wished more fervently to find her an old woman than a young one; one who would adopt him for a son, instead of seeking to make him her husband. —His chief restlessness arose from a dislike to be thus left wandering in conjecture: for he had no ambition like Demetrius (who secretly indulged the most extravagant expectations), and no heart like him to give away to a phantom.

It had been determined by the brothers that they should appear together at the Opera (for Charles would not suffer Demetrius to break a promise made even to Madame de Fontainville), and then repair to the church of St. Josephine, where Demetrius was to stay with him till the veiled lady should arrive. This plan was followed.

Madame de Fontainville, piqued at the late entrance of her young admirer, received him with extreme coldness; bestowed all her attention, for a short time, on a party of Englishmen who were with her; and then suddenly left the theatre. Demetrius showed such visible mortification and resentment at this, that Charles refrained from overpowering him by any observation: he hoped to see him disgusted by her seeming caprice; and suffering him, therefore, to gnaw the corner of his hat, stayed the conclusion of the piece, and then, as the clock approached twelve, trod the road to St. Josephine's.

Charles took the precaution to arm himself; and he was not sorry that he had done so, when Demetrius accidentally suggested the possibility of this note being a contrivance of Wurtzburgh's to entrap and perhaps murder him. — Leopolstat smiled at the latter surmise; but admitted the likelihood of Wurtzburgh's malice having prompted the poor trick of cheating a sensible man into the folly of thus traversing the suburbs to meet nobody. Impressed with this idea, he heard the clock chime a quarter after the hour, and was just leaving the place, when a female figure in an ordinary dress, yet closely veiled, advanced from behind the portico of the church, and softly pronounced his name: he started forward; caught a hasty benediction from Demetrius; then, following the woman down a flight of steps, was soon lost amid the obscurity of the night.

Left thus alone, Demetrius thought of nothing but his brother. While the adventure was in perspective, it appeared the gayest thing imaginable,—it was all delightful mystery, animating interest; but now that he approached this specious pageant, he thrilled with vague apprehension,—beheld visions of horror, where he had fancied elysiums of delight,—and saw hatred and death, instead of tenderness and beauty.

Hour after hour lingered by, and he counted the heavy strokes of the ponderous clock, with a far heavier heart. The moon, that had awhile struggled through the gathering clouds, became completely obscured; a fierce wind roared among the pillars and round the angles of St. Josephine's; and the rising tempest seemed mocking the fearful watchfulness of Demetrius: no one was to be heard in the distant streets but the patrols, whose dismal voices, mingling with the hoarse roar of the Danube, came on the blast like the cry of ill-omened birds. A violent shower of piercing sleet soon began to fall, and, driven by the furious wind, beat in through the open colonnade: but Demetrius retreated not; his whole soul was with his brother; and he walked wildly to and fro, sometimes uttering a hasty prayer, sometimes execrating his own folly, for having suffered Charles to be thus entrapped.

Where to seek him he knew not: yet to seek him, to share his fate, whatever that might be, was now his resolution. The clock at that moment struck four; and rushing down the steps, he encountered a person advancing with as much rapidity as himself.

"Charles! Charles! is it you?" he exclaimed. His brother's voice, speaking in reply, came on his senses like the first gale of spring; he could no longer support himself, but falling on his neck, overcome with joy, ejaculated, "My dear brother!"

Charles did not see the tear in the eye of Demetrius, but he felt the agitated grasp of his hand; and, clasping him for an instant to his heart, he took him by the arm, whispering, "Let us be gone." Demetrius, quickly recovering, obeyed in silence.

When the brothers found themselves safely enjoying the

comforts of a warm room, in their own quarters, they were equally solicitous to converse about the events of the night. Charles was tempted to sum up his adventure in a very few words; but, knowing his brother's taste was averse to the laconic style, he related it thus: —

"When I parted from you, my conductress led me down a narrow street, at the end of which a small gate let us into a garden, which we traversed silently; then entered a tolerably fine house, where she showed me into a room, and left me. Nothing could be more elegant than the decorations of this apartment; luxury and wealth seemed to have exhausted themselves in the task of constructing it; but my expectations with regard to its fair possessor were considerably abated, when I observed the ceiling painted with designs which a modest woman would blush to remember having seen: a canopy of purple silk, half shading a Grecian couch, was so impregnated with a languishing sort of perfume, that, whenever the lightest air moved its curtains, the whole apartment became lusciously sweet: before this stood a table covered with a sumptuous collation, imperfectly beheld, by reason of the lamps, which were so contrived as to produce the effect of moonlight.

"I was beginning to suspect the truth, and was in twenty minds whether or not to make good my retreat, when the door of an inner saloon opened, and a lady magnificently attired appeared at the entrance. My eyes seemed to mock me, as they fixed on the figure and features of Madame de Fontainville."

"Madame de Fontainville!" repeated Demetrius, turning pale.

"It was not really Madame de Fontainville," resumed Charles, "but a woman so like her, dressed so precisely in her taste, that at the distance, and under the doubtful light I saw her by, even the most intimate of her friends would have been deceived. She approached me with the most alluring gracefulness, and addressed me in a voice sweeter than silver — never did I hear such a voice!

"For the honour of the sex, you must allow me to pass over all the pro's and con's of our dialogue: suffice it, the substance was this. She announced herself as the celebrated

Signora Albertina, who so long has been the melodious wonder of Europe, and is now engaged for the opera here. She professed a violent passion for your amazed brother; confessed that it was sufficiently strong to prevent her denying him any happiness in her power to bestow; and, to avoid the possibility of being misunderstood, assured him she was so far from having a mercenary end in view, that she vowed never to accept from him the humblest present: to this she added, a boast of being settled in complete affluence by the generosity of Colonel Wurtzburgh, 'her present protector, by whom she was brought to Vienna.'"

"Astonishing! Well, Charles, and how did you act in such a perplexing dilemma?"

"As you, no doubt, would have done: — awkwardly thanked the lady for her intended kindness; professed my inability to return so sudden a passion; hoped it would not be very injurious to her peace (having arisen merely from seeing me two or three times on duty); bowed, moved towards the door, and tried to escape: but all this was vain; she flew to me; acted for two hours, I believe, a most pathetic scene of despair, tenderness, and entreaty; displayed to great advantage beautiful arms, trembling with either real or feigned agitation, and the loveliest of mouths, breathing nothing but sighs.

"I was not to be wrought upon by conduct so gross; for if it were possible for me to become a libertine, I am sure no avowed wanton could disorder my brain. So inseparable in my mind are decent restraint and modesty from the character of woman, that no one without them could affect even my senses.

"The signora, defeated in this attack, changed her plan; railed at me, ridiculed my 'sanctity,' contrasted me with other men; and exerted a wit so keen and biting, that if I had been of a temper to be bantered out of principle, she might have boasted the glory of doing it.

"As she had taken the keys out of the doors, I was forced to lean quietly against the hangings during her alternate batteries of invective and supplication; but not a word did she extract from me. At length she snatched a lute, and touching it exquisitely, accompanied it with that

seducing voice, which almost transported me into the madness of exclaiming —

> " Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
> And with these warblings moves the vocal air,
> To testify its hidden residence! "

" Nay, her very countenance assumed a divine expression, which pleaded for Wurtzburgh's frailty. The rapt attention with which I listened, inspired her with the hope of having overcome my stubborn virtue (as she termed it); she redoubled her blandishments, invited me to partake of the collation before us; and, at last, saying she knew Wurtzburgh had formerly been my enemy, insinuated that she now gave me ample means of revenge.

" At this instant the creature became hideous in my eyes; I said I know not what; and bursting from her arms, in which she forcibly twined me, I sent the door through with my foot, took the flight of stairs at a leap, and was over the garden wall, and by your side, long ere the signora, doubtless, had recovered from her astonishment."

" And this profligate wretch is like Madame de Fontainville!" exclaimed Demetrius, indignantly. " Impossible, Charles!"

" You will acknowledge the likeness when you see her on the stage," returned his brother: " whether she has, in reality, further resemblance than shape and feature, I know not; but her complexion was, either naturally or artificially, as celestial a compound of white and red."

" I renounce Lavater," said Demetrius sullenly.

" And I hope, at the same time, you'll renounce your skill in drawing my horoscope," said Charles, laughing; " your trick of foreseeing, and knack at discovering the complete impression of seals. O brother, brother! what idiots do not men make of themselves, when they surrender up their reason to their imagination, as we lately did."

The brothers now separated, to obtain an hour's rest.

A few days after Count Leopolstat's interview with Signora Albertina, he was surprised by a visit from Colonel Wurtzburgh; not doubting but that his errand was an hostile one, originating in her misrepresentations, he advanced to meet him with the calmness of integrity. Wurtz-

burgh offered his hand; Charles took it, and introduced his brother: the usual commonplace compliments were then succeeded by a silence, which was first broken by the Colonel.

"I know not what you will think of the motives which have prompted this unrequested visit," said he, "when I acknowledge them to be a sincere desire to renew our former acquaintance, and a hearty wish to obtain your pardon for former incivility. Many men would shrink from such a confession; and I certainly should, if it were to make to any other man than Count Leopolstat: but my days of competition and mortification are over, and have left me leisure to reflect upon the injustice and folly of such feelings."

He paused: — Charles eyed him steadily; and with so distinct an expression of incredulity, as to make Wurtzburgh reply to it.

"I have no right to be piqued at this doubtfulness," he observed: "you shall hear what excuse I have to offer for past coldness, and may then decide."

Charles bowed.

"When you and I first met," resumed the Colonel, "I had just emerged from the house of a father who educated me in idleness, pampered all my passions, restrained none of my evil habits, indulged the most extravagant of my wishes, and perpetually prophesied that I should attain the heights of military glory. He died intestate just as I entered the army, leaving my fate in the hands of a rich, severe uncle, who was too morose to reform my folly by gentleness; and whose constant reproofs, therefore, only exasperated me into rage. This uncle thought it well to let me remain some time a subaltern, and to limit my allowance: I had expected such rapid promotion, from the connections of my family, and had been used to such unlimited expense, that I grew half frantic with resentment; saw every thing and every body in a hateful light; abhorred the whole world, and was, in short, as you know, a very disagreeable fellow.

"Further than a little envying of your renown, and rude repulsing of your friendliness, my ill humour never went;

Heaven is my witness that it did not! — No, though you were destined at Mantua to blight my tenderest hopes. — Forgive me," he added (seeing the colour fluctuate on the cheek of Charles); "I ought not to touch on so sad a subject."

He cast down his eyes as he spoke, evidently much agitated himself.

"To continue silent now," said Leopolstat after a pause, "would be ungrateful or stupid. I will be very candid with you, Colonel Wurtzburgh, and confess, that not a month ago I spoke of you, to my brother here, as the only man whom I felt certain wished me ill. If I wronged you by saying so, accept my unfeigned regret."

"You did wrong me, Count!" replied the other. "I own that my manners were forbidding enough to authorise such a belief; and I know very well that when once the mind takes up an unfavourable opinion of another, it is too apt to convert suspicions into certainties. You had enemies in Italy, but they were smiling enemies — men you never suspected; while I, doubtless, appeared the person most likely to thwart your advancement. My sincerity may admit of this proof.

"If I were your enemy in Italy, because you were admired, praised, and promoted, why should I not continue so, — nay, increase in malice, — since you are now far more praised, honoured, and promoted than before? You are not yet powerful enough to assist me — nay, I am now removed from the possibility of wishing it. What interest can I have in humbling myself to one I am supposed to hate, when fate has placed me at the summit of my desires? — My uncle is no more; I have at last procured the military rank which I had a right to expect, and am master of an ample fortune. Does this statement seem fair to you?"

"So fair," replied Charles, "that I blush to have pressed a man, capable of such a frank avowal, into so painful a task. I am sure no one can have interested views in seeking my friendship — you, less than all men; and I therefore heartily exchange the olive; pledging myself not to suffer a single prejudice to interfere with our future intercourse.

"But remember this, Colonel — I am as nice in friendship

as in love; and I may live in the constant interchange of good offices with you, or any other worthy man, for years, without finding him or you so intimately dear to me, as to privilege me in bestowing on you the comprehensive title of friend. You see I am dreadfully blunt, Colonel; does it displease you?"

"Not in the least, Count; I accept your terms: confident that your nature is too generous not to repay me amply for the little injustice you have mentally done me. When you shall find that I have really nothing so much at heart as acquiring a title to your esteem, I know you will add to that a more cordial sentiment; till then, I rest satisfied: and now request that you and your brother will do me the honour of meeting Field-marshal ——— at dinner at my house to-morrow."

This invitation was gracefully accepted; and a general conversation followed, in which Wurtzburgh bore his part with some degree of credit. The fluctuating measures of the Austrian cabinet, and the probability of renewed hostilities, were the theme of discourse; after amply discussing which, they separated with mutual assurances of good-will. So extraordinary an interview gave rise to much speculation between the brothers. Demetrius gloried in such an honourable instance of self-imposed mortification; protested he hated himself for having so heartily hated Wurtzburgh; and adverted with enthusiasm to the honest confidence with which the Colonel had said, "he relied on Leopolstat's generous nature for amply repaying the injustice he had mentally done him."

In this expression, Demetrius discovered the sign of as generous a spirit; a spirit which, by conceiving the nobleness of another's, proved its own right to respect.

Charles was less certain, and therefore less voluble: the longer he reflected on the Colonel's character and past conduct, the more reason did he find for doubting the reality of his disinterestedness; and the greater was the struggle in his breast between reliance and caution. Yet he canvassed the subject again and again, viewed it in every light, and found nothing to warrant his suspicions.

"But this self-abasement, this frank avowal of un-

amiableness," he said to himself, "is so great, so magnanimous! it is so unlikely for such a disposition as"—

Here he stopped, glowing with shame to find a prejudice thus rooted, which he had so lately declared should be for ever annihilated.

"How can I be such a wretch," he exclaimed, "as to refuse belief to this man's sincerity, for no other reason than because, if he be sincere, he is one of the noblest-minded of men!—Away with such odious scepticism, such worldly wisdom!"

Charles then reverted with pleasure to his escape from the allurements of Signora Albertina; to which, if he had yielded, he would now have felt himself inferior, in every way, to Wurtzburgh: but while he thought of her, his ardour cooled again; and he could not help acknowledging to his brother that, although Wurtzburgh was most probably capable of much good, his character, sullied by a gross attachment to a profligate woman, must have some points from which that of Charles would eternally revolt.

CHAPTER VI.

During the course of a month from this period, many changes took place in the hearts and situations of the brothers. They associated occasionally with Colonel Wurtzburgh; and, perceiving in him nothing but kindness, soon forgot that he had ever been the object of their dislike.

Wurtzburgh was neither philosophical nor poetical; nor skilled in any of those delightful arts which, embellishing our leisure hours, add a polish to virtue. The most ordinary man in creation was his equal in all these things. But he had discovered the important secret of supplying his own defects, by the qualities of others; and he therefore invited to his house only such as excelled in society. The brothers, hearing round his table the sallies of wit and the observations

of wisdom,—always receiving there extreme pleasure,—imperceptibly associated every thing that was agreeable with his image. Nothing, alas! is so common as this error, and nothing is more dangerous.

As the Colonel had discretion enough never to mention his mistress, Charles saw her only on the stage; from the distance of which, even Demetrius himself unwillingly acknowledged her resemblance to Madame de Fontainville. Sometimes Charles doubted the truth of the Signora's assertion; and sometimes he indulged the agreeable belief that Wurtzburgh's evident attention to what he said upon the subject of such degrading connections, produced the fruit of reformation.

The Colonel did indeed win on his esteem, by a silent relinquishment of many habits which he censured; and as this was done without boast, even while he appeared zealous to evince the high rate at which he valued his good opinion, Charles could no longer refuse it to him.

Wurtzburgh had long sought an opportunity to oblige the brothers; and a method shortly presented itself. There happened a vacancy in his regiment, which he immediately imparted to Demetrius, who had earnestly wished to quit the infantry; and who was, therefore, easily persuaded to accept a commission which gave him rank, and removed him into the light cavalry.

For some time, Charles dissuaded his brother from incurring such obligation, and attaining promotion ere his services had entitled him to it.

"Wait till you have made one campaign, my dear fellow," he added; "every one predicts that we are on the verge of a war, and therefore you will not have long to wait: be able to show an honourable title to rapid advancement; and do not *you* add to the idle race that are content to be elevated by the exertions of others.

"I hate the system of interest altogether; and protest that I think not even a prince has any claim to military rank, unless he can urge the plea of long or great services. You can urge neither, my Demetrius. You have not yet been five months a soldier, and all that time your regiment has been in Vienna. Do not then blast the bright fame

which I fondly foresee, by forestalling its rewards. If you refuse promotion till you have earned it, every new commission will be a new register of your glory; but if you thus push prematurely forward, through friendly interest, no one will take the trouble to enquire why you are, hereafter, a major-general or field-marshal.

"I would have you ambitious of deserving honours, not of obtaining them. Ever fix your eye upon desert, rather than reward; and believe me, reward will follow of course; at least, that of inward approbation. Rewards which sacrifice either to pride or vanity are below a soldier's wishes. I do assure you, my dear brother, that I have never received such exquisite pleasure from the flattering eulogiums bestowed upon my public actions (because it cost me nothing to brave death in a just cause), as I did at your age, when I made a conquest over vanity. You know not what a hero I used to feel myself, after having given up the folly of a new cap or sabre-tash, when an unfortunate soldier's wife happened provokingly to lie-in upon a march. For to say the truth, I commenced my career with a dash of the coxcomb in me; and piqued myself then as much upon my good figure and good taste, as you may now do upon yours.

"From what has been said, you will discover that I have very peculiar notions on the subject of promotion; but you see they have not injured me: nay, their very rigidity, by leaving me no other resource, has obliged me to make efforts to be distinguished."

"You are quite right—say no more, dear Charles," cried Demetrius, all in a glow with virtuous shame; "I blush at being so inconsiderate as to have wished for this promotion; and I promise you, that if there be a war, I will show a score of scars for every fresh commission."

Charles looked at his brother's animated countenance with the purest delight.

"I know it is your wish to get into the horse," he said; "and if Colonel Wurtzburgh will procure the Archduke's permission for your translation from the infantry to the cavalry, I see no possible reason why you should not accept of a cornetcy in his regiment."

Demetrius was in such ecstasies at this suggestion, that

he would not allow his brother time to reconsider it; but hurried him away to Colonel Wurtzburgh's, where the plan was immediately arranged, and in a few days completed.

Charles would not so readily have promoted this alteration, had he not secretly hoped it would remove Demetrius from the metropolis, where the most serious dangers began to threaten his peace and his integrity. Madame de Fontainville, too much pleased with the fine person and spirit of Demetrius to relinquish the wish of adding him to her train of slaves, accidentally encountered him, as he was coming alone out of the Opera-house. A vast concourse of people and carriages rendered it difficult for her father (who was her sole companion) to get his coach near the door; and, as he left her for a moment, to seek one of his servants, Demetrius passed.

At the sound of a female voice, timidly pronouncing his name, he turned hastily round, and beheld the beautiful object of his former admiration and pique, standing amid a current of air, in a solitary waiting-room, totally unguarded. Forgetting every thing, except the delightful emotion her first notice had excited in him, he sprang forwards, exclaiming—"Alone! unprotected! and I so fortunate as to see you!"

While he spoke, he seized her hand, without consciousness of having done so, till its soft yielding texture made him sensible of the most exquisite pleasure.

"I ought to be very angry with you," said the lovely Fontainville (faintly trying to withdraw her hand, which, indeed, only emboldened him to press it more fervently), "and ought to refuse your assistance; but my anger is as short-lived as it is violent; and never violent, except when created by one I like very much."

The last words were almost lost, from the low, sighing tone in which she said them; but the heart of Demetrius was in his ear, and he heard them too clearly.

The smothered fire now burst forth: he murmured apologies, thanks, protestation, and passion, over the hand which he alternately pressed to his breast and to his lips; and Madame de Fontainville (too fearful of losing the lover she had wished so earnestly to gain; too tender to be dis-

creet; too inconsiderate to imagine that forbearance might license him in the most irregular hopes,) suffered him to sigh and vow unreproved.

The Marquis de Liancour, her father, terminated this scene: and Demetrius saw them seated in the carriage, after pleading a pre-engagement as an excuse for declining their joint invitation to supper.

What did it not cost him to do so? He was wild with an imperious passion, which had its origin in vanity and the senses; a passion which was now assuming a tenderer cast, from the evident sensibility of Madame de Fontainville: he was suddenly translated from mortification into transport; and, in place of cold words or averted looks, was permitted to breathe the breath of love over the fairest hand in the universe; to gaze unchastised (except by kindling blushes) on eyes which met his with melting forgiveness; and to hear himself named as the object of her peculiar partiality: great was the sacrifice; yet he made it to fraternal affection and a higher duty.

Politeness required that Demetrius should call the next morning to enquire after the Marquis and his daughter. Charles foreboded the event of such an acquiescence with the forms of society; but how could he hurt the feelings of his brother by any strong expression of uneasiness, when that brother had so recently given proof of his self-control! Demetrius went, therefore.

Alas! from that fatal morning was to be dated the end of his self-command. Madame de Fontainville was irresistible, not only in beauty, but accomplishments: she possessed talents for every art which captivates the taste or the senses; and though without a single solid acquirement, had a sensibility so tender as to become infectious. Educated in the dissolute court of France, she knew no fixed principles; yet, her propensities being inclined to good, and no object hitherto having excited one lawless wish, she had reached the age of three and twenty with the reputation of perfect innocence. Her habits relieved her from the necessity of reflection; and, conscious of no glaring offence in her life, she suspected not the hidden evil of the heart, which only waits an opportunity to surprise and overpower

those who will not know that they have a bosom tempter to resist. The ill-judging Zaïre, relying upon her own supposed nature, yielded without scrutiny to every impulse of her feelings.

Monsieur de Fontainville had been the choice of her father: he deserted the court party, to which she was passionately attached; and from that hour she disliked him. When he voted for the death of the virtuous Louis, she separated from him with horror. Without a friend to direct it, the very amiableness of Madame de Fontainville's nature led her into error: she wished to please, and not merely from vanity; yet was she too ill-instructed to know of any other method than that of looking handsome and being amiable: her triumphs, consequently, were devoid of insolence; her rivalry without malice.

Destitute of children, she felt a void in her heart which indeed had never been filled, but which ceased to be the instant she beheld Demetrius. Hurried away by a sudden desire to please, to charm, to rivet him, she did not ask herself why she wished it, or how such a conquest might terminate. Till now, she had never observed in others, and never had occasion to observe in herself, that love advances from wish to wish, till nothing is left it to desire: that each separate gratification, till attained, is falsely thought the boundary of our views; and that even the most moral, having once suffered themselves to respire the killing air of unsanctioned passion, lose all just notions of vice and virtue.

Madame de Fontainville had certainly seen many handsome men before she saw Demetrius; but never any whose countenance was so love-inspiring a compound of beauty, spirit, and sensibility: these graces captivated her, without being analysed by her reason; and yet had they not all shone upon her at once, she would have remained free.

After one visit at the Marquis de Liancour's, Demetrius found himself unable to resolve upon never making a second. His senses were soon bound in hopeless slavery by the various charms of Madame de Fontainville: his heart was melted by her softness; and from often listening

to the animated story of her husband's political apostasy, and her enthusiastic fondness for the unfortunate Antoinette, he grew into an impatient longing for that husband's death.

How rapid, yet how undiscernible, are the encroachments of vicious desires! These two persons, who had so lately loved without forming a wish beyond a kind look or word; who had satisfied their uneasy consciences by the solemn assurance, that to know they were beloved, to pass their lives only in seeing and sympathising with each other, would for ever limit their views;—these two persons were now agitated with restless anticipations, occasionally lost in wild probabilities, or striving to extenuate the guiltiness of future guilt. Demetrius had reached that fatal period when passion puts out the eyes of reason, religion, and shame; weakens the energy of domestic ties; confuses every moral perception; and leaves the amazed soul, like the wretched Phaeton, driving furiously towards that very ruin, which she has no longer strength to avoid. Madame de Fontainville was sunk in a destructive tenderness, which left her neither power to struggle against her own weakness, nor to reproach that of her lover: he was now dearer to her than life, reputation, or happiness; and he could have exacted no sacrifice which she would have hesitated to make.

Oh wretched pair! where were the guardian angels that were to step in and save ye from yourselves?—

What a different train of feelings were at this time awakening in the heart of Charles!

In the contemplation of beauty veiled by bashfulness, and love shrinking from its own modest glance, he was losing his peace, without diminishing his virtue. Nothing is more certain than that a genuine passion takes its character from the character of the object: Charles, therefore, loved with purity.

Having never suffered himself to be seduced by his imagination, he had never been in danger from an attack made upon the fancy through the eyes: he admired external graces without being agitated by them; till the knowledge of rarer charms, those of the heart and under-

standing, threw a bright light over beauties hitherto faintly noticed; and soon added to the sentiments of esteem, tenderness, admiration, and respect, all that was wanting to complete the compound passion of love.

When Leopolstat was first introduced to the friendship of Baron Ingersdorf, the recent loss of Signora Berghi, and the information of Adelaide's engagement, rendered him fearless of any painful consequences resulting from his intimate acquaintance with her: he had so long armed himself against the attack of mere beauty, that he justly believed it would be more difficult for a handsome woman to win his affections, than one apparently less dangerous. Adelaide was, indeed, the very woman to disarm him of caution, and the very woman against whom all his caution ought to have been exerted.

Her character was the lovely result of that perfect symmetry, that harmonious arrangement of propriety and grace, where every excellence appears in its fairest order, and every grace has its use: finely constructed throughout, it offered no eccentric ornament, for description to seize and distinguish; but, like Grecian architecture, uniting the sublime with the beautiful, rose in the observer's estimation from every fresh survey.

After Charles became intimate enough to have familiar access to the house of Baron Ingersdorf, he gradually ceased to consider Adelaide as merely amiable; and began to view her character with equal surprise and interest. It was, indeed, a novelty to find a young beauty absolutely incredulous of her conquests; to see her cultivating her thinking powers with the liveliest assiduity; and performing every action of life with a careful humbleness, which evidently flowed from a deep sense of religious and moral duties: how, then, were these virtues embellished by a temper of unvarying sweetness, a cheerfulness which gladdened the soul like summer suns, and a sensibility infinitely diffused yet ever proportionate to its objects! —

Dispositions so congenial could not long remain indifferent to each other: yet their progress from dispassionate approbation to the most exclusive preference was so gentle, that neither of them was conscious of the change.

At first, Adelaide beheld Count Leopolstat with admiration exactly adequate to his well-earned reputation: but, as she became intimate with him, the tenderness of his heart (which was indeed its prime quality) imperceptibly won upon the tenderness of her own; and she loved to contemplate that sweetness accompanying his magnanimity, which seemed to be at once its cause and its reward.

Many men perform meritorious actions, and therefore demand our esteem: but unless these actions appear to flow without constraint, and delight themselves in the performance, they fail to conciliate affection. Nothing which Charles did for his brother, or for the unfortunate, had any merit in his own eyes, because he had early banished such inclinations as weaken benevolence; he was, therefore, unaffectedly astonished at being praised for what cost him nothing, and *New Philosophers* might perhaps have denied his claim to praise. Adelaide was wiser than these philosophers; she knew that at some former period he must have made great sacrifices to preserve himself from selfish sensibility, and she formed a just estimate of his deserts.

Whenever she was touched by the display of any excellence hitherto concealed, she used to wish that the young count intended for her husband might also possess it: but quickly this wish ceased to arise, till at length she dwelt on the noble and endearing qualities of Charles, without once thinking of another. Forshiem was, indeed, little more than a phantom to her: they had not met since they were children; and now that she every day, every hour beheld, or contemplated, the most admirable reality, her engagements became dream-like, she forgot their steadfastness, or remembered it only as a wicked man does the certainty of death, with a momentary shoot of terror.

The education of Adelaide had been such as qualified her for appreciating the richly stored mind of Charles: he always found her eager to listen, whenever he discussed with Baron Ingersdorf the topics which women are deemed unable to comprehend. He never felt restrained in his conversation, or forced to lower its strain to the pitch of an inferior capacity, but was accustomed to commune as freely with her intellect as with his own. This intimacy, so pro-

pitious to the growth of a well-grounded affection, authorised an animated friendship, which for a long time lulled them into fatal security. A trifling incident removed the veil from Leopolstat's eyes.

He was one morning drawing by the side of Adelaide, who was beginning to attempt the art under his instructions, when the Baron, appearing for an instant at the door of the apartment, said in a pleased tone, "Your father is come, my dear; and Count Forshiem." The next moment Adelaide was in the arms of her father, who presented her hand to Forshiem with great emotion.

As the Count respectfully put it to his lips, and the crimson suddenly fled the cheek of Adelaide, Charles found new light break in upon his heart. Forshiem was then the happy man whom Baron Ingersdorf had spoken of as the future husband of his niece, but whose name, till this day, had never been mentioned. Like one awaking from a frightful dream, bewildered and distracted, all his faculties were absorbed in the conviction of being henceforth doomed to the tortures of imprudent affection. He was, indeed, thrown so entirely off his guard, that the expression of his eyes (as he unconsciously fixed them upon Adelaide) attracted the attention of her father.

"You are not well, Sir, I think," said the veteran (in a voice which united roughness and gentleness). Charles started; a deep suffusion covered his face, while, bowing, he stammered out a hesitating affirmative.

The person he addressed seemed scarcely to hear the answer; for he was lost in earnest contemplation of Leopolstat's mild yet martial countenance. The Field-marshal's war-worn face was not, indeed, adapted to the expression of so youthful a feeling as admiration; but Charles could not mistake its meaning, and glanced in return with equal pleasure on the veteran's striking aspect and silver hairs.

"I am an abominably rude old fellow," cried the latter (suddenly recovering himself); but, Sir, if you knew how much I respect brave men, and how happy I am thus to shake hands in my brother's house with the ablest young officer of his time, you would forgive a little staring. You look like a good soldier, Count! I hate white-and-red ones."

"Not without they have had an opportunity of becoming otherwise, I hope?" returned Charles, trying to smile.

The Marshal nodded assent, then resumed.

"You made the campaigns of ninety-six and seven, in Italy, I think; I should like to hear you speak of them. Though age and infirmities have cruelly disabled *me* from serving my dear country, yet I listen with interest to the narrations of those who *do* serve her. What is your opinion of General A——? Do you think his disasters were all blunders?"

Charles hesitated an instant, and then said —

"This is a subject, Sir, upon which I would not volunteer an opinion, perhaps erroneous, as it is decidedly against that general. Besides, I run the risk of committing myself, by hazarding my crude speculations before the ripened judgment of Field-marshal Ingersdorf."

"Your crude speculations have produced excellent fruit, however," cried the Marshal; "so don't withhold them: I am sure you will furnish me additional excuses for my contempt of A——. Why the deuce did ye not all gag and chain him before he issued his blundering orders, and used his infernal legs so ably in running? — Defend him! — if any man were to attempt such an act of rascality in my presence, I'd exterminate him. —Was he a fool or a rogue, I want to know? — did he sell his brains to the enemy, or had he none to sell?"

"He had none to sell, I verily believe," returned Leopolstat; "a very few objects were sufficient to overwhelm his small capacity: he was in the field like a booby in a dance, who seems suddenly bereft both of eyes and ears, turns incessantly wrong, skips eternally out of time, and, growing more confused the more he is bawled to, at last stands death-still, and puts every body in the same state of immobility."

"Ha! ha! ha! A charming simile!—go on, Count, pray."

Charles still hesitated, sincerely averse to the presumption of discussing the subject proposed: but the Field-marshal's vivacity of questioning was not to be withstood; and, by degrees, almost unawares, our young soldier entered into a thorough investigation of the military causes in which the misfortunes of that campaign had their origin.

While so doing, he displayed so much warlike talent, such accurate observation, such a lucid arrangement of events and their consequences, that the old officer's eyes sparkled with approbation. From the discussion of an individual's conduct, he drew Charles into a detail of the whole campaign. Too well-bred to refuse satisfying the Marshal's curiosity, and too modest to bring forward his own merits, he related its different circumstances with simplicity and faithfulness, but without a particle of vanity. Sometimes he checked the current of his subject, to pay the tribute of admiration to the abilities of an enemy, or to rescue the character of the republicans from undeserved obloquy. There was the more generosity in this, because he was an ardent foe to their destructive system, and their thirst of universal dominion.

From the eccentric yet agreeable commendations of the veteran, Charles longed to break; he longed to remove from the sight of Forshiem and Adelaide. They were standing together, at the end of the apartment, conversing in low tones; and, though Count Forshiem might have moved there to examine a picture, it was more probable that the removal proceeded from a tenderer motive.

"At such a time as this, Sir," said Leopolstat (averting his agitated countenance from the steady gaze of his companion), "I feel myself an intruder. Have I your permission to withdraw?"

"You are in a great hurry, young man!" replied the Marshal, somewhat peevishly, yet grasping him cordially by the hand; "what the deuce is there in Adelaide Ingersdorf's father to make you believe him a whit less sensible of your merits than any other man?"

"You over-rate them so much, Sir," answered Charles, "that it is my interest, perhaps, to leave you without means of discovering your error."

"'Tis well you put in a 'perhaps,' you agreeable puppy!" returned the veteran, "or by my Cross I'd have knocked you down. Come — throw away your hat — I am not a weeping and wailing father; I don't visit my daughter for the mere purpose of wetting a score of pocket-handkerchiefs, or of sitting opposite her at dinner, with a face like a skull

and cross bones: (what do you cast up your lack-a-daisical eyes at, Forshiem?) — I rejoice to see the worthless baggage happy in the midst of enlivening company. So, do you hear, put away your hat; stay, and make one of our domestic party; and remember, that Maximilian Ingersdorf never could endure to see a face for two minutes which he would not love to look on all the rest of his life."

At these words (pronounced with the greatest sensibility), the old officer beckoned to his daughter, apologised for a short absence, and disappeared: leaving Charles to recover as he could from the pleasing astonishment into which they had thrown him.

"If you have never heard the Field-marshal particularly described," said Count Forshiem, approaching Leopolstat, "his manner must exceedingly surprise you. It is certainly strange, unceremonious — but I assure you he is the most amiable man breathing. I have had the happiness of knowing him ever since my memory could retain any thing; I therefore speak upon certainties."

Never before was Charles at such a loss for conversation: his mind was wholly employed in anxious scrutiny of the young Count, to which a suspicion that he was not perfectly agreeable to Adelaide gave the keenest interest. Yet Forshiem was formed to please: his appearance was strikingly elegant, his countenance spirited, though not handsome, and his address characteristic of a noble frankness. Charles had served with him in Alsace; but as they were in different brigades, and seldom quartered in the same neighbourhood, they knew little more of each other than what report furnished. Report, however, had spoken highly of each.

A few minutes were sufficient to restore the balance of Leopolstat's mind: he resumed his self-possession, and replied to the Count with equal amenity.

Charles now learned from Forshiem that the Marshal's visit to Vienna was a mere visit of business. He was come to consult his brother upon the subject of a vexatious lawsuit, long since instituted against him at Munich; on the event of which rested the prime part of a fortune, inherited from his wife. This suit was the more vexatious as it had not the shadow of right, and was so artfully embroiled, so

intricately confused by the adverse party (a distant relation of the late Madame Ingersdorf's), that it was likely to hang suspended many more months. Forshiem added to this account the information of his purpose to return with the Marshal the next day to Munich.

Just as Leopolstat was secretly congratulating himself upon the latter circumstance, the family joined them.

Rapidly flew the day, to all but Charles. The Marshal communicated his own hilarity; the Baron smiled with fraternal pleasure at his brother's strange sallies; and the Baroness had the delight of talking on her favourite topic, sculpture, to a young man profoundly ignorant of any one of its principles. Forshiem listened and learned, and professed himself enlightened. Adelaide was at once gay and sad, happy and miserable; she was placed between the man she loved and the man she was to marry; she heard the smothered sighs of the one, and marked the cheerful indifference of the other; she saw her father's eyes dwell with equal satisfaction on each, and she hoped — improbabilities! —

In the Baroness's zeal to secure her new disciple, Count Forshiem, all her store of drawings and models were produced; among which, the masterly sketches of Charles bore a distinguished part: this led to the production of the Marshal's miniature, which he had painted for Adelaide. The Marshal was in ecstasies with the present, the compliment, and the artist; Adelaide kissed it, with a crowd of emotions at her heart; and then, calling on Leopolstat to accompany her, sat down to the piano forte.

The chords she struck were the first notes of a wild, soul-rousing march, composed by Charles: at her request he accompanied her on the harp, and drew forth such animating sounds that the Marshal, enchanted out of all reflection, caught him in his arms.

Every body laughed at his flight; and the Marshal himself allowed that he was "an old fool:" but, when they parted for the night, he shook Charles's hand several times, saying in a low, energetic voice —

"I wish I had another Adelaide for *you!*"—

Leopolstat bowed upon the hand then grasping his, with an agitation which locked up all the powers of speech; his

disorder became visible to every one; but they attributed it to sudden indisposition.

No sooner was he at home than he took a rigid survey of his heart; and, alarmed at the wild wishes, and still wilder hopes which were agitating it, resolved to overcome them, by a course of inflexible self-denial.

Let it not be thought that this resolution cost Charles no anguish: it cost him much. Sleep never visited his fevered eyelids; and his heavy sighs resounded through the long, long night.

CHAPTER VII.

THE plea of illness, which privileged Charles in avoiding the sight of Adelaide, scarcely served his cause; for the affectionate visits of her uncle, and the little delicacies (prepared by her own hand) which she daily sent him, recalled her image under the tenderest of lights: he soon emigrated, therefore, from his useless retirement. On the day previously to this he received a basket of exquisite flowers from Mam'selle Ingersdorf, with the following billet: —

To Count Leopolstat.

"THE Baron gives us such good accounts of your various employments, that my aunt and I begin to suspect your illness to be no other than an idle fraud, invented either to enhance the value of your society, when you shall return to us; or else to save yourself from teaching drawing to the stupidest of all stupid girls.

"It does not argue much in favour of your talent for deceit, that you thus allow folk to see you studying maps and fortifications, while you give out that you are ill: therefore we hope you will soon abandon an attempt for which nature has evidently denied you ability.

"Seriously; we want our reader. Every book we have had since your absence has been pronounced intolerable; and so now we find out that it is good reading which makes good books. If you have any charity, come and enliven us; for every body has left Vienna. Your

brother amuses himself somewhere else than at Ingersdorf House. Princess Constantia is still in Italy; Madame de Fontainville has grown so low-spirited that I never see her; my uncle is plunged in vexatious cares for the public; and were it not for the sight of frightful, busy streets, I might as well be in my convent.

"By way of bribe, I send you some charming exotics which my father has sent me; he charged me to tell you that you are one of his chief favourites: indeed, the moment I heard him lavish on you his usual *endearing, flattering* epithets, I knew how it was. Of course, you know he left Vienna the morning after you saw him at my uncle's.

"Adieu, dear Count! pray come and tell me what degree of friendship I may say you cherish for him in return.

"ADELAIDE."

The style of this note was not calculated to stifle unavailing hopes; Charles felt them revive with every line.

On renewing his former familiar habits at Ingersdorf House, he found it more dangerous than ever. The Marshal and Forshiem had, of course, left it; the Baroness was so enwrapt in the composition of a new group, that she banished every one from her study, leaving orders for all her guests to be entertained by her niece; the Baron was absorbed in politics; Princess Constantia was still detained by the pious care of her venerable relation, who it was feared would never more recover the use of her limbs; and no one appeared to break the long tête-à-têtes which Charles and Adelaide were thus doomed to enjoy.

Charles had no other resource than a system of perpetual restraint: he made frequent absences of a morning, prosecuted his professional studies with new ardour, expressed a growing distaste to the exercise of minor accomplishments, sought no longer to persuade Adelaide that she had a genius for drawing, and finally estranged himself from her society whenever he could do so without ill-manners.

At first Mam'selle Ingersdorf received these excuses with facility; but it was not possible for her long to remain blind. She every day beheld the sensible decline of his once affectionate friendship; and from trying to search out the cause in her own conduct, and finding none there,

yielded herself up to the most piercing regret. With reserve and coldness they now constantly met, only to part still more estranged: her reserve one day made him more reserved the next; this again acted upon her; and so their coldness kept increasing, as if it might have done so ad infinitum.

Charles now vainly sought a comforter for his sick heart in his brother: alas! he found it not. Demetrius was no longer himself.

Frantic with the lawless passion which tyrannised over his whole soul, he was become gloomy and violent: when away from Madame de Fontainville (with whom indeed he spent nearly all his time, her father being absent from Vienna), he would shut himself up in his own apartment, and there give loose to the extravagance of distempered wishes. The infatuated boy well knew that Madame de Fontainville's fate now depended solely upon him; he was convinced that he had only to ask all he desired, and that she would from that instant neither have the power nor inclination to deny him. But to what would this criminal passion reduce her! How could he devote to shame and guilt the woman for whose sake he would have laid down his life? How could he hope to retain his own esteem after such base ingratitude? Or how meet the virtuous eyes of a brother who had so early warned him of his danger?

The sense of right was not yet utterly lost by the soul of Demetrius, though it ceased to be an object of his love; Religion still retained some authority over his raging passions, though they execrated their bonds, and writhed under the restraint. He could not resolve upon the commission of a crime, yet had not strength to rush away from the flowery precipice from which it tempted him.

Charles had fearfully anticipated his brother's thraldom, and had often and earnestly exhorted him to quit Vienna: Demetrius at first treated the subject lightly; then listened in agitated silence; and at last, unable to hide the distraction of his soul, suffered its smothered agony to burst forth in a torrent. — He strove not to disguise the excess of that passion with which Madame de Fontainville had inspired him; contenting himself with presumptuously assuring

Charles, that it should never betray him into a criminal act.

When Charles would have convinced him that the mere indulgence of a guilty desire is in itself guilt, Demetrius confounded him with eloquent sophistry; expatiated on the involuntary nature of affection; and the peculiarity of Madame de Fontainville's situation; protested their mutual innocence, mutual misery, mutual resolution of never forgetting the sacred barrier by which they were divided. Baffled in his expectation of conquering with the gentle arms of truth and tenderness, Charles was forced to seek assistance from authority: he reminded his brother of the awful power vested in him by their mother, and beseeching him to pardon his seeming cruelty, for her dear sake, *commanded him to join his regiment, under his care, the next morning.*

Demetrius refused to obey: yet he acknowledged his subjection. First, he threw himself on his brother's compassion for one short week longer; then, he threatened rebellion. Charles saw that all was lost if a single point were conceded—he was resolute: Demetrius became exasperated, and peremptorily refused; leaving his brother, for the first time in their lives, with open hostility.

Nothing could exceed the anguish and consternation of Leopolstat at this moment: the world wrecking around him could scarcely have caused him an astonishment more replete with horror. His generous heart seemed devoted to sorrows the more poignant, because totally unexpected: it was to be pierced, not merely by the consciousness of vainly loving Adelaide, but by the estrangement of her esteem; and lacerated by the unkindness of a brother still more than by sympathy with his misfortunes.

What a life of misery was summed up in the solitary hour which he passed after the hasty departure of Demetrius! He spent it in plans for saving him; and in striving to banish the remembrance of that cruel tone of defiance, which rung the knell of their fraternal happiness.

All the sacrifices he had made to gratify this thankless brother, now rose to his memory uncalled. How often had he denied himself the possession of things which his elegant

taste peculiarly valued — how often stifled a longing desire to indulge a munificent or charitable spirit, only that Demetrius might have added means to enjoy both! How had he laid aside those quiet habits, so dear to him, so necessary to his system of honourable economy, only to watch over the heedless steps of one who now rudely pushed him away!

All hope of comfort in this world would have vanished from the eyes of Charles, had he not remembered that Demetrius knew not how much he owed to him.—Demetrius erroneously believed that what he enjoyed, was his own by right; and that Charles had fortune ample enough for every demand of his generous but prudent nature: how then was he to guess, that when his little extravagancies forced him to ask the assistance of his brother, he was robbing him, with every ducat, of some innocent gratification! Consoled by this consideration, Charles determined on seeking the advice of Baron Ingersdorf; and for that purpose immediately sought his house.

The Baron was engaged with a foreign minister, and could not admit Leopolstat till he was gone; the Baroness was attending a sale of pictures; and Adelaide alone received him in the study.

Her observing glance discovered the traces of past and present suffering in the features of Charles; they still trembled at moments, and his eyes clouded occasionally with tears: never before had she seen him thus profoundly sad; and never before did such an excess of tenderness overcome herself.

He sat down, conversed little, bent his head over her work, often drawing heavy sighs, which he conquered with difficulty. This wretchedness, whatever it proceeded from, was too interesting to Adelaide, not to call forth her gentlest sympathy: her beautiful countenance assumed an expression of subduing pity, and the tone of her voice grew so touching, that Charles longed to cast his aching head on her gentle bosom, there to weep away the oppression of his heart. Adelaide, too, the modest Adelaide, could have pressed him to that bosom with the fondest

compassion: for she thought at that instant, she loved him like a brother; and like a sister would have caressed and consoled him.

"You are not well to-day?" she said, apprehensively, as if afraid that the very sound of her voice might hurt him.

"Indifferent," he replied, forcing a languid smile.

He got up, walked once or twice across the room, looked wistfully at the door, listened to hear if the Baron were coming, then sat down again, but not near Adelaide.

There was no coldness in this, and therefore Mam'selle Ingersdorf was not chilled by it: unconscious that her kindness redoubled his agitation (by tempting him to avow how very a wretch he was), she again made some anxious remark: he replied to it, only by resuming the seat next hers.

"Is company irksome to you?" at length she asked, laying down her work, and preparing to leave him.

"Not yours!—never, never yours!" he exclaimed, with a sudden burst of emotion.

Adelaide's hand was now on the table where she had laid her work. Scarcely conscious of what he did, the unhappy Charles bent his head, and momentarily fixed his lips upon it. There was something in the pressure of those quivering lips, something too in the convulsive sigh, in the burning tears which forced their way, and wetted that spell-bound hand, which would not suffer Adelaide to mistake their character. She stood trembling and silent, incapable of speech or motion, for a few brief moments; then recovering from that complete disorder of every sense, withdrew her hand, and, faltering out some words, intimating the purpose of going in search of her uncle, disappeared from the apartment.

As she departed, Charles, whose agitation increased by a vague suspicion that he was dearer to her than she imagined, gazed after her with a swelling heart. "Oh!" he exclaimed, "while Demetrius knows himself beloved, if he love as I do, how can I wonder at any madness to which it may transport him."

The imaginations which Adelaide's passive softness had excited were silenced by the entrance of her uncle. His undis-

turbed countenance, ever the transcript of a serene and contemplative mind, awed the turbulent feelings of Charles: he briefly apologised for his own emotion; and then stated, as calmly as he could, his brother's perilous situation.

Baron Ingersdorf heard the narrative with unaffected concern: Demetrius had always possessed a large portion of his affectionate solicitude; and though lately a stranger at his house, was not severely judged for what he deemed a mere freak of youthful caprice. Leopolstat's delicacy not permitting him to urge the extent of his fears (grounded upon a certainty of Madame de Fontainville's rash attachment), the Baron did not see the affair in so dangerous a light, as to induce him to give very urgent advice: he merely recommended unceasing watchfulness, increasing tenderness, change of scene, and active employment. To obtain the two latter, it was necessary for the leave of absence, which Demetrius had long ago procured, to be revoked; and the Baron, therefore, strenuously advised Charles to request Colonel Wurtzburgh would devise some plausible excuse for so doing. A thousand reasons for this request might be given by Leopolstat, without betraying his brother's secret: he saw there might; and instantly determined not to lose any time in following the Baron's counsel.

As he hastily traversed the streets leading to Wurtzburgh's house, he repeated to himself again and again the last words of Ingersdorf,—"Take comfort, my dear Charles, your brother will come to himself, as soon as he is removed from the sight of this dangerous beauty. He has a heart which cannot long bear its own reproaches: be assured it will not." Fain would Charles have believed this prediction implicitly; fain would he have hoped that Demetrius had the heroism to tear himself from his dearest wish, at the very instant it might be realised.

Wurtzburgh was from home, and being gone some miles off, was not expected till the ensuing day: Charles turned from his door with saddened feelings.

When Demetrius returned from evening parade, to adjust his dress for the opera, his features expressed the contrition of his heart: yet dreading that a confession of

error would tempt Charles to urge his giving him a proof of it, by instant obedience, he stifled the expression of what he felt, and merely ventured to utter a few unimportant words.

Charles was sitting at a table, which distinctly showed the uneasy state of his mind; for it was crowded with books, drawings, maps, mathematical instruments, military models, by all of which he had separately tried to station and occupy his restless thoughts. His eyes were now as heavy with indisposition as trouble: the presence of Demetrius excited remembrance of his momentary ingratitude, and caused a slight throb of resentment to beat in his bosom. He would not look at him: but keeping his eyes fixed on a book which he had just opened, answered his few questions.

Demetrius fluctuated between remorse and apprehension.

"Will you not go out with me this evening, Charles?" he said, hesitating as he moved towards the door.

"No; I am not quite well, and you are going to the opera: I shall go to bed."

"What now?"—

"Yes: I don't feel myself—good night.—Charles rose as he spoke, and taking up one of the candles, opened the door of his chamber, and without even turning to look to Demetrius, shut himself in.

Charles had his moments of weakness; and this was one. The contrast between what he supposed his brother's feelings to be, and what he knew to be his own, pierced him to the soul: wounded tenderness got the better of wisdom; and he forgot in its keen pangs, that he had resolved to conciliate and to soothe.

Hour after hour found him sleepless. Every reflection which he unavoidably revolved, was pregnant with misery: his own fate was likely to be a cheerless one; and if it were to be embittered by the loss of that dear brother's affection, in whom he had treasured up his soul, if they were to sever in anger, how was it to be endured?—The pain of these thoughts was heightened by consciousness of error in himself. He had too surely betrayed his passion, to Adelaide, and, by so doing, tacitly supplicated a return.

Even to wish for a return, much more to ask it, was to prove himself capable of violating the Baron's generous confidence; it was to break the sacred bond of obligation by which he had consented to be held; and was to rob the absent Forshiem of what a father had made his. To Demetrius, also, he had acted wrong: influenced, for the only time in his life, by indignation rather than sorrow, he had abruptly quitted him at the very moment in which his faltering voice announced a softened heart: at the very moment in which he felt certain, that, had he raised his eyes, he would have seen those of Demetrius filled with penitent tears, and might perhaps have drawn him, by one forgiving look, into his opened arms.

Bitter regret and want of sleep increased the fever of Leopolstat; and the night was far spent, when he found himself so devoured by thirst, as to be under the necessity of ringing for a servant.

The instant his bell rang, some one entered the room: it was Demetrius. Charles expressed surprise, and asked if he had just come in.

"I have never been out," was the reply.

"Never been out!" repeated Charles, in a tone of inexpressible affection—"and was it upon my account—O my brother!"——

Demetrius threw himself into his eager arms without speaking; for his heart was full: and so gratefully did he love his brother, so distractedly adore Madame de Fontainville, so deeply abhor himself, that at that moment he would willingly have resigned his wretched breath.

In this agitation, Charles saw the return of virtue: he pressed the youthful Demetrius closely to his breast, while he entreated pardon for past harshness; calling Heaven to witness that his own soul was not more precious to him than he was.—Demetrius could not articulate: he was almost suffocated by his sighs, and every nerve in his body shook with convulsive agony. Alas! he was about to pass upon himself the dreadful sentence of banishment from her he loved. Charles redoubled his tenderness; and, at length, his unhappy brother faintly gasped out—

"Forgive me—and I will leave Vienna whenever you bid me!"——

The instant he pronounced those words, his head fell back upon Charles's bed, where he remained a long time insensible to every thing.

How fervent was the prayer which Charles inwardly addressed in his behalf to the God of pity, as he gazed on the deathly face of his brother! At that moment, could the sacrifice of his own life, nay, of what was dearer than life, his temporal hopes; could that have saved Demetrius from the necessity of thus tearing his heart in pieces, he would cheerfully have made it.

A fault acknowledged with such sensibility, and forgiven with so much tenderness, served only to bind the brothers in closer union. Demetrius confessed the dangers to which his own passion and the trusting fondness of Madame de Fontainville daily subjected him: and Charles related in return the agitating discovery so lately made to him by his heart. Thus reposing on each other, and mutually exhorting themselves to follow the path prescribed by duty and honour, they saw the morning dawn.—

As Demetrius dared not trust himself with seeing Madame de Fontainville, he wrote her a letter, explanatory of his situation; in which he conjured her to believe that this cruel banishment was the surest proof he could give her of his love; that, in condemning himself to it, he was consigning all the rest of his life to wretchedness, excepting those moments only, which would be sweetened by the consciousness of deserving her esteem, and retaining the favour of Heaven.

Charles contented himself with taking leave of the Ingersdorf family in a note to the Baron, and then set off with his brother, for Bolzano in the Tyrol.

CHAPTER VIII.

When a heart is occupied in revolving the happiness of the past, and contemplating the gloom of the future, not even the charms of Nature, bewitching Nature! can rouse it from such abstraction. Demetrius, who used to look on this beauteous earth with the eyes of a lover, and who never saw the wildest scene or simplest flower without emotions of pleasure, now passed over the most romantic of countries, and saw it not.

The magnificent mountains of Tyrol, its fertile valleys and picturesque inhabitants, rose in succession before him, without displacing, for a single instant, the little *boudoir* of Madame de Fontainville; where, unconscious that they were so soon to part for ever, he had ventured, for the first time, to kiss off her falling tears.

The remembrance of the wild delirium which succeeded this touch of her balmy cheek, the sighing tenderness with which she had suffered him to fold her repeatedly in his trembling arms, raged with an agony amounting to madness. Often was he on the point of recalling his hasty promise, confessing his frenzy, and hastening back to fling himself at her feet: but the sound of his brother's voice, and the sight of his countenance (on which tenderness and apprehension were touchingly blended), calmed this storm of passion.

Charles had his own sorrows; and perhaps they were the mightier for being concealed. But he was accustomed to contend with and vanquish himself; while Demetrius, he knew, was now, for the first time, learning the hard lesson of sacrificing inclination to duty.

From the hour in which they reached Bolzano, it became his study how best to soothe, yet strengthen, his brother's mind. Frequently he called his attention to the changeful scenery amongst which they rambled, pressed him into the discussion of interesting speculations, and, though often repulsed, as often renewed the attempt.

Demetrius was weary of the whole world; and felt as if he did indeed "cumber the fair earth." Life, for him, had lost its strongest motive; and therefore he abandoned every minor one, without hesitation.

Refraining from useless expostulations, Charles trusted to his brother's grateful nature for that exertion which was necessary to prove his sense of such unwearied kindness; and success would have crowned his forbearance, had not the unshakable attachment of Madame de Fontainville traversed his views.

She wrote to Demetrius in all the distraction of an ill-governed, fond heart; reproached him for abandoning the woman he had taken such pains to win; whose principles he injured, when he imagined them likely to be overthrown even by the wildest gust of passion: recalled to his memory how often they had mutually vowed to confine their attachment within such bounds as Religion's self would not condemn; how often she had professed herself ready to appear the guilty wretch she was not; incurring, for his sake, every reproach, except that of her own conscience. She beseeched him to return, and renew their sad compact of hopeless constancy; or at once to acknowledge that he no longer loved her.

This last was the trying argument with Demetrius. To be suspected of not loving the fatal beauty for whom his heart was rent asunder, for whom he could have renounced every thing dear to man, was to shake his best resolutions to their foundation.

Charles witnessed the baneful effect of Madame de Fontainville's letter with dreadful forebodings: he would have convinced his brother that such a correspondence was as criminal as imprudent; but Demetrius seemed deprived of reason, and argument was lost on him. As, however, he still remained faithful to his promise of not revisiting Vienna, Charles was forced to satisfy himself with a sacrifice, rather springing out of fraternal gratitude, than from any conviction of its sacred necessity.

In one of Madame de Fontainville's letters, she urged the chance of her future freedom; which, as her husband was a man of a rash, fiery, turbulent spirit, was an event

by no means unlikely. On this hope Demetrius seized; and, as though he had only wanted an excuse for again indulging his infatuation, became more infatuated than before.

Yet what were his sufferings to those of his brother—to Charles, who thus saw the innocent companion of his childhood, the endearing charge of his riper years—he whose sweet gaiety and amiable qualities had twined themselves round his heart, plunging from misery into guilt, and hastening to lose, in the indulgence of a criminal hope, all that remained of his "original brightness!"

No splendid visions fraught with extravagant transports yet to come; no bewitching recollections, which, while they lasted, transported the deluded soul into the fond belief that past things were present, visited the waking dreams of Charles: he saw guilt approaching in all its horrors; and remembered the former excellence of Demetrius, only to mourn the more over his change.

While under the influence of these painful feelings, he was suddenly summoned to Vienna upon regimental business, and obliged to commit his brother to the guidance of his own mind.

Had Charles felt a solid reliance upon the friendship or principles of Colonel Wurtzburgh, who was just arrived at Bolzano, he would secretly have commissioned him to watch over his brother; but Wurtzburgh had made no way in his regard. In spite of appearances, he could not help sometimes suspecting that the Colonel sought his good word rather than his real esteem; since there was, indeed, no point of perfect union between them. Contenting himself, therefore, with conjuring Wurtzburgh to send him frequent news of his brother's health (the plea urged for their sudden journey), he took an affecting leave of Demetrius, who listened with speechless emotion to his pathetic exhortations and encouraging praise.

No sooner was Charles gone, than Demetrius felt as if an oppressive weight were removed from his breast; a sensation almost amounting to gladness succeeded to his late wretchedness; and though he still loved his brother most tenderly, that imperious passion, upon which his pitying

yet repressing eyes had so long laid restraint, made separation from him a blessing. He could now plunge from despondence to despair, or soar from hope to certainty; alternately resolve to regain, and to relinquish Zaïre; abandon himself to regret, or waste his days in fruitless musing —without dreading the sight of that mild, reproachful look, which so often forced him back to the most painful sense of shame.

Two days after the departure of Charles, Colonel Wurtzburgh called upon Demetrius.

As the latter had not yet risen, in consequence of a sleepless night, the Colonel sat down in his little study, and amused himself with looking over some plans of fortresses. While he carelessly turned the different sheets, his eye fell on a fragment or two of paper containing verses, which, somewhat unceremoniously, he read; not a little stimulated thereto, by perceiving that they were in the handwriting of his young officer, and bore internal marks of having come from his heart.

The first scrap (for the culpable poem had been torn across, and every part of it probably meant for destruction,) contained merely these six lines: —

"Vain are my struggles, fruitless my resolves!
Before her image, every vow dissolves.
I see no world where Zaïre must not live:
I know no transport save what she can give:
Frantic I turn from Reason's cold debate,
Yielding my burning heart to Love and Fate."

Here followed an irreparable chasm: the remaining fragment ran thus: —

"O dear delusion, gone ere half believed!
Of every vision, every hope bereaved,
My spirit droops; Reality's sad glass
Reflects life's coming sorrows as they pass.
There, bound in tyrant chains, my Love appears,
Wasting her prime away in useless tears:
Whilst I (the slave of custom and of shame),
No longer dare assert our guiltless aim;
No longer strive to banish vain desire
(Bidding love's flame ascend with purer fire;)
But fly the sweet temptation — basely fly;
And leave her truer heart to break and die."

There was so much more passion than poetry in this mutilated effusion, that Colonel Wurtzburgh hesitated not a moment in believing it to be the production of his friend's

feelings, rather than a passage selected from the works of another.

Scarcely had he time to recover from the reflections into which it threw him, and to push it among the leaves of a book, when its unconscious writer appeared. The wasted figure and colourless complexion of the young Count, were presumptive proofs that Wurtzburgh had not misjudged him.

After discussing the usual topics of the metropolis they had so lately quitted, Wurtzburgh carelessly observed, that Vienna was very near losing its fairest ornament, the beautiful De Fontainville having been on the brink of the grave, and only pronounced out of danger a week ago; that this was the more distressing, as her father was still with Louis XVIII.

What became of Demetrius during this brief detail? His heart smote his breast with a force which made it audible, while his parched lips vainly endeavoured to utter some articulate sounds. The Colonel kindly took his hand.

"My dear fellow, she is better—on my soul she is better!" he said; "—if I could have guessed how this would agitate you! But you slight my friendship; you conceal all your feelings from a man who would cordially participate in every one of them; and it is accident alone to which I am indebted for your confidence. Why do you not speak? This excessive agitation terrifies me; indeed, she is out of danger: she suffered me to see her."

"You saw her! O heaven!" exclaimed Demetrius (forgetting caution in surprise and anguish), "and how did she—what did—*you* saw her, and I—" The broken sentences died away in sighs.

Wurtzburgh again pressed his hand, again assured him of Madame de Fontainville's safety, and repeated his protestations of sympathy. He then told Demetrius, that Madame de Fontainville had admitted him to her dressing-room, merely to enquire about the road to Bolzano, as she was ordered to change the air, and meant, for that purpose, to visit a friend whose house was in its neighbourhood.

The blood fled from the cheeks of Demetrius with as

much impetuosity as he felt it rushing to his heart. The motive of Madame de Fontainville's visit to a place so distant, and the cause of her illness, he could not mistake. It was for him, then, that she had been dying; it was to seek him that she was thus about to undertake a laborious journey, while her shattered frame was scarcely able to retain its wounded spirit! There needed not this fatal testimony of tenderness to distract him. He forgot his vow, and his brother; he thought only of Zaïre, and saw in Wurtzburgh only an affectionate, judicious friend.

Compassion and indulgence, indeed, breathed from the mouth of the Colonel. He was far from lessening the abhorrence with which Demetrius considered the possibility of ever betraying Madame de Fontainville's virtue; but he saw no guilt in suffering a powerful sentiment to reign undisturbed in their bosoms.

Madame de Fontainville, he observed, was surely placed in peculiar circumstances: her husband had long ago dissolved every tie between them, by taking a mistress, whom he suffered to bear his name; how could she be considered still his wife, the *wife* of an apostate, a traitor to his God and king? Was her disconsolate spirit to be interdicted even the enjoyment of a pure, unfortunate attachment? Was she, without children, or other relatives, (except a father, whom she might soon lose,) to be forbidden all hope of securing to herself a faithful friend? Wurtzburgh said, he saw the case under this light; yet he scrupled not to pronounce that man a wretch, who could deliberately ruin the peace, or by an impulse of passion destroy the innocence, of a woman so circumstanced. With such various motives to purified affection, he wondered at the irresolution of Demetrius, whom he had believed capable of the most refined tenderness.

That ill-starred young man listened with too much attention to this hollow reasoning: at every fresh remark, his resolution became weaker and weaker; he thought, if Charles were there, that he too would admit the solidity of Wurtzburgh's judgment: yet he forgot that Charles had anticipated even more than these arguments, and one by one had disproved them.

The contest ended in the Colonel's triumph, who, in return for his friend's confidence, conjured him to avoid Zaïre eternally, unless he could resolve upon never wishing for more than the possession of her heart. Demetrius had just proved the weakness of his resolutions; yet he now avowed another, with as much self-applause, as if certain of keeping it inviolate.

The terrific visions of guilt, remorse, and shame, which a brother's faithful voice had conjured up to stop him in his mad career, now vanished into air: all seemed serene again; and Wurtzburgh appeared the angel of peace, whose tenderness, while it indulged him in weakness, would preserve him from crime. Demetrius was, in short, reconciled to himself; and entreated Wurtzburgh's advice: falsely believing that he would acquiesce in any decision; whilst, in reality, he asked counsel only from knowing it would be conformable to his own wishes.

The arrival of Madame de Fontainville, a few days after this interview, sealed the fate of the young Count. It was not in the heart of man to behold her fading beauty, her eyes for ever swimming in tears, her neglected attire and agitating tenderness, without losing all self-command. Demetrius could find safety only in flight: but how could he flee again from the fond creature, who thus sought him at the risk of her character and her life?

Had Madame de Fontainville been the object of a respectful, disinterested, intellectual affection; had she herself shrunk affrighted from the passionate bursts of her lover; had her charms, in short, affected the heart more, and the senses less, Demetrius would not have had to struggle with opposing desires. But she possessed no mental dignity to spiritualise the transports of a frantic passion: her accomplishments were those of a Circassian slave; she was accustomed to consider her matchless person as her strongest attraction; and wishing to be loved by Demetrius, saw in his bold freedoms only the proofs of true attachment.

The house at which Madame de Fontainville now resided was the abode of a Frenchwoman, the widow of a Tyrolean nobleman; as the lovers imprudently confided their situation to this lady, (whose principles were — no principles

at all! that is, she never stepped aside from virtue herself, but cared very little about the conduct of others,) every indulgence was granted to Demetrius; and to complete his happiness, (by making Madame de Fontainville's residence there, almost a secret,) no visiters were admitted.

Wurtzburgh and the thoughtless Baroness de Marienthal, Demetrius, and Zaïre, passed their days and evenings together. Yet, wretched were these days and evenings to the misguided Demetrius! He had concealed Madame de Fontainville's arrival from Charles; and was now, therefore, without a single restraining friend who might have renewed in his mind the fading images of right.

Every object by which he was surrounded in the Château de Marienthal; every conversation in which he bore a part; every expression of Zaïre's subduing eyes, was calculated to inflame and disorder his senses: a devouring fever preyed incessantly upon his heart and his nerves, till sometimes he was forced to deny himself the sight of Madame de Fontainville for whole days together.

It was then that, wrestling with a giant passion, whose terrors he had so rashly contemned, he longed for Charles, and almost wished that he would come, and tear him from the unequal contest; yet had he not resolution enough to write, and ask his aid.

Desperately pressing forward to the ruin which he saw awaited him, and losing all other considerations in that one, he began to contract new habits, less alluring, but equally pernicious. Madame de Marienthal loved play; and as she had closed her doors on her usual associates, for the sake of Demetrius and Zaïre, it was but gratitude in them to assist in her amusement. Demetrius played, therefore; lost; played again; resolved to do so no more; broke his resolution; and then sought to drown in floods of wine his sense of misery and of shame.

Three weeks after the elder Count Leopolstat left Bolzano, a change took place in the cantonments of the Austrian regiments; and Wurtzburgh's hussars were removed into the Bellunese.

This circumstance did not alter the situation of Demetrius: he implored for leave of absence; and the sympa-

thising Colonel (renewing his exhortations to the practice of that self-denial which he was thus rendering every day more difficult) weakly granted: he too remained at Bolzano, continuing to share and promote the destructive pleasures of Marienthal.

It was now the beginning of autumn; the rich country of Tyrol bloomed with the ripened vineyards and mulberry grounds; cloudless skies and balmy airs infused tender joy; and the loveliness of nature melted the human heart. Demetrius grew every day sadder and more enamoured; and Madame de Fontainville obviously partook in his feelings.

One evening a delightful sunset made Colonel Wurtzburgh propose a ramble to the Baroness. Zaïre was somewhat indisposed; and Demetrius, of course, remained in the chateau with her. Never before had he appeared so hurried away by his unhappy passion; yet his friend persuaded the Baroness to take fruit in a remote cottage, where they loitered away the time, and returned not to Marienthal till long after the moon had risen. The hills and valleys were bright with her steady lustre; a holy serenity pervaded every thing but man's stormy soul; when Wurtzburgh and the Baroness saw a figure glittering in the light, as it hastily emerged from some trees, and as rapidly disappeared. The waving feather convinced them it was Demetrius: nor were they mistaken.

On reaching the chateau, they found he had just left it, in great agitation, and that Madame de Fontainville had retired to her own chamber. Wurtzburgh declined supping at Marienthal; hastening to seek Leopolstat, whose fatal infatuation had now touched its dreaded point.

After an unsuccessful search among the woods into which he had seen him plunge, the Colonel repaired to their hotel, where he heard with unfeigned astonishment that the young officer had been there for his horse, and had left only these few words addressed to him: —

"I must stay here no longer; why did you leave us? — Farewell — I return to my regiment. —

"DEMETRIUS."

Wurtzburgh now anticipated the confession his friend would soon make to him; and, avoiding the sight of Madame de Fontainville, took leave of her and the Baroness in a well-worded billet; after which he set off for the Bellunese.



CHAPTER IX.

MEANWHILE, disappointment and distress met Charles at Vienna. The attempt to recover part of his inheritance, which Baron Ingersdorf had made for him, proved abortive. That this property had been fraudulently, because usuriously, obtained from the late Count Leopolstat, was evident to every person; but such proof as can alone sanction important decisions was wanting; and, therefore, the affair ended in mortification.

After Madame de Fontainville's illness, she had caused it to be understood, that she was going to join her father: Charles was by this means completely deceived; and when he learned her departure, trusted she at length saw the impropriety of that persecuting constancy with which she had so long traversed his views for Demetrius.

In the circle at Ingersdorf House, he would have sought relief from the many cares which oppressed him, had he not painfully found that the amiable Adelaide grew every day more interesting to his heart; that she frequently betrayed a solicitude so tender, as to banish for the time all remembrance of her engagement and his own poverty. He absented himself from the Baroness's work-room, where formerly he passed every morning with Adelaide; and he would have abandoned the Baron's dinners also, could he have done so without apparent ingratitude.

It is not possible for two people to love each other excessively, to converse with perfect intimacy, to see each other every day, to receive and pay those little attentions which naturally flow from domestic intercourse, and not discover their mutual attachment. Leopolstat could not

but observe that the fine eyes and colour of Adelaide always became brighter when he appeared; that she unconsciously made his comfort the first object of her care; that if he entered fatigued, after a toilsome field-day, she hastened to bring him refreshments; she scattered reviving perfumes, or opened the windows to admit the cooling air: in short, Adelaide was always ready when any thing was to be done for him.

Yet Adelaide scarcely suffered her thoughts to glance for a moment upon the possible cause of this soft anxiety.—Why should she seek a cause?—Was he not the peculiar favourite of her dear uncle, and the object of general esteem? Did not every eye sparkle, every cheek glow, when the name of Count Leopolstat prefaced his entrance?—and was not every one desirous to place themselves within the delightful influence of his smile, and to serve him even in trifles?—Why then should she alone be alarmed at the warmth of that friendship, which he seemed born to excite in every human breast?

Adelaide deceived herself. A secret presage, that she should one day be the possessor of his matchless heart, was the real cause of her animated attentions and fitful vivacity. Too soon this vivacity died away; for, as her affection deepened into love, she lost sight of the hope which had first awakened it. No longer did she hover round the young Count with smiles and services, but examined with torturing anxiety all his looks and words; no longer did she feel sure even of his common regard, seeing in the struggles of his stronger passion only symptoms of disgust. While similar thoughts fluctuated through the minds of both; while one moment they fancied themselves beloved, and the next contemned, the incidents of a single evening terminated their inquietude, without altering their destinies.

It was at the assembly of a mutual acquaintance, where the thoughtless discourse of a silly, forward woman occasioned them infinite embarrassment.

This lady was not absolutely in love with Charles, but she tried to be so, and wished him to understand that she was so in reality: for this purpose, she never failed attacking him, wherever they met, with conversations about him.

self; endeavouring by this system to make him comprehend that a woman who learns every action of a man's days, and who perpetually imagines him on the point of union with another, has *a flattering reason* for her curiosity.

Approaching the recess of a circular window, where Charles and Adelaide were benevolently conversing with a blind gentleman, she tapped the shoulder of the former with her fan, exclaiming, "What! is it *you* that I see! — but I suppose you are on the point of flying off to the Russian Ambassador's?" "And why should you suppose that, Madam?" asked Charles, carelessly, as he returned her strange salute with a bow.

"Why! come, come, my dear Count, this well-acted *naïveté* won't serve your turn. Don't I know that your fair Countess appears there for the first time since her mourning. — Ha! ha! ha! — How he blushes! My dear Madamoiselle Ingersdorf, did you ever see a man look so guilty in all your life?" "I am at a loss to understand the subject of your raillery!" returned Charles (really blushing at the boldness of his gay accuser's glances). "Pray explain yourself?" "What a provoking creature thou art!" exclaimed the lady, fixing her eyes momentarily upon his. "Does not the whole world give you to the Countess Reusmarck? — Is it not notorious that you pass all your time at her melancholy villa? Don't I see you perpetually wandering with her about her gardens, smothering her child with kisses, caressing her dog, collecting her bouquets? My dressing-room tells sad tales. Every body knows it was your interest that obtained her that enormous pension. Come, come, confess at once that you are to be rewarded for all this benevolence by the white hand of the pensive widow? Your eyes confess it. Don't they, Mademoiselle? Surely you will be my auxiliary; for I know he has been a woful truant from your aunt's morning conversaziones."

Adelaide turned her head, as if to look at Charles; but her eyes refused to meet his. Rising in agonising emotion, she began searching among some music-books which were near, for she knew not what, while she faintly replied, — "I know nothing of this; I — I am not in Count Leo-

polstat's confidence." "We shall all be in his confidence soon:" pursued the annoying intruder. "A sylph whispered me this morning, that the Count's happy day is positively fixed. Your uncle is to give the bride away.—Lord, my dear, how dull you must be, to have these things transacting under your very eyes, without seeing them! Well, —adieu! Joy, joy be yours, my dear Count, though you break half a score hearts in gaining it." Away tripped this inconsiderate woman, with a sigh and a languish, which perfectly performed their mission, by convincing Charles that she wished herself in the Countess Reusmarck's place. Baffled by her hasty retreat, the Count remained where she left him, in painful silence.—Adelaide, unable to stand, had reseated herself, and was now trembling through every fibre with a sudden emotion, which she found it impossible to conquer.

The cruel assertions of their late companion hastily opened before her the view of a misfortune, which nothing hitherto taught her to expect. She could not forget, that of late Charles had indeed deserted the house of her uncle; that he had strenuously exerted himself in the service of Madame Reusmarck; and that all who knew this youthful widow, spoke of her in the most interesting manner. Where, then, was the wonder of such an attachment? Nay, so far from being wonderful, was it not probable? To Adelaide (whose heart knew no other obstacle than her own engagement, which still she hoped to break through), to her the suspicion of Leopolstat's choosing another came like the stroke of death. It seized on her with frightful violence; and she now sat beneath the gaze of Charles, trembling and devoid of utterance.

His situation was miserable. The transport of suspecting himself to be beloved (for how could he mistake the cause of such agitation?) was lost in excess of anguish for her suffering: delicacy and respect constrained him to preserve that very silence which afflicted her; and he therefore stood some moments as if observing the company through the perspective of an opposite suite of rooms: then suddenly turning round, he exclaimed, "I perceive this heat over-

comes you; you have looked pale the whole evening; let me open a window?"

Adelaide answered by immediately rising and tottering to the window, which he threw open with one hand, while with the other he supported her sinking form. Her emotion now gushed out in a burst of tears, which he suffered to flow unobserved.

After weeping some time, Adelaide said, in a broken voice, "I am wretchedly nervous, Count; and this room was so hot! indeed the day has been suffocating. You would scarcely believe what a trifling increase of heat makes me ill."

"Until I opened the window, the heat here was not trifling," replied Charles, "I am not astonished at your being overpowered by it; I only wonder how so many delicate women can endure such perpetual changes of climate as they do, when going from party to party. A soldier has scarcely more need for an iron constitution than a modern fine lady."

Adelaide assented with a languid smile, and then another long pause followed.—By degrees her apparent emotion subsided; but she studiously averted her face, and often stifled repeated sighs.—Charles tenderly enquired how she found herself, and being told she was much recovered, he said, timidly, "It seems unfeeling to think of myself while you are thus indisposed; but, as you assure me you are better, perhaps you will now suffer me to defend my character from the aspersion thrown on it by Madame Griefenswald?" "Defend yourself! and to me, sir!" exclaimed Adelaide, starting with astonishment at the apparent indelicacy of his conduct; "I neither claim nor wish a right to sway any of your actions."

"I had not the presumptuous folly to mean that;" replied Charles, mildly; "but I have long flattered myself with the idea, that as you honoured me with your good opinion, it would painful to find it ill-placed: were Madame Griefenswald's assertions true, I should no longer dare to claim the friendship of your family; a friendship which is at once the joy and the pride of my heart."

"I know not," interrupted Adelaide, faintly, "how your

attachment to an amiable woman is to interfere with the pleasure we have always found in your society; or why you think it necessary to defend yourself from such a charge, as if it were a crime."

"The attachment itself would not be a crime;" replied Leopolstat, gazing at her fluctuating complexion with a beating heart; "but my supposed conduct, while under its influence, is a crime against every honourable and manly sentiment. What did Madame Griefenswald produce as the strongest proof of my engagement with the Countess Reusmarck? the fact of my having obtained a pension for that lady!—I then, who submitted to the most mortifying obstacles and refusals, wearied half my friends for their interest, neglected no honest means whatever to procure that pension, gained it at last by mere importunity: I then am publicly accused of having thus sought it for *myself!* I, having *wooed* repulse, which, borne for my own interest, would have been degradation! I, that would perish, ere I would demand even the reward my services might have fairly earned! Gracious Heaven! to be so insulted in the dearest part of my character, and before you, too! But for this insinuation, the subject were not of the least consequence, and I should not have intruded it upon your attention."

"It *is* of consequence, Count!" replied Adelaide, melting into the most bewitching softness. "If the slightest shadow be but momentarily thrown over the brightness of a friend's character, what anguish does it not occasion? Till this moment, however, I did not perceive the possibility of any odium being the result of your devotion to Madame Reusmarck."

"I should despise myself if I deserved it!" exclaimed Charles, vehemently.—The Count of Reusmarck was a brave man, whose gallant services during five campaigns I was qualified to attest:—he died in my arms, on the bloody field of Tarvis. His widow and child have since then become objects of my sincerest esteem and nearest interest: they were left wholly unprovided; and it was surely a soldier's duty to plead in their behalf.—The attentions I have paid Madame Reusmarck were such as respectful com-

passion alone prompted: she received them with the eagerness of a heart which knew itself in want of consolation; a heart religiously devoted to the memory of a brave fellow, whom she truly loved, and whose child is now the sum of all her worldly hopes. She too is outraged by this gross report: her meritorious seclusion, her profound but uncomplaining grief, are turned by it into the most abominable levity and deceit. I conjure you to believe that Madame Reusmarck sees in me only the friend of that husband in whose life was bound up all the charms of hers; and that I behold in her only a forlorn widow and respectable mother, for whose honour and happiness I would brave the bitterest mortifications, spill every drop of my blood, make every sacrifice but that of your esteem!"

The agitation of Charles when he pronounced the last words, was so extreme, that had he thrown himself at the feet of Mam'selle Ingersdorf, and there avowed his passion, she could not have received a more gratifying conviction of its existence. The jealous honour which dictated the explanation itself, penetrated her soul: thrilling with a confusion of increased pain and pleasure, she could no longer resist the softness which melted her again into tears, and, incapable of speaking, she sank upon a seat without reply.

The eyes of Charles now fixed themselves upon her with fond solicitude: hers were cast down; but her bosom palpitated beneath its covering, with unusual quickness. Anxious to break the distressing silence, Adelaide attempted to speak, and while doing so, raised her eyes: they were full of what was passing in her heart; and the moment they encountered those of Charles, she felt all that they had uttered. At the same moment each drew a deep sigh, and, averting their heads, hurried out of the recess.

What needed there more to develope their feelings? — Words could not have added to their mutual certainty of being at this instant the beloved cause of each other's agitation. — Words would but poorly have explained love so animated, yet so timid; so fixed, yet so capable of sacrificing its wishes on the altar of duty.

The globe seemed to whirl round with Charles, when the conviction of all he desired thus struck upon his heart:

for awhile he stood bewildered, delightfully bewildered, not venturing to direct another glance towards Adelaide, lest that glance should break the spell. When he did look at her again, a succession of deep blushes confirmed his hopes. The appearance of Baron Ingersdorf now announced the dispersion of the assembly. The Baroness, accepting the arm of her husband, desired Adelaide would take that of Count Leopolstat. Only a few hours before, Adelaide would have obeyed without scruple, and Charles would have approached her without embarrassment; now, they both hesitated; were confused, and dared not encounter each other's looks. The Baroness again spoke; and Charles fearfully took the hand of his blushing companion. While they walked to the carriage, it trembled as much as his own; yet he let it go again, without having once ventured to press it. — Are not true love and respect inseparable?

From this evening the passion of Charles was as intense as that of Demetrius: it shone for ever in his eyes; and he might as well have forbidden his soul to illuminate their expressions, as have resolved to banish it from his actions. But, unlike Demetrius, he controlled what he could not annihilate; and, in proportion as he became sensible to the tenderness of Adelaide, imposed new sacrifices upon his own.

Fate, however, seemed to delight in adding to the difficulty of this self-command; for scarcely a day passed, in which circumstances honourable to Adelaide did not spring up to oppose it.

Anxious to dissipate uneasy reflections, the Count went one morning to lounge away an hour of stubborn depression at the Archducal Library.

While he was dipping into several volumes, an Irish officer seated himself near him, and began laboriously to adjust the tie of a sword-knot, which, in defiance of all his efforts, remained resolutely ungraceful. As the Hibernian was absorbed in this momentous employment, a thin, straggling young fellow entered, and making eagerly up to him, exclaimed in a whiffling voice, which retained only the faintest scent of his country's brogue, "My dear friend, how are you? I have just left such an interesting scene! — pen and pencil are both inadequate to describe it!"

"I hope the tongue an't," drily observed his auditor; so let me *hare* your *new* romance."

The young man now threw himself into an oratorical attitude.—"I was sauntering," said he, "along the horse-road which leads to Schönbrunn, admiring some groups of lovely women, whom the refreshing shade of the trees, and the accidental performance of an admirable band of music, had collected; when I observed a celestial creature, that might have stood for a Madonna, watching the sports of a playful Cupid (her son, as it afterwards proved), who was bounding before her. Suddenly the child flung a ball out of its hand, darted from the footpath across the road, and fell. At that instant, a party of riotous horsemen coming full speed, threatened the babe with immediate annihilation. The shriek of its mother rent the skies. The horsemen were in the very act of destruction — when lo! a beautiful girl sprung like a flash of lightning over the ground, caught up the boy in her arms, and escaping from the very hoofs of the plunging steeds, brought it in safety to the walk!"

"And what the *divil* were you about all the while?" cried the officer, roughly (letting fall his heavy sabre with a force which made the other man jump away); "in the name of St. Patrick, were you dead?"

"I was bereft of all my faculties, Mr. Murphy;" returned the sentimentalist.

"Shut your *potato-trap*, man—shut your potato-trap," said his companion, with a look of ineffable contempt; "you may be a very harmless *fellow*, and a poor *cratur*, but you're no *haro*.—Was there ever another Irishman besides yourself, that would have seen a child run down by a troop of cowardly *spalpeens*, without flying to prevent a beautiful angel of a girl from throwing her *swate* person among the horses? May whisky be my poison, if I wouldn't have twitched every mother's son of them off the back of their *bastes*, and dragged 'em by the nose three times through the Danube and back again, and after all kicked them with a pair of good brogues on till they were the consistence of horn.—Och! botheration, but you're not fit to *convarse* with!"

So saying, the honest Hibernian at once turned his back

upon the other, with all the rudeness of coarse but laudable disgust: scarcely sensible to the insult, his companion skipped briskly round, and fronting him, exclaimed—"Not fit to converse with, Mr. Murphy! give me leave to say, you know nothing of fine feelings. Was I not overcome with excess of sympathy in the immensity of the lovely infant's danger?"

"O yes, I dare say you sympathised heartily in *that*," muttered the contemptuous officer.

"Well, sir," resumed the first speaker, "in spite of this uncivil jesting, I can tell you that the fair heroine is the daughter of Field Marshal Ingersdorf; and that I bore her in my arms — for she fainted after her wondrous exploit — to the house of her uncle, the —"

"You bore her!" exclaimed Charles, transported out of himself, as he rushed contemptuously from the room into the street.

Half alarmed, half incredulous, he hurried to the villa of Madame Reusmarck. There, the incident just detailed was amply confirmed. Trembling at the remembrance of her darling's danger, as well as her own frightful immobility, the Countess bore agitated testimony to that courageous presence of mind which saved the life of her son: but she did not recollect the Irishman; assuring Leopolstat that Mademoiselle Ingersdorf speedily recovered, and had very calmly walked home with her to the villa. While she spoke, Adelaide entered. To the partial eye of Charles, her very beauty seemed to have acquired a sensible addition by the active humanity of her heart: he approached her eagerly; but, incapable of utterance, could only kiss her hand, with an air of the most passionate tenderness.

Adelaide read her eulogium on his beaming countenance. In extricating the child, she had simply followed the impulse of a benevolent soul, which, waiting not for calculations on safety or danger, makes an instant effort to assist the sufferer. To have preserved the last treasure of an unfortunate widow, was an increase of satisfaction; but to find that she had thus elevated the admiration of the man she loved, to the highest pitch of enthusiasm, was a rapture of which few can conceive the force.

From the evening rendered memorable to Adelaide by the idle accusations of Madame Griefenswald, it had been her earnest wish to know the Countess Reusmarck: nothing appeared so easy to accomplish as this wish, yet that was precisely the reason why it was to her impracticable. Madame Reusmarck was in humble circumstances, had lately been an object of royal bounty, was desolate and afflicted, and deserted by half her summer friends: she was afraid, therefore, of appearing to presume on her own fortunate situation, or of seeming to demand acknowledgments, by an ostentatious profession of pity, which the Countess never sought. Adelaide's reason for wishing this acquaintance might have been "shrined in crystal;" it was not connected with a single idea of self; it flowed from the purest spring of benevolence, and aimed at no other object than that of reviving Madame Reusmarck's social feelings; of softly extracting the poison from that heart's-wound, which neither love nor friendship could hope entirely to heal. She now rejoiced in the accident which had thrown open the gate to intimacy, and purposed to avail herself of it, with a respectful yet glowing eagerness.

Madame Reusmarck, young and gentle, was still accessible to every affection, except that which lay buried in the grave of her husband: she received the kindness of Mam'selle Ingersdorf with a grateful sensibility, which, far from repelling, softly invited more. From that day they became sincere friends; and from that day Count Leopolstat surrendered up to Adelaide his self-imposed charge of consolation.

To have met often at the villa of Madame Reusmarck, would have been too delicious an enjoyment for Charles and Adelaide; such an indulgence would also have been indiscreet, as it must have subjected them to censure, and have taken from Adelaide the noble consciousness of being completely disinterested in her friendship.

They gained, however, little by this sacrifice. Each saw Madame Reusmarck at different periods; and each hearing from her details which mutually did them honour, retired from the villa only to remember new reasons for mutual preference.

Nothing could be more dangerous than the situation of Charles. The eyes of Mam'selle Ingersdorf filling with tears as they met his, her blushes and agitation; the haste with which she retreated from him, whenever they were casually left alone; and the sickness which seemed to overcome her at the mention of Count Forshiem, were all calculated to undermine his resolutions. They indicated the very feeling necessary to make him blest; but how, blest? when he was not only *poor*, but linked to her generous uncle by the most important benefits? — Charles loved Adelaide, not himself; and for her sake was nicely jealous of that honour which a suspicion of mercenary views might have disgracefully sullied: he therefore resolved frankly to unbosom his secret to the Baron, convince him he was unfortunate, not ungrateful, and then banish himself from Ingersdorf. While he was revolving how to make this disclosure with the least pain to himself and others, he received the following letters. The first was from his incognita: —

To Count Leopolstat.

"Are you not aware of your brother's danger? — Why do you not force him from his present infatuation? — This is not war-time; and military duty might relax itself in his favour, if you would urge pressing motives to your General.

"Madame de Fontainville is with your brother at Bolzano; at least she sees him every day, every hour; and the price he pays for this fatal enjoyment is likely to infect him with the most pernicious of all evil propensities: the house where she resides is the resort of gamesters. Do not disregard this warning: be assured that on your account I am affectionately interested in your brother's honour; and that, whenever I am enabled to make myself thoroughly known, you shall find me at least *the warmest of your friends.*"

The second letter ran thus: —

"I am too distracted to tremble at addressing the brother of Demetrius; yet O! believe me not lost to the most poignant sense of shame. For heaven's sake, hasten di-

rectly to the Bellunese, to Agoro, or my rash father will have sacrificed your brother to his furious vengeance.

"I, I only am guilty;—I call the saints to witness that Demetrius voluntarily renounced our unhappy intercourse. He is not culpable then: O fly and save him! For Heaven's sake, lose not a moment! I swear, on my knees I swear, to abandon him for ever, if you will but preserve his life.

Bolzano. "ZAÏRE DE FONTAINVILLE."

Every faculty of the unfortunate Charles was stunned by this unexpected blow. He stood for several minutes deprived of motion, and devoid of all sensation: his eyes remained fixed upon the characters, but took no cognisance of them. At length a hollow sound seemed to ring in his ears; a dreadful chill crept through his veins; and he recovered to the belief of no longer having a brother. Something like a cry escaped him, as, smiting his forehead, he rushed into the open air.

To mount his horse, and commence a long journey with the utmost speed, were instinctive actions: he thought of nothing, saw nothing, but the corpse of his beloved Demetrius; and rode from post to post, without once remembering that he had duties to fulfil in Vienna.

Though Count Leopolstat was the next day to have had an audience of the Archduke, and been appointed to the rank of his aide-de-camp, he would have proceeded without thinking of the circumstance, had not a casual delay at an inn, where he saw the print of that prince, recalled it to his memory, and given him time to despatch a courier to Baron Ingersdorf.

Charles could at this moment have beheld, unmoved, the wreck of all his temporal prospects; but he was still jealous of his reputation as a soldier; and unwilling to appear ungrateful in the eyes of that admirable prince, who had advanced him to rank and influence: he therefore confided the motive of his sudden departure to his friend Ingersdorf, trusting that from his representations the Archduke would overlook his absence.

CHAPTER X.

It was late at night when the Count reached the quarters of his brother. — As he threw himself off his horse, he could scarcely speak to the servant that waited to know his commands. — "My brother, — Count Leopolstat, — is he here?" — at last, he gasped out. The servant replied in the affirmative, and, preceding his agitated steps, threw open the door of a small apartment.

Demetrius, who was leaning his head upon a table, on which lay his sword and pistols, started up; and seeing a field officer of hussars (for he did not immediately recognise his brother in the dim light), was abruptly retiring, when Charles closed the door, and, staggering towards a seat, pronounced his name. The suffocating tone in which he said it, his extreme paleness and agitation, banished from the mind of Demetrius every thought of himself: — he hastened forward, eagerly enquiring what had happened to him.

"You are safe! — I see you alive, Demetrius; — and I ——." Charles was so completely overcome, that he could not proceed farther: a strong trembling shook all his joints; and, averting his head, his brave heart yielded to this strange mixture of the bitterest grief with the keenest joy.

As he swallowed some wine, which his brother hastily offered him, his eye ran eagerly over that brother's altered features. Care and self-reproach, shame and anguish, were all there.

"O Demetrius!" he exclaimed, after a long silence, "how do we meet? — How have you wrung my heart!" At these words Demetrius, comprehending the cause of his appearance, cast himself at his feet, and besought him once more to pardon his apostasy, to receive him again to his bosom, to hear his vow of abjuring Madame de Fontainville for ever.

"I am not yet quite unworthy of your esteem," he added, bedewing Leopolstat's hands with tears: "If you

knew what a struggle it was to tear myself from her — to fly her, at the very instant in which she was on the point of completing my criminal wishes."

"And did you?" exclaimed the Count, starting wildly from his seat.

"I did — Zaïre is still innocent."

Charles snatched him to his arms in silence, and for the first time, the big tears rolled down his manly cheek

Let not the dissolute or thoughtless smile contemptuously at the emotion of this virtuous brother! To him, who had so heavily felt the consequences of licentious passion, in the wreck of his fortunes and the desertion of his father, and who had therefore learned to consider them with proper horror; — to him, who knew that the first step in vice is but the prelude of many others, and the first conquest by virtue, the bright earnest of future victories; — to him, who knew how to prize the promises of another life, this moment was fraught with importance, and seemed the blessed crisis of his brother's fate. He folded him closely to his breast, unconsciously murmuring the last words of their mother — "Let nothing in this world, except your religious principles, be dearer to you than his honour." Demetrius caught the sound, and his divided heart put up a prayer to Heaven, for power to continue, what he resolved to become.

As the turbulence of their feelings subsided, Demetrius dreaded the confession he had yet to make: it was necessary that his brother should be told of his debts to Colonel Wurtzburgh, from whom he had borrowed the sums lost at play to the Baroness Marienthal; but he hesitated to avow such an aggravation of his offences. Charles observed his wandering and abstracted manner: guessing much of what he had to hear, he urged him to confide implicitly in a brother's affection; and at length prevailed on him to give a full avowal.

No bodily torment could equal the mental suffering of Demetrius, while he repeated the progress of his weak passion; his frequent good resolutions, broken as soon as formed; his desperate acquiescence in an amusement which he detested, and which his narrow income rendered criminal. The severest moralist could not have upbraided

and denounced him more vehemently than was done by his own conscience. Frequently he broke off in the midst of the narrative, wildly exclaiming that he was not fit to behold his deceived brother. Charles tenderly re-assured him, and he resumed.

The account of his last interview with Madame de Fontainville caused too much agitation to be given distinctly: Leopolstat's heart bled for him, as he rapidly related the dangerous scene. It had, indeed, been a moment of sharp trial, from which he had forcibly torn himself: and, struck with horror at the wretchedness to which they were on the point of reducing themselves, he had hastened to a distance, where it was his intention to have remained till he should have acquired some command over his headstrong passions.

Scarcely had he been four days at Agoro, when the Marquis de Liancour arrived at it: he came to wash out the supposed stain of his daughter, in the blood of her wretched lover. And had Demetrius been less susceptible of honourable shame; — had he rashly braved that resentment which he was conscious of deserving; — had he, in short, instead of baring his defenceless breast to the sword of his enemy, raised an arm against him, he would most probably have paid the just forfeit of his life.

The Marquis de Liancour, meeting respect and contrition, where he expected only to find defiance; receiving ingenuous confessions, instead of base palliation; was soon made sensible of his impetuosity. He discovered that Demetrius was not a seducer; that his daughter, though faulty, was not abandoned, and that he might yet preserve her to his declining years in peace and honour. — They parted friends: the Marquis promising to treat his unhappy child with lenity; and Demetrius consenting (though at the expense of all his future hopes), never to see Zaïre again without his permission.

When Demetrius concluded this detail, his brother wrung his hand without speaking, then paced the apartment in great emotion.

His countenance expressed a mind absorbed in revolving some painful duty which it shrunk from performing: several times he stopped; and repeated sighs, seemingly fetched

from the very depths of his heart, supplied the place of words. At length he approached Demetrius, who was resting his burning temples against the side of the room. "Demetrius! my dear Demetrius!" he said. At that moment their moist eyes met, and Demetrius read in those of Charles so much compassion, that he could not help drawing his hand to his lips.

They then sat down together; their hands locked in each other's.

"What you have just told me, my beloved brother," continued the elder, "forces me to make you a painful confession in return. I call Heaven to witness, that nothing short of an absolute conviction that I have pursued a wrong system with you, should have compelled me to afflict you as I must now do. If it were not obvious that a complete knowledge of our situation is the only means of preserving you from future suffering, I would manage to overcome every difficulty, and still leave you in ignorance.

"My conduct has always led you to suppose your annual allowance was the wreck of a younger son's inheritance; and that mine, consequently, was much larger; that the pay of my commission, and the pension attached to my order, were but minor parts of my income: you had a right, therefore, to calculate on my power and will to assist you in any pecuniary emergency; seeing how prudently I regulated my own expenses. But I must now undeceive you, Demetrius, and confess that what *you* enjoy is all my father left between us."

"All! gracious God! — and have you resigned —— wretch that I am!"

Demetrius uttered these broken sentences, with frightful wildness: Charles besought him to be calm. — "Hear me, my dear brother," he cried; "it is I, who have now to sorrow for the effects of mistaken affection: it is I, that ought to entreat pardon, and deprecate reproach."

Demetrius fixed his eyes upon him for a moment, with a wild smile, then turned them away, sighing profoundly. — Charles resumed —

"It was a serious fault on my part, to let you enter life under such an error. — I had forgotten how often I owed

my own indifference to dangerous pleasures, my own power of resisting temptations, to the occupation of a careful heart; to thoughts chastised by early reflection; to a sense of having nothing to be distinguished by, except strict integrity. I had felt the pains and the profit of adversity; yet, forgetting the latter, and remembering only the former, falsely hoped to ensure your happiness, by concealing from you every circumstance likely to damp your enjoyment of trifles.

"The sacrifice of a scanty income was, of course, nothing for a man accustomed to cheap pleasures; but I ought to have considered that, ignorant of our true situation, you would be tempted to exceed it, from a belief of my larger means. It is I, therefore, who am blameable throughout. Had I consented to see you take your share in that salutary suffering, which is wisely diffused over all this lower world, your character would have been strengthened, and one severe trial would not have overset you.

"My unvarying system (a selfish one, certainly, because I could not bear to lose the delight of seeing you cheerful) has been, to keep from your knowledge whatever was painful. It is I that have made you a hot-house plant, my Demetrius, and I must not censure you for being unable to stand the fierce sunshine and the blighting storm."

Here, he paused: but Demetrius spoke not; he groaned, and struck his breast.

"Oh, Charles!" he exclaimed, after a long pause,—"Oh, too generous brother! — how is it that I live, and know myself the cause of such affliction to you? — to you, that have given me every thing, made me every thing, endured all things for my sake!

"If the remainder of a worthless life, spent in obedience, can atone for the ingratitude of my past conduct" —

"Speak not thus;" interrupted Leopolstat, "unconscious of the few services I tried to render you, how can it be said you were ungrateful?"

"I should have considered your conduct more attentively," said Demetrius; "I should have guessed that such a brother could be reserved about his own affairs, only from the noblest motive. — I *have* been thoughtless indeed! —

O Charles, Charles, what disgrace shall I not bring upon your unblemished name by *my* ruin!"

"Dismiss that fear," returned his brother. "Your honour shall not suffer with Colonel Wurtzburgh. Thank heaven! we still have the means of faithfully repaying him. We must mortgage that little estate for the precise sum; and, till the mortgage be cancelled, must share the same fortune. Come, come, banish this excess of sensibility, my dearest Demetrius; what merit is there in two brothers loving each other, and consenting to have but one purse, as one soul? Could I see you restored to peace of mind; could I hope to find you determine upon the only measure likely to reconcile you to yourself, I should look back without grief, and forward with the sweetest security."

Demetrius shook in every limb, as he heard these words: a deadly paleness succeeded his glow of enthusiastic gratitude: Zaïre, the fond beloved Zaïre, rose to his thoughts, and palsied the resolution he was just going to form.—He pressed his hand upon his forehead, in a tumult of contending feelings; tore open his uniform, and, snatching the picture of Zaïre from his bosom, gazed at it wildly; kissed it again and again; held it to his heart, his lips, his eyes; mingled tears and sobs with these sad caresses; then hastily putting it into his brother's hand, exclaimed,—"I will never see her more." He hurried immediately into his own room, where he spent the night in conflicts which Charles respected too much to invade.

When a man resolves not to be influenced in his decisions by his wishes, he is certain of deciding right. Charles steadily considered the late behaviour of Demetrius, with this resolution, and became convinced that he might rely upon his stability. Till this evening, Demetrius seemed insensible to the criminality of a passion for Madame de Fontainville:—Now, the proof of what that passion led to, of the other vices into which it betrayed him, had relumed his soul, and, though still in bondage, he could no longer be termed a willing slave.

The dread of appearing before a purer Being, and answering a higher Judge, than that brother whom he ardently loved, visibly expressed itself in his manner: Charles blessed

Heaven for so momentous a change; convinced that the first step towards good is a complete knowledge of our depravity.

Remaining wholly unmindful of his own concerns, would have been to increase the self-reproach of Demetrius: Leopolstat, therefore, anxiously revolved the best means of reconciling such opposite interests as his own and his brother's. He could not long absent himself from Vienna, without forfeiting the favour of the Archduke; and to transact the business necessary to be gone through, ere he could discharge the debt of Colonel Wurtzburgh, he must revisit the capital. Would it then be prudent in him to leave Demetrius at so critical a period, when his best convictions were but just unfolded? — would it be kind? Prudence and Kindness answered in the affirmative. Demetrius, left to his own exertions, would be roused to greater efforts, by the very absence of that supporting heart on which he was accustomed to lean; he would be left to the uneffaced impression of this interview; to the remembrance of his solemn promise; to the conviction that Charles implicitly trusted his penitence; to the contemplation of all he owed, and all from which he was rescued. — These considerations decided Leopolstat: conscious that unlimited confidence is, to a generous nature, but a stronger motive to deserve it.

While his brother slept (for Demetrius slept; and it was the first time he had done so since he quitted the Tyrol), the Count was engrossed by committing to paper every argument suggested by affection and religion for the confirmation of virtuous inclinations. To these he added some comments upon those mental gifts which it is sinful to possess unused; venturing to point out the oblivion into which his brother had sunk during his devotion to a woman whose ill-directed tenderness valued nothing in her lover but his love; and who, satisfied with being all the world to him, was content to see him become nothing to all the world.

This done, long after day dawned, he threw himself upon a sofa, where his over-tasked spirit enjoyed a short respite from its many anxieties.

When the brothers met the next morning, there was a

settled seriousness in the younger's looks, which spoke peace to Charles. He had dreaded the sight of ever-varying emotion in a countenance which nature seemed to have destined for the abode of the most blissful and endearing expressions: he therefore saw with satisfaction that the eyes of Demetrius were still though mournful.

It was not from turbulent feeling, or paroxysms of remorse (the more violent, perhaps, from a consciousness of wanting will to render that remorse repentance), that he could look for the renovation of his brother: he was to be saved only by an attentive survey of his own situation; by conviction of his own weakness; and by sincere application to that gracious Being, from whom the ability to keep our best resolutions alone proceeds. His present composure, though sad beyond description, was the best proof of a resolute mind.

When Leopolstat announced the necessity he was under of returning immediately to Vienna, he gave his brother the letter of the preceding night; telling him to seek there for his advice upon a subject too painful to discuss. He then entered into a minuter detail of his own affairs, in which the name of Adelaide Ingersdorf was but too often mentioned.

During the few hours they remained together, Charles could not entirely think of his brother: thought frequently carried him back to Adelaide. His fixed eyes were then filled with tears; and Demetrius, hearing his unconscious sighs, noting the change in his once complete figure, observing the sudden force with which he wrested back his mind, blushed at his own comparative imbecility. If Charles could thus meditate the sacrifice and attempt the cure of a virtuous affection, even while believing himself beloved, should he, the victim of a lawless one, dare to shrink from a similar task? The spark of honourable emulation was smothered, not extinguished, in this youthful bosom; it now spread into a blaze.

While Charles went to visit Colonel Wurtzburgh, Demetrius wrote a letter to Madame de Fontainville; a farewell letter!—Let those who have loved as he had done; who have, like him, suffered passion to assault, without

overcoming principle, imagine his anguish during this forced conquest of the former! No longer did he write to vow eternal constancy, to cheat himself and her, by swearing to love on, yet never to see her more: he wrote to confess his sense of their mutual frailty; relating all that had passed between her father, his brother, and himself; exhorting her to resolve, as he did, to master the passion which religion condemned; and solemnly assuring her, that though she was yet dearer to him than the vital blood which swelled his heart, he steadfastly meant to make this dreaded conquest the business of his future life.

When he would have besought her never more to distract him by the slightest testimony of an affection once so fondly sought, so dearly prized, his heart gave way; he threw himself upon the paper, and blotted it with his tears. Memory, that curse and blessing of our existence, presented him with such fatal charms of tenderness and beauty, in the image of Zaïre, that for awhile he believed his passion unconquerable. Like a repressed torrent, it rolled back upon his soul, sweeping away all power, all will, to renounce her.

This frenzy was long, but not endless: its tempestuous waves gradually subsided; and again he beheld the bright summits of heaven and of peace.

On the return of Charles, Demetrius put this letter into his hand, with visible emotion; he would have told him to read it, had not his quivering lips denied him utterance. His brother eagerly ran it through; often were the tremulous characters undistinguishable to his floated eyes.

After completely perusing it, he pressed the unhappy writer's hand,—"I will give it her myself."—Demetrius motioned his acquiescence: a long time he remained silent, while his pale and disturbed countenance alone evinced the conflict which again began to agitate him. At last, a convulsive groan burst from his heart. Charles, who had been contemplating him with the most harrowing commiseration, started from his seat, and putting one arm round him, exclaimed—"O my brother, have I exacted too much?"

"Spare me awhile, Charles, spare me!—allow me but a

few moments of miserable weakness!" replied Demetrius, in a suffocated voice: "if you could guess how I love her! —how I shudder at the thought of never, never seeing her more; of becoming to her as if I were not—of seeking to forget that love and that beauty which were, in my eyes, the sole charm of this world—my brother! my brother! can the separation of soul and body be worse than this?"

At the last words, his eyes rolled so wildly, that his brother began to be alarmed for his intellect; and sitting down by him, strove to soothe him into composure.

The gust of extreme agony again passed away, and Charles was able to leave him, at the expiration of an hour, without apprehension.

CHAPTER XI.

It will now be necessary to revert to what passed between Leopolstat and Colonel Wurtzburgh; and, in order to make the separate feelings of these gentlemen perfectly intelligible, explain the secret motives of the Colonel's conduct. It may be remembered, that, during the first part of this officer's military career, he was constantly outdone by the superior talents and bravery of Charles. Thus suddenly eclipsed by the happier star of another, and painfully beholding his own deformity in the bright mirror of that other's excellence, he grew to hate him for his virtues: he brooded over his meritorious actions, as if they had been so many personal injuries; and then formed the resolution of devoting his whole soul to the task of embittering a rival's days.

The first of his efforts was directed towards mortifying and disgracing Charles: it proved abortive. To mortify, was an act out of the power of his contemptuous insolence; and the attempt at disgracing, invariably terminated in rousing some latent fine quality, or in displaying, under a more decided light, some brilliant service of his rival's, which had lain hitherto unobserved.

After parting at Mantua, Wurtzburgh did not lose sight

of his object. Every body spoke of the gallant Count Leopolstat, and, by so doing, contributed to feed the fire which smouldered, unsuspected, in the bosom of the other. — At length, Wurtzburgh became master of a splendid fortune: he obtained the command of a regiment; was surrounded with flatterers and dependants, with power and wealth; yet still he continued to detest the man who could no longer obstruct his advancement.

This hatred, monstrous, powerful, and unconquerable, was now the very twin of his soul. He suffered it to rule and impel his actions so long, that he was become its slave. To satiate its inordinate appetite, he meditated the temporary sacrifice of all his dearest gratifications: he resolved to cast off old habits; dress his manners in the garb most likely to impose on Charles; and, by insinuating himself into his confidence, learn where to strike the unfailing death-blow of his peace.

For this purpose he visited Leopolstat in Vienna; and by a bold confession of former moroseness, linked to an appearance of generous reliance, paved the way to intimacy.

A few interviews were sufficient for settling the plan of this perfidious wretch. Easily did he perceive that Charles was to be pierced only through the heart of his brother; and that, consequently, whenever he could plunge him into guilt or misery, his views would be accomplished.

The inconsiderate vivacity and glowing temperament of Demetrius; his romantic credulity and rash sincerity; the tenacity of his affections; the quickness with which they were conceived, and the pain with which they were abandoned; his sensibility to beauty; his dread of ridicule; and, above all, a slight tincture of vanity, encouraged Wurtzburgh's most sanguine hopes. Nature seemed to have created the poor youth with these properties, (and with a face and figure which were destined to cost him many trials,) as if merely to be the instrument of this man's vengeance.

Fixing his whole aim upon him, therefore, he became reconciled to the guarded reserve with which Charles instinctively repelled his advances towards confidence. It

was now enough for his scheme if he could but retain a good name, and be permitted to enter with apparent zeal into the interests of Demetrius.

Charles never dreamed of opposing a zeal so conducive to his brother's advancement: he saw nothing reprehensible in the outward conduct of Wurtzburgh, though he met with little in it which conciliated affection. He was no gamester, no drunkard; he associated with respectable men, and, except in the single instance of keeping a mistress, appeared perfectly correct: even this might have been but a temporary deviation from better principles.

Contenting himself with advising Demetrius not to accept too much kindness; nor to let mere habitual intercourse produce that intimate confidence which ought to spring only from an accordance of taste, principles, and feelings, Charles continued to receive and to visit Wurtzburgh without suspicion. Meanwhile, the growing passion of Demetrius for Madame de Fontainville had been attentively watched by this pretended friend. Appearing completely ignorant of it, he was enabled to increase it in a thousand ways. Sometimes he discussed the perils and sorrows of her desolate lot; sometimes he related encomiums which he had heard her pass upon Demetrius: then he counted the number of her admirers, jested about the eclat of exiling them all; or, perhaps, said more seriously, that the preference of such an idolised woman was a million of times superior in value to that of one less admired.

No sooner was Demetrius fixed in the Tyrol, and Madame de Fontainville able to receive visiters, than Wurtzburgh hastened to send up his name, and enquire if she had any commands for him to obey in Bolzano. At that magic name, he was sure her doors would open: they did so. He found her ill and irresolute; meditating a journey to Bolzano, which he, seeming unsuspicious of its object, vehemently seconded. His fatal representations, and perpetual allusions to their young friend, fixed her before wandering purposes. She repaired to the Tyrol. There, it is needless to say how ardently the Colonel devoted himself to the task of ruining two artless people, by indulging their cen-

durable attachment, by dissipating their sober thoughts in worthless amusements, and by striving to make Demetrius yield himself up in despair to complete depravity.

The abrupt departure of this deceived young man, together with his incoherent note, deluded Wurtzburgh with an idea that one part of his scheme had taken effect: the other he immediately put into a train of success. In an elaborate letter (as if written by an inhabitant of Bolzano, jealous of a parent's honour), he gave the Marquis de Liancour the most positive assurance of his daughter's seduction, stimulating him to revenge it. De Liancour was a man of quick passions. No sooner did he receive this vile forgery, than he hastened to Bolzano; where, finding Zaïre (whom he had hitherto believed in Vienna), terrifying her into wild expressions, which his prejudice took for confessions of guilt, he proceeded in search of Demetrius. He then learned to repent his credulity.

No suspicion could light upon Colonel Wurtzburgh during all this transaction. Charles, when he visited him, was incapable of harbouring an idea that he had wilfully accelerated the wretchedness of his brother; but he spoke of his indiscreet indulgence, with serious displeasure. It was in vain that the artful Colonel deprecated resentment, by bewailing the romantic friendship which had prompted him to rely upon his favourite's virtue, and to grant him some latitude. He protested that he had imagined the passion of both to be of too pure a cast, to warrant a single doubt of its ultimate innocence; and then appealed to Demetrius himself, for a corroboration of the repeated exhortations he had given him on that subject.

For the losses at hazard, the Colonel urged, that he was no further culpable, than in not being able to endure the sight of a friend's pecuniary distress: nay, he was a professed detester of such games, was himself a sufferer by Madame de Marienthal's skill, and never had played but from a mistaken wish of engaging the lovers in something capable of drawing away their thoughts from each other. He further added, that had he not been profoundly ignorant of the young Count's finances (the limits of which he now heard for the first time), he would not, even though

thus urged, have countenanced the youth in risking what appeared to him then an inconsiderable sum.

Charles admitted the force of these palliations: but he reminded Wurtzburgh that he was of an age when friendship shows itself in steady acts of kindness, authorised by reason and rectitude; in right restraint and wholesome censure; not in boyish indulgence of pernicious inclinations. He then admonished him to consult in future the honour of a friend, rather than his gratification. Wurtzburgh assumed an air of contrition, professed to be struck with a sense of his error, to see the whole affair under a new light; in short, to be so penetrated with the conviction of his own faultiness, as to find no other way of silencing his conscience than by cancelling the pecuniary obligations between him and Demetrius.

This proposal was crushed by the spirited Charles. His soul abhorred the very thought of accepting favours from persons not peculiarly dear to him: from them, obligation was delight; for he never yet could determine which was the sweetest pleasure, *to give*, or *to receive*.

Firmly, yet courteously, did he reject all the Colonel's importunities; leaving him rebuked into a rancour so poisonous, as to be with difficulty concealed.

As Charles pursued his solitary journey towards Austria, the clangor of martial music, swelling louder at every strain, warned him of the approach of troops. He drew up his horse (for he was in a narrow defile among the mountains), and suffered the regiment to pass.

The meridian sun glittering to excess upon their arms, prevented him from distinguishing the face of a group of officers who were riding in the rear; but through the confusion of their gay clamour he thought he recognised the voice of Count Forshiem; at the same moment, Forshiem rode out of the ranks, and saluted him.

There was such a genuine glow of pleasure in the manner of this young man, that Charles stretched out his hand to him, and while they with difficulty reined in their proudly-prancing chargers, exchanged hearty assurances of continued esteem.

Suddenly an idea struck Leopolstat, upon which he mused

for a few moments, then telling the Count he would turn back with him awhile, walked his horse by his side.

The other officers bowed, and galloped forwards. Forshiem had said he was going into quarters near Agoro; and Charles knew that in Forshiem, Demetrius would find a companion better suited to the present state of his mind, than any one of the men composing Colonel Wurtzburgh's corps. To be sure, it was a galling thing thus to bind himself by obligation to the happy lover of Adelaide; but ought so selfish a consideration to deter him from adopting a mode of comforting his brother? Such weakness was impossible to Charles.

Briefly apologising, therefore, for the liberty he was about to take, he sketched the situation of Demetrius, merely disclosing as much as was necessary to inform his auditor, that Demetrius was unhappy. Forshiem entered zealously into his concern; promised to seek and cultivate the friendship of a young man whose excellent character came doubly recommended from the affection borne him by such a brother; and, finally, engaged to send faithful accounts of his spirits, health, and occupations.

After this they parted: Forshiem charged with communicating Charles's respects to Marshal Ingersdorf, who was then at Munich; and Charles with a heart which, in spite of himself, was the heavier for having met the Count.

He was now commencing a correspondence with the only amiable man in creation, with whom such intimacy would be painful: should it lead to unlimited confidence, should he become the depository of Forshiem's tenderest secret, should he write to him of Adelaide, (and when were happy lovers reserved!) how was it to be borne?

"It must be borne, however," was the answer which burst with a sigh from his aching heart, as he unconsciously spurred his horse forward.

On reaching Vienna, he hastened to Baron Ingersdorf; for he was anxious to tell him how well his brother had acted, to palliate his past errors, and to consult with him on the best means of raising the money requisite to pay Wurtzburgh.

The Baron heard him with undisguised pleasure; nay, he caught part of his enthusiasm, and protested he longed to embrace and applaud the young Demetrius. Ingersdorf was not one of those friends who freeze the ardours of rejoicing affection; he had no cold doubts to urge, no fear-awakening queries to put, no hope-nipping cautions with which to deaden honest reliance. He believed implicitly, that Charles was satisfied upon just grounds.

After arranging the money business, the Baron said, with great kindness, —

"I have forborne to offer you this sum, my dear Leopolstat, even as a loan, because I know it is your principle never to accept any thing from another which you can procure for yourself. I love the independence of such a spirit too much to thwart it by importunity; but since I know you will alienate for a while all your means of answering exigencies, I must insist upon your promising to apply to me as to a father, should any accident render your income inadequate to your own or your brother's wants."

A friendly pressure of Ingersdorf's hand enforced his words.

The before pale cheek of Charles took a momentary glow, as he answered —

"Willingly do I promise: indeed, sir, it is not a sullen thanks-hating spirit which makes me so rigid about obligation; 'tis downright honesty. Dishonest I cannot help thinking it, for a man to let another pay his debts, while he has the power of doing it himself; even though he reduce himself to a crust and water. But that done, and misfortune, not extravagance, bringing him into pecuniary difficulties, I give him leave to accept assistance from his friend."

"No, no," replied the Baron; "it must be before he begins to quaff Adam's beverage. When you call upon me for a little idle gold, you shall prove that you had drank my health not an hour previously in a bumper of excellent Rhenish."

"Then it must be under your roof," returned Charles, smiling; "for I never drank it, or any other wine, under

my own ; — my blood has quite fire enough in itself : too much, I fear."

" I know not where all this fiery blood is gone, then, of late," observed the Baron, regarding him with an air of concern: " I know not what is the matter with you, Charles, but you are strangely altered. One is forced to remember that you were, some time ago, healthful, cheerful, and handsome ; for I protest your present appearance puts it out of a man's power to call you so now. I remarked it the other day to my niece, who —"

The vivid colour which now spread over the face of Charles, and the disorder with which he turned away his eyes, arrested the current of his friend's speech. The Baron stopped a moment, then said —

" Are you, also, in love ?"

Leopolstat's agitation increased ; he moved to a window, and stood there in silence.

Ingersdorf suffered this suspense for some time ; at length approaching him, and kindly taking his hand, he resumed —

" And may I ask the name of your mistress ?"

Charles turned round, his manly face all in a glow of painful feelings.

" O, sir," he cried, " I know not what to say in extenuation of my presumption."

A deep sigh closed this short sentence. The Baron stood appalled. This was a discovery for which he was wholly unprepared ; and he could not speedily overcome the astonishment and perplexity it caused him.

His young friend resumed.

" It is impossible for me to justify myself, after the generous warning you once gave me upon this very subject. I acknowledge myself guilty of a fault, for which I must pay the price of — a life, perhaps, of regret ! — no matter : — I, only, shall suffer ; Mam'selle Ingersdorf will remain ignorant, even of the claim I have on her compassion. It was my intention long ago, to have made this avowal, and so have explained inconsistencies, which otherwise were unpardonable ; I might then have obtained your permission to absent myself wholly. But I know not how it is — such a girlish bashfulness ever restrains me, whenever I

have to talk of my softer feelings, that I could not summon up courage to brave it."

"Excellent Leopolstat! upright, candid young man!" exclaimed the Baron, "would to heaven that Adelaide were my daughter! the next hour should make you my son. And so, Adelaide is ignorant of this attachment?"

Some confusion appeared in the eyes of Charles, as he stammered out—"I would wish her to be so: and I have never wilfully tried to make her otherwise; but mine is a tell-tale face, I fear, at all times; and when the heart is hurried out of itself with admiration and unexpected hope, it—it—"

"I understand," interrupted the Baron. "Our poor Adelaide! then she is not indifferent to your merit? this unexpected hope that you speak of—"

Charles was hastily going to recall what he thought injurious to the delicacy of his mistress; but the Baron silenced him.

"Come, come, you must not be sincere by halves. You need not fear being called either silly or presumptuous: the latter, no one could term you, did you aspire to a queen's heart; and the former I must say nothing about, having myself loved most tenderly. During the reign of my passion, be assured, I heartily subscribed to the illustrious Englishman's remark, that 'it is not given to the wisest of men, to love, and to be wise.'"

Encouraged by this indulgence, Charles confessed the momentary convictions of Adelaide's preference, with which his fond heart had frequently been surprised; declared his resolution of avoiding further intercourse with one so dangerous to his peace, fortune having put it out of his power to hope any thing from that preference, even should some unforeseen event prevent her union with Count Forshiem. Baron Ingersdorf looked at him with an approving smile. "I wish you were less heroic!" he cried; "yet you would not please me as you do, if you were so. Had you but slumbered over this self-examination, a month or two longer, and made the dear girl so in love with you, as to hate this Forshiem, her father must have given her to you, perforce.

"On my soul, I do believe, that want of fortune, would not be an atom in the scale against you, if that other man were out of the way."

"Oh, sir! why do you call up such seducing and vain ideas!" Charles mournfully exclaimed. "I see my fate, and will meet it with honour. The partiality of Marshal Ingersdorf, and the fine qualities of Count Forshiem, were additional motives to the self-examination you sportively censure. When Mam'selle Ingersdorf is for ever removed from me, and I engaged in active employment, you shall see me recover myself. Mine is a heart very refractory to the tyrannical god; and possibly it is for that reason he rules it so cruelly."

The levity of Leopolstat's concluding words, and the smile he dressed them in, were wretchedly suited to his quivering lip and agitated voice. He waited not for reply, but abruptly left the place.

The Baron remained lost in thought.

The result of this thought was a letter to his brother, in which he roundly reprobated him for restraining the freedom of a daughter's choice; trusted him with the conversation which had just passed between him and Leopolstat (upon whom he lavished many encomiums): paid a few forced compliments to Forshiem; averring, at the same time, that, as he had never seen Adelaide since she was a child till the day they passed together in Vienna, his heart could not be affected by a change in her father's resolutions. He then besought him to weigh the importance of the subject, and be decided, not by superior fortune, but by the prospect of happiness for his child.

Our good Baron was so anxious to learn the real strength of his production, that he could scarcely forbear reading it to his wife and niece: that, however, prudence forbade. He contented himself, therefore, with sending for the Baroness, and unburdening his mind of all the late events relative to Charles; his attachment alone excepted.

It would be vain to conceal, that Baron Ingersdorf's weak point, was an inability to keep admiration shut up within his own heart. When he knew any thing highly

honourable to a friend, even though the particulars were given in confidence, he burned to impart them to the persons he most loved. It was not in his nature to enjoy singly, the pleasure of contemplating human excellence. Deriving the most sensible delight, from reaping for the praiseworthy their full harvest of praise, he was often led into trifling breaches of confidence: but they were seldom hurtful, being chiefly confined to his own domestic circle. He now detailed the whole of Charles's troubles about Demetrius: amplified, and swelled, and particularised, and commented upon every one of them; and, finally, dismissed the Baroness with a strict charge of secrecy: a charge, which she observed precisely after his own fashion, by retailing the whole conversation to her niece.

Ah, poor Adelaide! how did thy tender heart throb, thy downcast eyes fill with tears of truest love, while the virtues of thy Charles were thus brought closer to thee than ever! — How did filial duty, and devoted preference, struggle for the mastery of a soul, which, till now, was ignorant of such conflicts! How deeply wast thou convinced, that neither time nor absence could eradicate a passion, growing out of the very root of virtue, twining itself with every noble and amiable sentiment: a passion, which required not the presence of its object to be refreshed and invigorated; but having for its vital principle, conviction of that object's worthiness; would bid defiance to decay, and flourish as long as his excellence should endure!

Hard is the task, when we enjoin reason to destroy what reason herself has fostered! Adelaide sickened at the command; and, though conscious that her destiny was already fixed by a father's decree, she could not help casting "many a longing, lingering look behind," upon those moments in which she had flattered herself with being dear to Charles.

So well had Baron Ingersdorf managed for his young friend, that no censure whatever was passed upon him by the Archduke. Nay, when Charles presented himself at his gate, he was admitted to his Royal Highness's lonely breakfast, and received with so much graciousness, that we

fear our good Baron's tongue had not failed there, of its usual friendly indiscretion.

The appointment of aide-de-camp, which the Prince now ratified, facilitated Leopolstat's endeavour of avoiding Adelaide. The symptoms of an approaching war roused the activity of military speculation. Often employed for whole days together in consulting with his illustrious namesake about the opening of the first campaign, and in studying with him the topography of the hitherto peaceful country where it was likely to be made, Charles contrived to absent himself from Madame Ingersdorf's, without appearing chargeable with caprice.

The Baron, meanwhile, received the following laconic epistle, from his whimsical brother: —

"My dear brother!

"At this moment I give you the heartiest shake of the hand, that ever you had in your life.

"I love the friendly zeal and plain speaking of your letter: in return for which, I say Adelaide must marry the man I have brought her up for. — As soon as this cursed lawsuit comes to an end, she shall.

"He has not his fellow upon earth; whatever you may think: and after she knows all the good of him, that I can tell her, I have no fear of her not loving him.

"Her approbation of that excellent varlet, Count Leopolstat (which you would scare me out of my wits at, if you could; but you can't); is the best proof I can have of her heart's being *winable* only by a brave and upright man. That's just what I hoped it would be.

"However, as I don't want to make that abominable young puppy at all unhappy, you may send Adelaide home as soon as possible. — The sooner the better.

"Your loving brother,

"MAXIMILIAN INGERSDORF."

The Baron was not a little disappointed at this obstinate decision: he saw with concern, that Adelaide's health and cheerfulness daily declined; that their once rich roses never visited her cheeks, except when Charles was mentioned. —

To delay her departure, under such circumstances, would have been but cruel mercy: hoping something from the effect her altered spirits would have upon her father, he prepared to give up his charge, and commissioned his wife to tell her so.

Charles had just entered the drawing-room at Ingersdorf House, after a tedious review, when the Baroness, thus commissioned, made her appearance. Adelaide was mixing him a refreshing liquid, and trying to overcome her agitation, as he falteringly remarked his fading looks, and suggested the propriety of asking medical advice.

Tossing over some papers she held, the Baroness said abruptly, "I am so angry with that father of your's, my dear! — from whom here is a letter for you; — he has written to the Baron to send you home immediately! I am quite amazed —"

A faint sound from Adelaide, interrupted her: at this hasty communication, which seemed to convey her sentence to this unhappy girl, she turned sick; what she held fell from her slackened grasp; and she herself sunk in silence at the feet of Count Leopolstat.

Scarcely could his trembling arms lift her from the ground, or sustain her there, while the affrighted Baroness ran backwards and forwards, seeking hartshorn and smelling salts.

As she hurried into her dressing-room, for eau de Cologne, Charles could not forbear momentarily pressing to his heart, the motionless figure of Mam'selle Ingersdorf. Her sudden swoon had confirmed the dangerous delight of thinking himself beloved; and in the fulness of that conviction, he repeated softly to himself, "*My* Adelaide, *my* Adelaide!"

Whether the pressure, or the sound of his voice, operated to awaken Adelaide, is uncertain, but she did revive, and tears trickled through her still closed eyelashes.

A deep sigh which she heaved, as he fearfully slackened his hold round her waist, weakened his best resolves: at that moment, he would have sacrificed the remainder of his life, could it have procured for him the privilege of pouring out all the tenderness and devotedness of his heart.

But Forshiem was now his friend; Adelaide going to become that friend's wife. He rose hastily from the ground on which he had been kneeling, and had already laid her on a sofa, when the Baroness re-entered with the Baron.

Extreme distress was painted on the face of the latter; who required only a glimpse of Charles to understand his feelings.

After swallowing the mixture prepared for her, Adelaide threw herself again on the sofa, unable to repress the tears, with which her floating hair was soon profusely wetted. Every sigh that came from her breast, pierced that of Charles, who remained gazing in complete abstraction on her, till the Baron roused him into recollection. He then took his leave hastily.

Adelaide's fortitude was over for that day. She was even sensible of a little resentment at Charles, for preserving inflexible silence upon the only subject important to her happiness.

In the certainty, that the confession of that attachment (which his eyes manifested,) would give her a strong plea for urging her own wishes to her father; she almost forgot to admire the heroic uprightness of his reserve. But Adelaide was in love, and upon the point of losing the deserving object of her preference!—

After this interval of weakness, both Charles and Mam'selle Ingersdorf schooled themselves into just as much self-command, as enabled them a few days subsequent, to part *for ever*, without betraying their mutual suffering. But so unsuccessful had been the efforts of the former, to recover his tranquillity, that when his eyes followed the carriage which bore her into Bavaria, he exclaimed, inwardly, "Now have I no one to live for, except my brother."

CHAPTER XII.

No sooner did Colonel Wurtzburgh recover from the fit of spleen into which Leopolstat's gentle reproofs had thrown him, — no sooner did he dress his dissembling face in false sorrow, than he proceeded to the quarters of his young associate. There he complained of the harshness with which he had been treated, for a mere error of judgment; and protested, that nothing short of conscious integrity could have supported him under the unmerited censure of a man whom he esteemed above all mankind.

Demetrius pleaded the ardour of a brother's affection; which, to lessen the fault of its object, became, unknowingly, unjust. For himself, he professed to be convinced of the Colonel's good intentions; and sincerely grieved, therefore, that his brother should have doubted them.

In the conversation which ensued, Wurtzburgh saw that, to retain any influence over Demetrius, he must assume the tone of Charles. This he did so admirably, as to make Demetrius regret the lurking prejudice of his almost faultless brother.

The resolutions of virtue, formed by Demetrius, did not end with the strong emotion that produced them. He requested Wurtzburgh never to speak of Madame de Fontainville; but, trusting to his firm determination of conquering the pernicious passion she had inspired, leave him in silence to struggle, — in silence to suffer.

The Colonel promised; yet not without indulging a secret hope of soon being able to bring about another meeting, — an event which, in his opinion, was alone wanting, to revive the extravagant wishes of Demetrius: on this event he vainly reckoned. The Marquis de Liancour, having received an invitation from one of the French princes to accompany him into England, had gladly consented; taking with him his unhappy, and too charming, daughter.

Unable to comprehend how Demetrius could resign, if he loved her, and still insensible to the criminality of indulging such an attachment while irrevocably bound to another, Zaïre answered her lover's last letter, by indiscreet reproaches.

Nothing could have injured her cause so much as this conduct.

The heart of Demetrius, awakened to a sense of guilt, now anxiously sought for some answering sentiment in that of the woman he still idolised. It secretly recoiled from the evidence before him, that her soul was yet morally dead.

Fain, fain, would he have thought her, as he had once done, the perfection of woman!

The discourses of Charles had infused new ideas of feminine character into his mind; and when he compared them with that of his too dear Zaïre, he turned away from the comparison with painful disquiet.

Count Forshiem's society, and a temporary absence of Colonel Wurtzburgh, fortunately ripened these good fruits of reflection.

Demetrius, every day, grew more composed; steadily pursued the severest studies with intense application; and though his new friend would often see his features agitated by sudden recollections, or behold him start away, and bury a burst of anguish in solitude, still he knew him earnest in the endeavour of regaining his brother's esteem.

Forshiem was so skilled in his profession, and so accomplished in every manly exercise, that he was never at a loss for methods to vary the occupations of Demetrius; and there was so much happiness in his sunburnt countenance, that he might be said to carry about with him such a lively atmosphere as dwells upon lofty mountains.

From admiring this happiness, young Leopolstat at length began to feel its amiable contagion; and though his lonely nights were passed but too often in weak regret, in all the excess of wildly-remembered passion, his days were given to better employment, during which he was able to repel the seducing image of Zaïre, whenever it intruded.

The warm applause with which all Charles's letters were filled, contributed, in no small degree, to animate the despairing heart of Demetrius. Judicious praise is the aliment of virtue: Demetrius found it so; and now looked to that brother with increased fondness, as if his tender nature could not exist without lavishing on another object what it was forced to take from Madame de Fontainville.

As those that have been sick best know how to estimate health; so, it is only the penitent sinner who can tell the unspeakable joy of a reconciled conscience. Demetrius felt that joy; and frequently, after the quick pang of regret had quivered through every nerve, became sensible to an exulting glow, which repaid him for all his sufferings.

Count Forshiem won upon his affection, without endeavouring to penetrate his melancholy secret; so that, by the time Colonel Wurtzburgh returned to the regiment, he found a monitor near his victim, little inferior to the hated Charles.

In vain he urged his young friend to seek comfort in social pleasures: Demetrius had lost his relish for them. He was now much better pleased in a solitary ride with Forshiem (opposing his genius to the other's experience, while they solved military problems), than when he had been the enlivening principle of a whole assembly.

The young men were at this time deeply engaged in trying to discover the materials which composed the celebrated Greek fire.* Many were the ridiculous results of their wild experiments, producing the effect Forshiem intended, — that of making Demetrius laugh. His heart was too humane seriously to seek a discovery, which, applied again to its former use, might add another to the many tremendous engines invented for human destruction; yet he would not lose such an opportunity of diverting the thoughts of his friend into new channels.

In their wanderings over the Bellunese, they saw the ground with soldiers' eyes; and frequently Demetrius for-

* This terrible composition was invented by an Egyptian, in the eighth century, and was first used at the memorable siege of Constantinople.
It may be necessary, perhaps, to inform some readers, that it was a bituminous mixture (the secret of which has not come down to later ages); propelled from metal tubes, and producing an unquenchable fire.

got to remark its beauties, in the ardour with which he canvassed the advantages and disadvantages it presented, for attack or defence.

Forshiem encouraged this growing taste; and suffered nothing to escape which could assist his benevolent endeavours: in short, he turned every thing into lessons of that science which it was now patriotism to study.

They were one evening returning from a long ride, and the shadows were deepening fast, as they entered a precipitous defile, when Demetrius stopped to reconnoitre what he called an admirable situation for two pieces of ordnance, with which he engaged to defend the pass against a prodigious number of enemies. Forshiem, laughing outrageously at the adroitness with which, like all other system-makers, he had pushed away invincible obstacles, forgot he was on horseback; and, his horse suddenly starting, he was thrown.

The mischief to himself was trifling; but the accident had caused such alarm to an old ecclesiastic and his niece, who were crossing the valley, that Forshiem could do no less than apologise. The young lady was in a tremor of benevolent apprehension: however, she soon recovered, on being led into a neighbouring cottage, where not only her uncle, but Demetrius and the unlucky Count, assisted in quieting her nerves.

Mutual railleries upon their separate enthusiasm, awkwardness, and weakness, succeeded to momentary confusion: the old gentleman laid the blame of the accident entirely to the account of a huge umbrella, which he had unfortunately extended, in the energy of discourse, before the startled horse; and the younger ones scrupled not to felicitate themselves, upon the prospect of having made an agreeable acquaintance, merely at the cost of a bruised shoulder.

At parting, they exchanged names.—The old cottager, who had hitherto seen little more of his friends than their shining uniforms, no sooner heard the name of Leopolstat, than, hastily putting down a flagon of wine she held, and fitting on a pair of spectacles, exclaimed, "Blessed Virgin! is it your lordship?"

Demetrius, who was stooping under her vine-covered porch, turned back at the fluttered voice and restraining grasp: his benign smile confirmed her error.

She dropped upon her knees: "Oh, this is a blessing, to see your lordship under my humble roof!—Sure you cannot forget old Natalie?—'Tis full five years since I met your lordship at my poor Gaspar's death-bed, and yet——" Here she broke off, and the tears fell over her clasped hands.

"You mistake me for some one else;" said Demetrius, raising her from the ground,—"I never was in this country before."

"Oh! that was always your honour's way I'm told—you wouldn't have your good deeds known: but I tell 'em every day to the blessed saints.—Your lordship knows it was in Alsace."

"Most likely you mean my brother," interrupted Demetrius. The cottager looked at him at him a few moments, as he smilingly took off his hussar cap.—He shook back his luxuriant hair, which parted like clouds rolling away from the brightness of the moon. Forshiem, at that instant, thought he had never before seen so engaging a countenance; and the poor woman hesitated, as if unwilling to resign her delightful error.

"Yes; it must have been your brother, sir," she said at length: "five years ago, he was the model of what you are now.—But, to be sure, fighting, and sleeping among snows without a bed, and being shut up in towns as were besieged, and so starving like, must have taken away all his fresh colour; still—he must be the handsomest gentleman that ever these eyes shall see."

The clergyman and his niece who had returned into the cottage, with the young man, now joined old Natalie's anxiety to know if the Count Leopolstat they were then addressing, was her benefactor, Count Charles. Demetrius quickly satisfied them, and learned in return the following circumstances.

During each campaign, it had been the custom of Charles to visit his sick soldiers, after every engagement. In one of these visits, he had been greatly affected by the situation

of a very brave serjeant, who, though wounded incurably, expressed no solicitude about life, except for the sake of an aged parent, then on her way to receive his last farewell.

Natalie arrived time enough to soothe the dying hour of her only child; and to see him yield his breath in peace, relying on a promise of protection for her, which was given him by his captain.—From that period, she lived on a small pension from Charles; which, together with a collection he made for her among his brother officers, sufficed to restore her to her own country, where she now shared the cottage of a surviving sister.

These circumstances were not uncommon: but Natalie's gratitude made her eloquent; young Leopolstat's delighted attention rendered him interesting; therefore the rest of the party could not listen to the recital without glistening eyes.

"What a brother I have!" exclaimed Demetrius (following Forshiem from the cottage, after having left in Natalie's hand, as he shook it, a piece of gold). "That is a charming old woman, too.—So much ardour in her praises!—Taking me for Charles, has absolutely won my heart.—We'll visit her every day, Ferdinand."

"I certainly cannot pay any compliment to your gallantry," observed the Count; "for you stood gazing enamoured at this aged fair one, without appearing to remember that there was a young and a pretty one, listening to your mutual raptures. But if your taste really runs in the same channel with Charles's, preferring the sight of old age made happy, to youth with all its attractions, I'm at your service for a daily lounge."

The next morning, their visit was duly paid to Natalie; after which our hussars proceeded to the house of Soldini, the good ecclesiastic.

It was an humble mansion, sunk among bowers of orange and myrtle trees; delightfully sheltered by steep hills clothed with vineyards and mulberry grounds, from which every sweeping breeze came laden with sweets. Domestic comfort reigned throughout the little domain: peace and cheerfulness sat on the countenance of its master.

He led his guests from the house into the garden, where his orphan nieces were gathering flowers: at sight of him, Lorenza, the eldest (for the other was a child), relinquished her employment, and advanced lightly forward.

Both the friends were agreeably surprised at the graces of her little person, and wondered they had not admired it more in the cottage. But Lorenza's was a figure which owed its greatest charm to a sylph-like airiness, that was the more striking when seen from a distance: her complexion lost much of its brightness when she was not in exercise; and such as saw her when she was otherwise than gay, saw her not. Freshness, frankness, and youth, were her only beauties; yet these formed a face, which every one felt handsome, and called otherwise.

Our hussars were so well pleased with Lorenza's vivacity, and her uncle's good sense; and found the fruits and ices of which they partook under the shade of an acacia, so very refreshing, that, for the first time since they had been together, they forgot the very name of war.

The clock of an adjoining monastery struck four separate hours, ere they thought of departing. Mutual expressions of pleasure, mutual assurances of cultivating mutual intimacy; smiles, bows, nods, and shakes of the hand, were then exchanged over the little gate, that let the young men into the foot road.

"I have heard my father observe," said Forshiem, "that great spirits make great fools; but I beg leave to dissent, since I have seen Lorenza Soldini. We have made a most agreeable acquaintance, Leopolstat; don't you think so?"

"Indeed I do," returned the other: "if the good pastor will not be afraid of admitting us too often, we may find his house a relief after hard study. There is just a due mixture of ease and modesty, in the manners of his niece; and she has such an animating countenance!"

"'Tis a very odd one, faith!" exclaimed Forshiem, "it reminded me in five minutes, of every agreeable face I have ever seen in my life: men's and women's, the handsome and the plain, the amiable and the sublime. Surely,

such a delightful variety in expression, atones for the absence of critical beauty!"

"Oh, beauty, syren beauty!" said Demetrius, in a tone of deep sadness — "why do we prize it so, when it bewitches away our guardian angel? — Lorenza is much better without it."

He then sunk into sudden silence, from which not all the friendly efforts of Forsheim could effectually rouse him. His heart was full of Madame de Fontainville: some evanescent expression of Lorenza Soldini's changeful eyes, had forcibly recalled the most seducing look of her's; and all the tenderness that inspired them, now pressed upon his memory.

These reflections no longer maddened his brain; but they created a melancholy more oppressive. Certain that he had parted from Zaïre for ever, he thought that, with her, he relinquished the animating sentiment in which his nature could alone find happiness. The thrilling pleasures of mutual love, seemed to have vanished from his youthful sight, and a dreary void alone stretched before him.

For that day, Forshiem ceased to disturb his friend's reveries; but on the next, he beguiled him into writing to his brother, an occupation which was of all others best calculated to refresh his fainting spirit.

The correspondence between Charles and Forshiem, though regular and various, never once verged towards those topics in which young men with engaged hearts, are apt to indulge: it was so wholly made up of remarks on men, books, and accidental occurrences, that a third person reading their separate letters, would have pronounced them absorbed in the pursuit of knowledge.

The Count now detailed at length, their visit to the pastor of ———; believing he should not stand acquitted of his promise, without thus enabling Charles to watch over every new connection of his brother's.

With Wurtzburgh, Forshiem associated because Demetrius still styled him friend: but he did it without one particle of esteem: the Colonel in return eyed him with secret vexation. He saw in him a strong barrier opposed to his sanguine prospect of converting the desperate state of young

Leopolstat's mind, into the means of his ultimate destruction; and he therefore postponed his views, without relinquishing them.

Assuming the habits of the friends, he frequently joined their rides and walks to the worthy pastor's; nay, old Natalie had her share of attention, and was once or twice presented by him with a silk gown and hood for festival days. Demetrius could not help inwardly acknowledging the general superiority of Forshiem; yet at those moments he would say to himself, "Wurtzburgh is a worthy fellow!" — and he said this the oftener for thinking it the less.

When he wrote to Charles, his heart prompted the warmest eulogium of their mutual friend: for he rightly judged, that to the noble nature of his brother, such praises would be consoling, as it was only in the excellence of his rival that he could find consolation for resigning Adelaide.

Charles, in return, did not suffer Demetrius to employ his thoughts about conjecturing the fate of Madame de Fontainville. He was conscious that the woman who has once been loved, must ever be interesting; and therefore, when he heard occasionally from her father, he spoke of them in his letters. This conduct was equally humane and judicious: it lulled the anxious fears, while it awakened the still livelier thankfulness, of Demetrius; whose tears, now and then stealing down upon these letters, flowed as much from gratitude as from regret.

The society at the pastor's, contributed in no slight degree to efface the impressions of unhallowed passion. Soldini had the happy art of never losing sight of his sacred function, even in the most social hours: his conversation always led to topics which bettered the heart, and elevated the mind. In his life, you read the truth of his profession; in his countenance, you saw the reward of faith.

Demetrius daily gathered from him new stores of religious principle, which insensibly left no room for selfish and inordinate desire. He became thankful for the blow which had severed him from Zaïre: and while playing with the little Simmonetta (Soldini's youngest niece), lost painful remembrances in genuine gaiety.

The pretty sportiveness of this child, the whimsical archness of her sister, the contagious cheerfulness of Forshiem, were so many salutary medicines which brought back the health and spirits of Demetrius: and though a loud sigh would often arrest a loud laugh, yet he laughed again the very next moment.

Nearly three months had elapsed since the young men's introduction to the worthy pastor, when the clashing interests of the congress at Rastadt, and rapid changes in military dispositions, announced another war. The brigade in which they were, was ordered to proceed farther into the Venetian states; after which it was probable their regiments would be separated. This was a severe mortification to both.

They took leave of the pastor's family, with an emotion which was only excelled by that of the once gay Lorenza, who now sat bathed in tears by the side of Forshiem; while her little sister clung round the neck of Demetrius, repeating the unrestrained kiss of childhood, and sobbing out an entreaty that he would not leave them.

Demetrius loved this endearing child, with such unaffected warmth, that he could scarcely call up a single smile to soothe her grief.

Soldini regarded him with a painful excess of pity; for he thought less of their present separation than a more lasting one, which the fate of war rendered probable.

After this removal, the regiment of Wurtzburgh was cantoned in the Trevisane; that to which Forshiem belonged, in the Vicentin: Wurtzburgh now had his destined prey within his grasp, and only waited for an opportunity (which he trusted young Leopolstat's character would soon furnish), to whelm him in irrevocable ruin.

Scarcely had the reviving Demetrius began to indulge in dreams of future fame, upon the romantic banks of the Livenza, when an incident occurred, which promised a recompence for past sufferings.

The winter had set in, with peculiar severity; yet he frequently braved its piercing air, wrapt up in his pelisse, musing on times gone, and times to come.

The absence of his friend Forshiem; and the new light

in which his altered habits made him behold Wurtzburgh; some tender recollections of scenes long since over, never to be renewed, conspired with a dark tempestuous night, about the end of December, to depress his spirits more than usual. As he passed the sentinels, their cheerful songs, or careless whistle, called up a train of thoughts upon the miseries of that superior cultivation, which serves only to render our moral sense more exquisite to pain; — he contrasted his blighted feeling with their jovial thoughtlessness; and pondering on the brevity of that existence, of which so great a part had passed with him, solely in procuring himself sorrow, his reflections clothed themselves in the following dress: —

MIDNIGHT MUSINGS.

Oh! as I wander thus, and think how Time
Passeth away, and sweeps, with forceful hand,
Our loves and comforts from us, I am sad;
And, my heart aching, as my eyes o'erflow,
Beats to this mournful truth, — That life is pain.
Why is it that with eager zeal we search
The volumes of philosophy, and build
The lofty dome of knowledge? — Wherefore seek
To cherish subtle feeling, that will soon
Turn like a nurtured viper on the soul,
And sting the breast that warm'd it? — Oh, to gain
All Learning's wealth, to be soft Feeling's child,
Is but to barb and speed those venom'd darts
Of disappointment, which unerring Time
Will finally cast at us! — As we rove
Through this sad place of tears, we daily see
Friends falling from us; death, or fickle change,
Wasting our dearest blessings: Every hour
Convinceth us, that all the pomp of Rank,
That painted shadow, Pleasure, the gay cup
Which Dissipation offers; one and all
Contain but honey'd poison: — Not a joy
Lives, save in scenes of virtuous home-delight;
And even there — yes, there, where we might hope
Peace would be found for ever, piercing thoughts
Torture remembrance: Ghosts of blissful days
Long since departed, never to return,
Haunt the reft heart: objects too fondly loved,
Are hurried thence in mercy, or in wrath: —
So Man still finds his Paradise no fence
'Gainst sin and death. — Oh, for another life!
For I am weary of this troublous world, —
This strife of good and evil — wish with will;
This spirit's fond experiment, to soar
To blessed Heaven, while yet her earthy wings
Are clogg'd, and all too short. —

Abstracted from every thing outward, Demetrius had wandered to a great distance; when, at this part of his poetical musing, he was roused by repeated shrieks, and by

finding himself close to one wing of a building (which from its extent appeared to be the palace of some nobleman), enveloped in flames.

It was evident that the wretched inhabitants were but just awakened to a sense of their situation: for he saw only a few unclothed domestics, issuing from the lower apartments, and using frantic endeavours to rouse the sleepers at the other wing. Without a moment's consideration, he rushed into the hall, flew up the lofty staircase, and, forcing through the smoke and flames, (which a strong current of air from several uniting galleries, rendered fearful,) burst into a room, where he beheld a sight that animated his exertions.

It was a lovely girl, wrapt only in the covering of her bed, and kneeling on the ground. Simple as was this drapery, yet it concealed her so carefully, that the most apprehensive delicacy would have chosen it. Demetrius caught only a glimpse of her terrified face, from the quantity of auburn hair, which, escaping from its confinement, had fallen, half-braided, half-loose, over her shoulders: he saw no more of her figure than the hand grasping its covering, and two pretty little feet, whiter than ivory. I must do him the justice to say, that he never once thought of their prettiness.

"Save her! save her!" cried the distracted girl, pushing away the hand he stretched out, and pointing to the floor, upon which lay a venerable lady devoid of sense.

"I can save ye both," was his impetuous answer:—but, alas! when he came to lift the lady from the ground, he found her single weight as much as he could support.

He then hastily asked the younger if she had courage to follow him, and receiving a quicker affirmative, burst through the fire. It was not till he reached the outside of the portico, that he found himself unaccompanied. Giving his still senseless charge into the arms of strangers, while the flames spread over the face of the building, he hurried back in search of the younger lady.

The staircase had fallen in: but the cries of the poor girl, becoming every moment fainter, forbade him to relinquish his enterprise. He flew again to the front; inco-

herently upbraiding the amazed bystanders, for seeking only to save the edifice, while a life was at stake.

Several voices now suddenly called out, the Princess! — the Princess! — They were unheard by Demetrius; who, mounting on the falling fragments of a colonnade, and climbing from point to point, reached an open window, where the object of his search appeared.

At the hazard of both their lives, he bore her down in his arms through the gathering flames, (which, happily, the wind blew from the colonnade,) and at length reached the ground in safety.

The fire had destroyed half that redundant hair, which had so often delighted the partial eyes of Charles, and scorched one arm so much, as to render it impossible for him to conceal his bodily anguish; yet Demetrius did not remember having crushed the flame upon his head as he dashed through the palace, and scarcely felt the torment of a burnt shoulder, while witnessing the joy of the rescued ladies.

"How shall I repay you, sir?" asked the elder, rising from the arms of her companion. "My life was of no consequence, except to this beloved child, for whose sake I do indeed value it: and you have saved hers too!"

"The satisfaction of this moment would overpay a much more hazardous action," replied Demetrius. "I would not part with my present feelings for an empire!"

The younger lady artlessly exclaimed, "Oh, sir! I shall love you all my days."

Demetrius turned at the sound of her sweet voice; and, as the broad light blazed over a highly animated countenance, thought he had never before seen one so delightfully innocent.

Half the palace was yet untouched: the party took shelter there; while the servants and military, by this time assembled, were employed in stifling the fire. Demetrius returned to assist in these needful exertions; and, after a short absence, brought back the agreeable intelligence of danger having terminated.

Mutual enquiries and answers now followed: from which Demetrius learned, that the interesting young crea-

ture, whose delicate form shivered before him, under a single covering, was that admired Princess of Nuremberg, whom he had so often heard described; and that the old lady was her invalid grandmother, the Duchess di Felieri.

After exchanging expressions of sincere pleasure at this singular rencontre, the ladies retired to their devotions; and he took his station in the hall of the ruined wing, where a party of his own soldiers were placed, to secure the palace from plunder.

"If it be so sweet to save life," he exclaimed, inwardly, rolling himself round in his cloak, and lying down upon the floor, "how dreadful must it be to take it!"

This unlucky suggestion of a too tender heart banished the sleep he was about to court; and he spent the few remaining hours of night in canvassing every objection to a profession, the horrors of which he had never before brought so close to his mental eye.

CHAPTER XIII.

So soon as decorum would permit, our young soldier went to the other wing of the palace, to enquire after its illustrious inhabitants: he would have excused himself from seeing them, on account of his disordered dress; but the excuse was not accepted. He was forced to appear.

The Duchess held out her hand to him.

"So, you have been up all night, to protect what this cruel fire has spared! Why, my dear Count, you absolutely revive the age of chivalry. I am almost tempted to rejoice at an event, which, by bringing me acquainted with so much gallantry, has opportunely put me into good humour with the world, just before I have to quit it; for I would not willingly part in enmity, even with that. Come, sit you down, and don't let me hear any more of your appearance: on my word, I believe you have studied how to make

it peculiarly becoming! I see a barbarous attack meditated in that careless hair,—that arm slung in a sash,—that look of affecting languor! Confess, now, have you not tried all night to be pale and fatigued to-day, that you might excite interest?"

This lively sally would have disconcerted Charles; but Demetrius, only momentarily blushing, said gaily, "If I could have had the most distant idea of so delightful a consequence resulting from such a plan, I should certainly have pursued it. But, so far from divining that, I candidly acknowledge that my vanity was not a little piqued this morning by the image reflected on me by one of your excellency's mirrors."

"Well! well!" resumed the Duchess, laughing, "that opportune blush shows me how much more advantageous colour is to your features; so I believe you must be acquitted of having endeavoured to rob them of it."

A more serious conversation now ensued, in which the venerable lady expressed herself with a sensibility as uncommon at her age as was her former extreme vivacity; seizing such an opportunity of strongly impressing upon her respectful auditor, the duty and privilege of publicly returning thanks to that High and Holy One (of whom their young preserver was but a favoured instrument), for the signal mercies of the past night. While she was speaking Constantia entered.

Recovered from the terror of the preceding night, and bright with delight, she appeared to Demetrius like the morning star. No longer obscured, her lovely shape was attired in a habit which suited its airiness. This delicately-slender shape, her slight foot, and finely-turned ankle, her colour like the bloom of almond trees, her speaking eyes, and skin transparently fair, not dazzling white, formed a decided contrast to the remembrance of Madame de Fontainville.

The latter was like an alabaster copy of "that beauteous statue which enchants the world," animated into motion, and breathing only love: the person of the other seemed but the spiritualised dress of a celestial nature, through every part of which the living principle glowed vividly.

This very contrast recalled Zaïre but the more forcibly to the mind of Demetrius. He gazed on the Princess with an expression too poignant to be unobserved: the Duchess attributed it to mere admiration.

The animation with which Demetrius had entered the Felieri Palace was completely banished by this fatal remembrance. It pressed upon him with a force that seemed to reproach him for ever being happy. He forbade himself to think Constantia delightful: as if some mysterious power that had presided over his former passion was foreseeing its extinction, and thus endeavouring to keep that passion alive.

How often, during the reign of his wild infatuation, had he turned impatiently from the praises of this very Constantia, whose character both Charles and Baron Ingersdorf took pleasure in covertly opposing to that of Madame de Fontainville! How often had he vowed almost to hate her!

Memory, in recalling these circumstances, recalled a multitude of ecstatic moments, which now could never return: — for the charm was broken; and in becoming sensible to the guilt of their attachment, he had lost that rapturous belief of Zaïre's perfection which made those moments exquisite. Yet he loved her still — painfully loved her!

The young Princess, observing his sadness, checked her own vivacity, and turned the conversation immediately towards his brother.

Nothing could be so well adapted to allure back the cheerfulness of Demetrius: "It was his music, to speak the praise of Charles." And now, encouraged by the sweet smiles of the Princess, and the repeated questions of the Duchess, he made his panegyric in the most animated terms. Sometimes he illustrated his remarks by sketches of the conduct which excited them; and sometimes (where his own feelings forbade explanation) he paused awhile, only to renew with greater energy the assurance of that brother's unequalled goodness.

Demetrius was not aware that in thus making Charles's eulogium, he was literally making his own. For both ladies admired a nature which thus proved itself incapable of envy, and alive to the most sacred of sentiments.

In the common intercourse of life, we have so many circumvallations of ceremony to pierce through; so many outworks of awe and reserve, to carry, ere we can get to the heart, that it is seldom we have time enough to discover in another, or to display in ourselves, that congeniality which turns acquaintance into friendship. All these obstacles, however, were cleared away before the little party now assembled. Terror, joy, and gratitude had once thrown open the gates of each bosom; rank and etiquette were no more remembered; and they saw in one another only the preserver and the preserved.

Under the influence of such feelings, no wonder they were all equally pleased.

By degrees the melancholy clouds on the face of Demetrius were displaced by serenity, and then the Duchess observed that resemblance between him and her granddaughter, which had been remarked by Charles and others. This was the resemblance of colouring and expression, rather than of feature; but it was very striking; arguing a similarity both in temperament and mind.

During this visit, Demetrius learned that Mam'selle Ingersdorf was still with her father near Munich, and that she was well in health.

Willingly would Demetrius have known more of one in whom he was interested from her endearing qualities, as much as from the certainty of her power over his brother's peace; but the Princess evidently shunned the subject; though the sudden sigh she drew, while lamenting her friend's departure from Vienna, convinced her watchful auditor that she knew the extent of Adelaide's situation.

The Duchess had determined upon removing to a neighbouring lodge, while the burned wing should be rebuilt; for which purpose the domestics were employed in transferring part of the furniture. Demetrius was now invited to join the family there at supper that evening; and he left the palace with a trophy of Constantia's favour; having had his inconvenient sling replaced by one which her own delicate hands adjusted.

Power and wealth are the only magicians: they can

create fairy-land out of deserts, and turn a dull pile into a scene of splendour!

When Demetrius entered the lodge, he was surprised to see it as rich in ornament and comfort, as if it had always been the residence of princes. The situation itself was highly romantic; hanging over the Livenza river, and surrounded by gigantic evergreens. Beautiful exotics bloomed in every saloon; and the genial temperature of an air, artificially produced, made him forget that all was winter without.

As he trod the matted galleries, anticipating the partial reception he was sure to meet with, his heart seemed to whisper that here it had found its home. He felt a sort of property in the charming women whose lives he had saved, and almost longed to greet their kindness with a cordial embrace.

As he approached the Princess (after having kissed the outstretched hand of the Duchess), she said, with her usual innocent frankness,—

"We have thought you so long!—I believe we shall never feel safe again without you."

"And I am sure," rejoined the old lady, "we shall never thoroughly enjoy any future pleasure unless our deliverer has his full share of it. We have not many pleasures here, 'tis true; but I can add to them, for the sake of a young man to whom I owe so much.

"Are you fond of music, Count?—Do you love dancing? or hunting? or reading? or social quiet? or what do you like? Before we can get quite as sociable as I mean we shall be, we must understand each other's tastes. Though my Constantia cheerfully quits the gay world, to enliven the retirement of an infirm old woman, I will not insist upon your doing the same; and yet I must see you very often. So choose how it is to be:—in assemblies, or at that little supper-table."

Overpowered with gratitude and gratification, Demetrius, of course, poured out an eloquent rhapsody about the delight of social intercourse, the improving calm of seclusion, the inexhaustible riches of study; sprinkling his discourse very plentifully with allusions to a contemplative walk between ave-

nues of awe-inspiring cedars, the distant roar of the Adriatic, and the beauties of moonlight: in short, Demetrius wished to retain the favour of the Duchess, and with harmless deceit kept back his taste for hunting and dancing, avowing only his real predilection for other pursuits.

The Duchess smiled: —

"This philosophic indifference to common pleasures," she said, "lifts you so above our level, that I see you must be corrupted a little to make you companionable: we 'll have a dance here very soon; and then you shall have an opportunity of trying whether Constantia hangs as heavy on your hands as she did last night on your arms."

A hearty laugh at this play upon words, spared Demetrius from replying. The Princess, though blushing, eyed him still more archly than her grandmother.

"Your wish to please my grandmama," she said, "is so agreeable to me, Count, that I will not quarrel with you for putting a negative upon balls and concerts; but just let me hint to you, that you may safely recall that negative, and honestly own you love to sing and dance, and be happy now and then among numbers. If you are as like me in character as in countenance, you can be happy any where: alone or in company; in a ball-room, or in a wood; reading or talking; playing the philosopher, or playing the fool; and so you may as well consent to be happy a fortnight hence, dancing with me, as resolve upon awkwardly masquerading in your present garb of a Nestor: — it don't become you, believe me."

Such good-humoured raillery produced no worse effect upon Demetrius than rendering him completely ingenuous. He confessed guilty to the charge of dissimulation; owned that dancing was one of his favourite amusements, music his passion; and finally engaged himself for the enviable distinction of waltzing at the coming ball with his fair accuser.

Hours now flew like minutes. Lively imaginations and warm hearts never permitted the conversation to cease, or become languid: they were like friends meeting after long absence: each had a profusion of things to say, and each listened with animated interest to the details of the other.

Constantia, who would not allow any one to attend the Duchess except herself, glided airily about, performing all those little offices of attentive affection, which are so endearing when cheerfully executed: and Demetrius, after a short contest, was permitted to dismiss and take the place of the male attendant, whose business it was to lift his Lady from one station to another.

When they were seated at supper, the business of the repast gave fresh vivacity to their conversation: and had a painter wished for models of youthful delight, he might have found them in Princess Constantia and our young hussar.

Ah, unhappy Zaïre! at this very moment wast thou, in a distant country, gazing with swimming eyes upon the miniature of that youthful face which thy tenderness had so often lighted up with transport! At this very moment was thy too faithful heart beating with an incurable passion, and, with erring worship, sadly petitioning the Virgin Mother to intercede for thy criminal constancy!

When Colonel Wurtzburgh heard of his young lieutenant's introduction to the Duchess di Felieri, he was seized with such an acute fit of his old disease, envy, that with difficulty he concealed it; but recovering after a short struggle, he consoled himself with hoping that in so unequal an intimacy might be sown the seeds of that misery for the brothers, which his demoniac genius was so well qualified to ripen. He therefore congratulated Demetrius, liberally praised the Duchess and her charming grand-daughter, and begged earnestly to obtain an introduction also.

This was easily accomplished. The Duchess, grateful for the services of Wurtzburgh's regiment, had already ordered money to be distributed among the soldiers; and she now gave a magnificent entertainment to the officers, at which some of the finest performers from Venice exerted their bewitching talents. A ball followed the concert, composed of the nobility and neighbouring military.

At this gala, Constantia's uncle was present. He came to congratulate their venerable relative upon her providential escape; and personally to present the young Count Leopolstat with a sword superbly hilted.

In the company of the Prince of Nuremberg, it was impossible to forget that he was a prince: his air warned even his intimates never to lose sight of that. If he smiled, it was a smile which awed, not invited, the gaiety of others; if he conversed, his cold stateliness checked the current of conversation, confining it solely to his questions and their replies.

Demetrius could not help perceiving in this Prince's ostentatious acknowledgments the want of gratitude's best ingredient, a delight at having been obliged. No sooner had he given him the glittering sword, and delivered it with a formal speech of future patronage, before an assemblage of company, than he seemed to think that his involuntary debt was completely acquitted; and that he might henceforth consider the young subaltern as a creature entitled to no more than the usual share of illustrious condescension.

Had not the eyes of Constantia pleaded for her uncle's ungraciousness, and by their kindness atoned for it, the high-spirited Demetrius would have been tempted to risk Nuremberg's eternal displeasure, by refusing the bauble, to which he now affixed no value. He checked the resentful swell of a proud heart, simply bowed a reply, and politely fastened it at his side.

This momentary mortification was fully compensated by the pointed attentions of the Duchess; she was not to be frowned out of laudable feeling by a petulant nephew. Conscious that Demetrius deserved the warmest gratitude, and held that rank in society which privileged her openly to show it, she evidently made his gratification her aim in the amusements of the evening!

The Duchess di Felieri, with many valuable qualities, was not without her imperfections. She was youthfully romantic in her way of thinking, and more enthusiastic in her attachments than wisdom and experience warrant: but she was inexperienced at threescore. Born to high rank and great wealth, she had never known a reverse of fortune; and so never had opportunities of proving the truth or fallacy of many appearances. From the kindness natural to her heart, she took delight in thinking well of her fellow-

creatures; and was not a little apt to receive favourable impressions easily, and to act upon them promptly.

Justly believing herself indebted for her own preservation, and that of her grandchild, to the humane courage of young Count Leopolstat, she had already decided, that to provide amply for him at her death would be only paying a debt of gratitude shameful to withhold. How greatly was she displeased now, by the different demeanour of her nephew! The icy reserve of the Prince disgusted her; perhaps she was unconsciously piqued at the indifference about her life, and his niece's, which cold conduct to their preserver certainly implied. Whatever was the motive, from that night she conceived as immoderate a distaste to him, as she had taken an affection for Demetrius; and saw the former depart, a few days afterwards, without offering at a single attempt to detain him.

The incident of the ball had shown her the heartlessness of costly presents. To have given the young soldier any more diamonds, would, she thought, taste of her nephew's repaying principle: she therefore merely presented him with a rich pelisse, embroidered in gold by herself.

The kindness with which Demetrius was uniformly received at the lodge, and his aptitude to forget every distinction, in affection, soon produced a complete familiarity, which showed all their minds in that negligent undress that is so becoming when worn by sense and virtue.

Dividing the day between exercise, employment, and elegant recreation, was so much the habit of Constantia and her grandmother, that they seemed ignorant of the merit attached to so laudable a use of time.

Demetrius never saw with them any of that lassitude, or those capricious humours springing out of indolence; they had no occasion to rack their friend's inventions for new amusements, being satisfied with such as they had enjoyed together for many months.

Though unable to move without assistance, the Duchess did not suffer her mind to become the slave of her body: society of the enlightened and the good, and the works of genius, were glorious resources, which never failed her. She continued also to hold a stated court, and had days of au-

dience, at which her numerous tenantry attended with complaints or petitions, every one of which she heard and examined.

Each hour of the day was dedicated by her to some laudable purpose, or some innocent recreation; every domestic under her roof had his determined use; and though constant employment occupied all the members of her vast household, the mind of its mistress communicated its own serene character to them, producing that placid steadiness which is the beauty of order. "Such an order the heavenly bodies keep, which so move that they ever seem to stand still, and never disturb one another."

While the Duchess thus reigned within, a domestic deity, Constantia visited the sick and aged in the environs of the palace; often administering with her own hands the medicines prescribed by their physician. It was then that Demetrius (being now permitted to accompany her walks), felt the full power of Constantia: the loveliness of her person faded before the brightness of her soul; her benevolent actions perpetually awakened that tender admiration, which neither mere beauty nor devotedness can ever arouse: he would then think of Madame de Fontainville with a sigh of bitter concern.

What a maturity did a youth so employed appear to promise! It was impossible for him to see her, as he often did, stooping to caress the peasant children, condescending to tell them little tales, and to give them short instructions, without imagining the period in which she would probably be surrounded by a race of her own. At those moments he could not forbear wishing that she had been born of less splendid parents, and that it had been his brother's lot to seek and to obtain her congenial heart.

It was impossible for Demetrius not to prize virtues so blended with graces and accomplishments, so enlivened by spirits, blooming in perpetual spring. He gave way to the delight with which the contemplation of them inspired him, believing it a harmless, nay, a praiseworthy sentiment. Alas! he knew not under how many different garbs the tyrant passion obtains entrance through the breast!

The painful tenderness which he still retained for Ma-

dame de Fontainville, assisted yet more in deceiving him. He had so long believed it impossible for him entirely to conquer that unfortunate attachment, that he was insensible to its gradual decline. In nothing was the diminution of this passion so evident, as in the decay of its hopes; for in proportion as his desire to possess Madame de Fontainville lost its earnestness, the death of her husband appeared an event less and less probable.

Sometimes a casual remark, by rousing long forgotten scenes, would for awhile revive the impetuosity of forbidden wishes; and then pity, the strongest feeling he now cherished for the once adored Zaïre, would rise to such an agony as to impose on him for love.

These occasional fits of grief served only to render his character more interesting to his illustrious friends, and to cheat himself into a belief that he was still a martyr to self-imposed despair.

Leopolstat's letters were always sure to banish this false idea of his own unequalled sufferings; they were so fraught with restrained but profound sadness, that Demetrius acknowledged his superior claim on compassion and respect.

His answer to that, in which Demetrius related his introduction to the Felieri family, and his vain endeavour to hear something particular of Adelaide, contained in one part these words: —

"I sincerely thank you, my dearest brother, for your tender solicitude about my happiness; and do assure you, it is an additional motive to me, for contending with a weakness at which I ought to blush.

"I will not attempt to conceal from you, that my heart *has* received a deep and sore wound: it will take many years to cure; — and then, your brother can have no other hope in life than to see you happy.

"You will pardon this excess of regret, when you recollect, that men at my age (at least such as are susceptible of the softer feelings), have more causes for lamenting the disappointment of a strong attachment, than such as are younger. With the woman they love is associated the sweet expectation of a home and a family; an estimation in society, which no single man feels himself justly entitled to

claim; a domestic haven, after years of extravagant hopes, fantastic wishes, and merely selfish toil; a new and more powerful incentive to honourable action; a certainty, in short, of those substantial blessings which are never to be found except in a union of duties and sentiments: they renounce, therefore, the whole aim of life, even in the very noonday of it (for an attachment, endeared by such associations, is not often subdued); while the views of younger men, being bounded by the mere possession of one beloved object, after a temporary disappointment may stretch forward to another."

When perusing such letters as these, Demetrius could not help confessing the superior nature of an affection like this, thus connected with rational desires; nor forbear wishing, that he could forget for ever a passion which had so differently affected his heart.

Never till now had he felt to anguish one of the consequences of that passion.

Resolute in condemning himself to rigid economy, and depriving himself even of benevolent indulgences, till his play debts should be liquidated, he had refused the generous assistance of Charles; who, finding him pained by importunity, unwillingly relinquished it, on condition that they should afterwards share the income which the former had originally enjoyed.

Demetrius was now living entirely upon his pay, and often sighed in vain for the means of sharing in Princess Constantia's liberality.

They were one day loitering together in some woods remote from the lodge, when a man and his wife, who appeared exhausted with sickness and poverty, begged for charity. The Princess, in a voice of concern, exclaimed she had forgotten her purse! Demetrius had that very morning parted with his last ducat, to procure some comforts for a soldier's wife, who had just lain-in of twins; and he was now forced to be a passive hearer of a very affecting story.

Constantia directed the poor travellers to the palace: after she turned back, he was silent for some time; at length he said, with great emotion,—

"I would rather have you know me to be any thing, than think me unfeeling; so I honestly confess, that, at this moment, I could give those miserable people nothing but sighs."

The blush of ingenuous shame which mantled on his cheek, was pale to the glow of painful surprise spreading over that of the young Princess: she hastily stopped, and her eager eyes asked an explanation.

Demetrius gave it her.

Though there was a good deal to censure him for, in the circumstances of this narrative, there was much to applaud: and had Constantia known how powerful a sentiment precipitated him into the fault, she would have censured him still less. The poverty thus candidly acknowledged, the independent principle which his ardour prompted him to avow, and the grateful fondness with which he expatiated on his brother's goodness, were new stimulants to her esteem: secretly resolving to avoid with great address every motive for expense whenever he was with her, she looked at him as a sister might have done, and said sweetly,—

"So: we are to resemble each other in every way. If it were not for my dear grandmama's generosity, I should be much poorer than yourself. Relying on her partiality to provide for me, my father, in memory of my grandfather's greatness, was fond of extending the family territories, and, therefore, left all his personal estates to his brother, the present Prince of Nuremberg. — Hence you see, that, being totally dependent on the bounty of my grandmother, I have no merit in being generous: *you* have. You must be puzzled, I think, by the whimsical confusion of relationship in our families; so this is just the time to explain it. My grandmama married the Duke di Felieri; her sister married the Prince of Nuremberg; their children intermarried again: and thus comes the double consanguinity. But allow me, dear friend, to return to another subject." She then proceeded to comment on the confession of error which he had just made; and Demetrius, while he listened, thought he had never before heard such conclusive arguments against gaming.

It would be useless to trace the progress of that well-

grounded affection, which a constant intercourse of three months from this period produced between Constantia and Demetrius.

It is easy to conceive how imperceptibly, yet how surely, a guilty passion in an otherwise pure heart, would fade before the charm of innocence; and how naturally Constantia would seek to imbibe favourable sentiments for the preserver of her life.

So equal was the growth of their attachment, that neither of them had yet wished for more regard than the other testified; and Demetrius, who remembered Love, even in its happiest hours, only as a season of storms, would have been astonished had any one given that name to the delightful emotion with which he now gazed after the steps of the gay Constantia, met her bright eyes, or touched her soft hand.

The sunshine of a virtuous affection pervaded his whole soul: but as neither jealousy nor apprehension had as yet clouded its brightness, he suffered himself to enjoy the genial effect, without scrutinising its cause.

Had accident prompted him to put the question to himself, he would have negatived it upon these grounds. During the despotic reign of his first love, every other sentiment had withered in his bosom; even fraternal affection was then a week feeling: the hope of distinction, honourable distinction, ceased to actuate him: life lost its best and most powerful motive, the desire of discharging its duties with fidelity; and an inglorious wish of devoting his existence to Madame de Fontainville, was substituted in its stead. Certain that he was loved to all the excess he panted for, he forsook every study necessary to make him more estimable; indulging a trance of fond idleness, for which Madame de Fontainville doted on him too much to condemn.

Now his thoughts were perpetually stirred with visions of future renown, and schemes of splendid utility; his heart expanded to new objects, and glowed with greater warmth for objects already dear; he pursued not only elegant studies, but severer ones, with energetic perseverance: and felt as if some radiant prize were to be his reward. He knew not that the heart of Constantia was the only prize his labours sought. Constantia, also, encouraged in her

breast the partiality which spread so serenely throughout his. It is true, she enjoyed nothing without he was present; and every morning wasted near an hour in loitering at a window fronting the horse-road, watching his appearance. But, for this impatience she had always an excellent reason: some ridiculous event to tell him, some new book to show him, some flower to give, or some neglect to scold him for. At any rate, she always found a reason that satisfied herself.

She would repeatedly entreat the Duchess to tell her that she was like Demetrius; gaily urging his personal advantages as the only motive: she would frequently compare the similarity of their propensities and talents (for both rhymed with facility and sang charmingly), and ever ended with protesting that Providence ought to have made them brother and sister.

Too long blind to this prepossession, the Duchess at length opened her eyes on it. At first she was painfully startled; but a short consultation with her own eccentric spirit, more than reconciled her.

Demetrius, though a younger brother without patrimony, was of the noblest Hungarian family: his fine qualities graced his high descent; and the brilliant reputation of his brother reflected lustre upon him. Could this young man be enriched, all objections would vanish: to be sure, the rank of Constantia might entitle her to the hand of a reigning prince; and, were she solely to inherit the immense wealth of Felieri, might obtain it. But needed she a principality to be happy? would she be more indebted to her anxious parent; for placing her beyond the reach of a man she loved, than for raising him to her level?

The Duchess answered these propositions agreeably to her own wishes; and resolved to let their affection take its course.

They were both too young to marry; and, to give the connection respectability, it was requisite for Demetrius to come forwarder on the stage of life than he had hitherto found opportunities of doing. She fancied that she had been observing him closely ever since their first acquaintance; and she was satisfied with the result of such observation. His temper, his sentiments, his habits, were

alike amiable; and the reputation he held amongst his brother soldiers for higher qualities, added to Adelaide Ingersdorf's report of him in her letters to Constantia, afforded ground for believing that time alone was wanting to ripen those blooms of character into rich and abundant fruit.

Opposition from the Prince of Nuremberg she foresaw and contemned: it might afflict Constantia for awhile; but it could not destroy her happiness. If the Duchess should die before the completion of her plan, and the Prince refuse to bestow his niece on the gallant youth to whom she owed her life; his power of denial would cease when Constantia attained the age of twenty. She might then dispose of herself as she chose.

Thus reconciled to her own contempt of worldly wisdom, the Duchess redoubled her kindness for Demetrius; styled him her child; and, whenever they were rid of pomp's heaviest trappings, its long train of attendants, loved to hear her favourites address each other by their familiar names.

Colonel Wurtzburgh, meanwhile, was no dull witness of all this planning. He had seen the repelling demeanour with which Prince Nuremburgh discharged his debt of gratitude; and had overheard him say, sternly, to the Duchess (as they eyed Constantia flying though a dance with her preserver), "That young man seems too familiar, here, Madam.—You know how I detest the levelling system."

Wurtzburgh treasured up this speech: it augured a violent and resolute opposition to any extravagant proposal of the old lady's in favour of this ill-starred young man: and, being ignorant of the influence which her vast disposable wealth gave the Duchess over her ungracious nephew, he suffered Demetrius to drink in the honey of this new attachment; sure of eventually acquiring an alchymy which would turn it into poison.

CHAPTER XIV.

Leaving Demetrius to enjoy almost perfect happiness in the society of Felieri, and to describe it in his letters to the friendly Forshiem, we will revert to Charles.

The distinguished post he held under the Archduke, and the great share he enjoyed of that Prince's confidence, gave salutary occupation to his hours.

Consoled by the tranquillity of a brother, still the first object of his care, employed in considering plans which might hereafter benefit his country, Leopolstat's philanthropic heart scarcely suffered itself to throb with one selfish grief; yet there were times when it mastered all his strength.

As often as he tried to rouse up the decaying interest (formerly so lively), which the correspondence of his incognita created, he sighed at the vain attempt; believing that the endearing qualities of Adelaide had placed an eternal barrier between him and domestic ties. He now looked forward to the explanation of that fantastic mystery with pain, foreseeing in its conclusion, only new sources of suffering for himself and for others.

With Count Forshiem his friendship had ripened into such intimacy, that he was often tempted to end, by a single question, the strange conjectures and wild fancies which forced themselves on his mind, whenever he thought of his protracted nuptials. It was possible that Forshiem, unacquainted with more than the exterior of Adelaide, or prepossessed in favour of some other woman, might not wish to ratify the engagement made for him in childhood; it was possible that she might have refused his hand, and be now free. If this were the case, why should he hesitate to take advantage of the partiality so ill concealed by Mam'selle Ingersdorf? Was not her father peculiarly encouraging to him? Did not his own civil and military rank entitle him to seek her hand? Yes: but he was still, comparatively, a beggar.

When the pending lawsuit should terminate favourably,

Adelaide would be the mistress of a very large fortune: yet if that should end otherwise, she would be nearly portionless.

How rapidly did the blood run through the veins of Charles, as he fancied this improbable possibility! For a moment he beheld Adelaide his own, content to share an humble fortune, and to find in domestic retirement, and the calm of an undecorated sufficiency, that happiness for which seemed expressly formed.

The simplified dress, the pleasing cares of elegant economy, the sports of children, and the delights of a home unapproached by fashion's senseless tribe, all produced an instantaneous picture, upon which he gazed with tender transport: but it vanished — at the voice of reason it vanished at once.

Forshiem was of too noble a nature thus to desert the woman who had long been isolated from every other prospect by his avowed engagement: Marshal Ingersdorf still proclaimed his intention of bestowing Adelaide on his ward; and she herself had written to her aunt, that her fate was fixed. Nothing, therefore, was left to Charles, but the conviction of having acted with uniform integrity. This became a solid consolation, and enabled him to stem the torrent of passionate regret.

The well-principled abhorrence with which he had taught himself to consider selfishness, even under its most seducing form (complete abandonment to despair, at the loss of virtuous hopes), now proved his best auxiliary. He believed himself born to the performance of those active virtues, which the indulgence of extreme sorrow renders us unfit to execute; and he sought to banish the pain of his own sufferings, by alleviating the distress of others.

To some persons, so manageable a grief as this, may appear no grief at all; and to them it may seem as if maturity had blunted the edge of exquisite feeling in our hero's breast. Let such persons remember, that the apparent decrease of sensibility as men advance in life, is to be attributed to its real increase. As clearer views are attained of man's higher destiny, our own interests, our own desires, become less and less the permitted business of our lives;

selfish feeling changes into generous concern for our fellow-creatures; and earthly attachments, which were hitherto carried to idolatry, became awed within their just limits.

In military duties and studies, joined to the enjoyments of benevolence and friendship, did the autumn and the winter pass away with Count Leopolstat: a new scene then opened.

Reviving her frustrated scheme of universal aggrandisement, France dissolved the engagements of Campo Formio, and put her armies on the Rhine and in Italy into a threatening posture.

The Austrian troops hastened to oppose this bold movement, by advancing to the Lech; where they lay in readiness to cross that river, whenever she should openly declare war, by passing the acknowledged boundary.

In the beginning of March, General Jourdan threw down the expected gauntlet, and Prince Charles rushed forward to seize it.

Sheltering themselves under their threadbare mantle of falsehood, the French Directory proclaimed this hostile act but an authorised precaution; and, assured of the Emperor's willingness to plunge again into war, impudently seized upon every important position between the Rhine and the Danube.

Disappointed in his views of driving the Austrian general Hotze from the Tyrol, or of interposing his army between that of this general's and Prince Charles's, Jourdan was driven back towards the Black Forest; and having thrown off the mask of pacific precaution, daringly invited the attack of the Imperialists.

The grand object of the Archduke was to prevent the junction of Jourdan's and Massena's armies: the latter of which now occupied Switzerland and the Grisons. For this purpose, he made a sudden and irresistible effort against the enemy, driving them from the disputed post of Ostrach, to a position on the Lake of Constance.

In the brilliant action of this first general engagement, Leopolstat distinguished himself with his usual bravery.

The French generals, foiled in their attempts to unite their forces, (for Massena had been beaten back from the

Voralberg, through which he had tried to pierce, and Jourdan was held in check by the Archduke,) determined to risk a battle.

Jourdan's position was highly favourable to success; the Archduke's was full of peril.

The French commenced the attack at the break of day, upon each of the Austrian wings at the same moment; their object being to cause a diversion from the centre, which, by weakening it irreparably, might afford them a mean of breaking through the line, and securing the Lake of Constance. The suddenness and vigour of this attack, the advantages of Jourdan's position, and the disadvantageous ground unavoidably occupied by the Austrians, at first inclined the balance to the enemy: they penetrated with great slaughter through the right wing, and confidently proceeded to dislodge some remaining troops, posted on the heights beyond.

The battle was then deemed lost: some of the bravest officers urged the Prince to retreat. Leopolstat alone eagerly seconded the indignation with which his illustrious general repelled this ignoble counsel. He suggested a new movement, which the Archduke adopted. Dismounting from his horse, Charles offered to rally and lead forward the scattered infantry. The offer was hastily accepted: several other officers caught his enthusiasm, and the charge was renewed with a vigour which ensured success to the able dispositions of the Prince.

Dreadful was the carnage, but complete the victory. The noble and the lowly strewed the earth in mingled heaps. Charles saw his brave companions fall rapidly around; and thought not of himself, but of his brother, who was then far away, perhaps combating like them.

A severe flesh-wound was of too little consequence to the ardent Leopolstat to confine him for a single hour. After this glorious day at Stockach, he bore his full share in the minor engagements that followed; and had the satisfaction of seeing the enemy driven once more beyond the Rhine.

Jourdan's defeated army was consolidated with that of Massena, in Switzerland, where it sought a sanctuary from

pursuit; and they were now menaced by the victorious troops of Austria.

In the memorable combat at Schaffhausen, Prince Charles had again been conqueror; and, waiting for the destined moment of entering Switzerland, he reposed his valiant soldiers upon the banks of the Lake of Constance.

It is the province of politicians to account for the five weeks' inaction of this admirable young general, at so critical a period; but candour will readily admit the probability of its arising from causes over which he had no power: causes that trammelled a great and a benevolent spirit, and diffused pernicious effects through the whole mass of German operations.

Leaving Leopolstat crowned with fresh laurels, and enjoying the secret counsels of his august commander: leaving him to sigh amidst his fame, and to think how empty were honours unshared by Adelaide; I return to Demetrius in the Trevisane.

CHAPTER XV.

As that part of the Austrian force to which the younger Leopolstat belonged, was considered as a body of reserve for the army of observation lining the bank of the Adige, it was still in its former cantonments, when hostilities commenced in Italy: Demetrius, therefore, was yet reposing among the sweets of hospitable friendship.

It was now the month of March: in that enchanting climate, Spring's magic touch had already transformed the icy trees and snowy hills, into green bowers and fragrant beds. The song of the nightingale, the smell of violets and fruit-blossoms, greeted the wanderer in his walks: the blue arch of heaven was cloudless; and the star of evening rose upon nights of warm serenity.

The Duchess di Felieri, eager to promote the innocent cheerfulness of her grand-daughter, proposed a moonlight water party, which the mild season rendered by no means

imprudent. She had a tincture of the romantic in her character, and it showed itself in this selection of a pleasure.

Her plan was zealously embraced, not only by Wurtzburgh and Demetrius, but also by some Venetian ladies then visiting Constantia. The party was arranged at dinner; and the gentlemen, leaving the rest of the company to take their siesta, repaired to their quarters, to execute some trivial professional business, and collect a few more officers.

In searching among his papers for some flute music, with which he meant to refresh his memory, Demetrius accidentally encountered a sonnet, which he had written in the very meridian of his passion for Madame de Fontainville: he seized it with trembling hands, and a pang of exquisite regret quivered through his heart, while he involuntarily read these lines:—

TO ZAÏRE.

In thought of thee run all my days to waste!—
I seek no more, to win the wreath of Fame;
But, sunk in dreams of love, forget the taste
Of bookish study, or of Glory's aim:
Each foregone purpose of my soul, defaced,
I strive no longer Valour's meed to claim;
I shun the social train by Science graced,
Reckless of who may praise, or who may blame.
Past is the wish to be for aught renown'd:
Like a vain shadow hath it fled away—
Gone is the vacant mind, which lately found
Delight, in converse with the wise or gay!—
Thou, thou alone, my mind's companion art;
My books, thy letters; my soul's prize, thy heart!

Demetrius held the sonnet some time after he had read it, gazing on the lines without seeing them: without seeing any thing, in short, but a long train of former feelings, which had been too fatally transporting to be remembered without emotion.

From recollection of the past, his thoughts turned to the present; roving over distressing conjectures about the ill-fated Zaïre. He knew she lived, and was in England, surrounded by friends: but, upon the state of her heart, Charles had hitherto preserved an impenetrable silence. His own throbbed an agonising assurance that she was more faithful than he.

Man is a mass of contradictions! for Demetrius now became profoundly sad, only because he was no longer miserable.

With a countenance as changed as his spirits, he rejoined Wurtzburgh: complaining of an excessive headach, which plea he was again forced to urge at the Lodge.

The Duchess would have put an end to the expected entertainment, had he not declared that air and gaiety were always specifics with him, and at the same time professed to have found benefit from a cooling essence which the Princess herself presented.

The boat was announced soon after.—The little party took some refreshments on board, and, unanimously voting against attendants, commenced their aquatic tour. It was on a narrow, deep stream, which, originating among some mountains, flowed across the Bellunese, and mingled its waters with the Livenza near Felieri.

The boat, gliding rapidly along, bore them through dark romantic banks, rich with the foliage of the willow, and the light forms of the poplar and laburnum. The moonlight tracked their path through the rippling water; the balmy air was filled with the breathings of flowers; and a solitary nightingale warbled its melancholy lay among the peach-blossoms of a neighbouring garden.

Constantia was seated beside Demetrius. She caught some of his pensiveness; and while the rest of the group were laughing and talking, they, only, sat buried in contemplation.

The Princess sighed—

"Does this beautiful scene make you melancholy?" asked Demetrius, withdrawing his eyes from the moon, upon which they were before fixed.

"Yes, it does:" she replied, sighing again; "and I know not why. Perhaps the secret influence of the idea that all these things are passing away; that this glorious world, yon beautiful planet, must all one day perish.—How mournful is the thought of decay!"

"Mournful indeed!" returned Demetrius. "This idea embitters every pleasure which does not flow from the admiration of a virtue, or the indulgence of an affection: but

those are things which decay not—those are things over which time and death will have no power!"

Constantia turned rapidly round at the ardent tone of his voice; and their eyes, equally flashing with enthusiasm, met and retreated.

She then sank into silence; which was only interrupted by the frequent sighs of her companion. His enthusiasm was over; for he remembered that affection could decay, as well as material objects.

The Duchess sat at a distance, wrapt up in a mantle of fur and velvet, which defended her even from the refreshing breeze: she was in such high spirits, and so pleased with the witty sallies of her Venetian friends and their military cicisbeos, that she suffered the romantic pair to poetise, as she conjectured, upon the nightingale.

At the first agreeable spot adapted for their purpose, they landed. It was a green recess formed into an amphitheatre by tall trees: there the young men spread their pelisses for carpets; produced fruit, cakes, and wine; and this simple supper, seasoned with mirth and graced by beauty, seemed more delightful to the fair Venetians than all the pageantries of their native carnival.

One of these ladies separated Demetrius from Constantia, and by the vivacity of her conversation enlivened his. Strong colouring and sprightly expression, were the charms of the Signora Marinelli. The blushes of innocence and the illumination of sensibility, were the graces of Constantia. Though trifling with the Signora, Demetrius constantly found his eyes and thoughts wandering to the princess.

Songs followed supper. The Italian ladies sang together some enchanting harmonies, which their finished taste and skill rendered perfect. Constantia timidly yielded to the entreaty of her grandmother, and sang alone.

The sweet stillness of the night, and the tender expression of every surrounding object, was in unison with her voice: its tones, ever low and melodious, flexible as her graceful form, and various as her character, were now doubly melodious, from that complacent melancholy with which she was penetrated. She sang with less skill than

the Venetians; but her singing had a genius in it, that knew how to touch every chord of the human soul.

When she concluded, Demetrius alone spoke not: he could not join in the loud applause of the livelier party; but his eyes, half-veiled by their long lashes, were more than ever riveted on her.

He was roused by a request from a brother-officer, that he would atone for the absence of his flute.

His rich mellow voice then gave exquisite expression to the recitative with which he prefaced an Italian melody. It was like the far-off sound of a hautboy winding through rocks, or over water.

The effect was magical; and commendations, such as had often been lavished on him by his brother, proceeded from every tongue: Wurtzburgh hastily proposed returning; and the party unwillingly re-entered the boat.

The trees now rustled thickly above them, as they sailed along: the moon became thinly shaded by clouds, and a brisker current hurried them towards the Lodge. When its dome appeared in sight, Demetrius bent to the ear of Constantia: "Do you not think me insensible, cold-hearted, and tasteless?" said he.

"Insensible!" she repeated, "to what?"

"To that voice which I should injure if I were to attempt its praise."

"Oh! you are vastly gallant!" she exclaimed, with one of her sweetest smiles: before she could proceed, a general scream from the other end of the boat, called their attention to one of the party who had fallen overboard.

The instant Demetrius saw it was Wurtzburgh, who could not swim, he hastily threw off his pelisse, and jumped into the river. The next moment they were both safe on the opposite bank.

There had not been time for a single fainting fit, or doubtless some one of the ladies would have paid that compliment to the young hussar. When the boat gained the place where they stood, every voice was eager in congratulations. — "You were certainly born under a saving star, my friend," whispered Constantia.

"If I am," returned Demetrius, gaily, "I hope it will

never prove its influence by making me *take to my heels*, when the enemy *take to their arms*."

The Duchess, after putting a civil enquiry to the dripping Colonel, turned to Demetrius —

"You have frightened me dreadfully, my dear Leopolstat. Don't stand shivering there; walk home; run home, both of you; to the Lodge, I mean; you will catch your deaths."

"Allons, then, for a race," cried Demetrius; and, followed by the heavier Wurtzburgh, was the next moment seen entering the Lodge gates.

Wurtzburgh was so stunned by the terror of drowning, and the sense of what he owed Demetrius, that he could not endure his own feelings. He was a man whom benefits exasperated. In answer to the friendly ardour of his young companion, he wrung his hand, and muttered a few words which the other's fancy translated into gratitude.

A change in their dress was speedily effected: the Colonel was first equipped in a superb suit of the Prince of Nuremberg's; and Demetrius, less solicitous about his looks than his comfort, assumed the robes of a Venetian senator, which had accidentally been left in the Felieri wardrobe by a relation. There were plenty of other habits to choose from; but Demetrius had extreme reverence for the dead, and revolted both from needlessly wearing the clothes of a departed person, and from exciting, by such indiscretion, painful recollections in the mind of the Duchess.

Much mirth was the consequence of this whimsical selection. Wurtzburg was rallied as unmercifully upon his foppery as he had been upon his awkwardness; and, spite of uncouth garments, perhaps the youth and fine person of Demetrius were never more praised and admired than on this eventful evening.

Though he thought nothing of an action to which he never affixed the idea of danger, being an admirable swimmer, the consciousness of having saved a life, even without personal risk, gave a quicker flow to his spirits; and so charming did this exhilaration make him appear in the eyes of the partial Constantia and her grandmother, that

they parted from him (after he had resumed his own attire) with evident unwillingness.

As they separated in the hall, Demetrius lingered behind his party, to kiss the hand of the Princess. He accompanied this action with a speech so sportive, that, Constantia, lightly pushing away his head from her hand, said archly —

"Water intoxicates you, I find, my friend; while the poor Colonel seems to have bathed in liquefied lead. His rueful face all the night has quite amused me. Didn't he roll about his baleful eyes, as if my uncle's fine dress were the preparatory robe for an auto da fé?"

"Why to be sure, he *did* look

'Grim as Don Quixote in the shades,
And grisly as the knave of spades;'

replied Demetrius: "but misfortune ought to be sacred. So, with that wise saw, and my impromptu, I leave you, sweet Princess: good night; may your dreams be as delightful as yourself!"

"May yours, too," Constantia softly repeated, as she followed his flying figure with her eyes. She saw him join the other officers; and while their glittering uniforms sparkled in the moonlight, and the sound of Leopolstat's lively voice reached her ear, she exclaimed, —

"My dear Demetrius!"

No sooner had the words escaped, than blushing, she looked hastily round, to see if any one witnessed this proof of regard: no one was there; and she rejoined the ladies with a light heart.

Demetrius was in a sound sleep the next morning when Colonel Wurtzburgh drew back the curtains of his bed, and abruptly waking him, said, "Rise, Leopolstat! the order of march is come, and we shall be off in an hour."

These words, and the buzz of troops without, the trampling of their horses' feet, the noise of men running to and fro, with all the other accompaniments of military removals, was such a sudden transition from the peaceful dreams of Demetrius, that at first he could scarcely comprehend what they meant.

A few moments dispersed the vapours of sleep: he leaped

out of bed, hastily threw on his clothes, (which his eager feelings, half-joy and half-pain, made him fasten with difficulty,) called to his servant, gave him a few indispensable orders, and then ran off to the Lodge.

By the time he reached Felieri, the tumultuous images of battles and sieges, the dazzling ones of martial renown, had given place to the probability of never more beholding the kind friends he was about to leave: before duty would again permit him to visit the Trevisane, the Duchess might be dead, Constantia married, or he might not live to see that time: he might "fall in his first field."

Saddened by such unavoidable anticipations, he entered the gallery leading to a breakfast-parlour, where he found Constantia duly posted at her accustomed window. As if it were possible for him to know why she was standing there, the artless Princess blushed, and stammered out an excuse: Demetrius was far from suspecting himself to be the object she watched; and readily believed the attraction to lie in a beautiful group of trees, which, the morning mist gradually clearing away, now partially developed.

They entered the room together: the Duchess and her visiters were still in their own chambers; and Constantia seemed so peculiarly animated, that poor Leopolstat knew not how to announce his departure. She had a multitude of ludicrous questions to ask about the plunging Colonel; as many new recreations to propose; and rallied him upon the conquest she declared his gallantry had made of the Signora Marinelli, with such sportive grace, that he threw himself silently on a seat, unable to share in, or to check her vivacity.

At length she perceived his depression: approaching him, she innocently lifted aside his hair, and looking earnestly in his eyes, said, "What is the matter, my dear Demetrius?"

The affectionate epithet which she now for the first time gave to him, joined to her former gaiety, (for gaiety has something emboldening in it;) produced a sudden impulse in Demetrius: he threw his arms round her slender waist, and pressed her to him. "My dear Constantia," — he repeated, and his full heart gave unutterable expression to the words.

Constantia quickly withdrew her fingers from the rings

of his hair, and gently chiding him, disengaged herself. There was nothing in her manner which reminded Leopolstat of the Princess, but it was full of modest reproof.

"Forgive me," he cried, "amiable Constantia! I know you will, when I shall have told you that our regiment is to join the main army immediately. We march in half an hour."

The Princess, turning frightfully pale, hastened back to him. "Oh, heaven!" she exclaimed, "you are going into battle!"

Her fair face sunk on his shoulder as she spoke, and wetted it with tears. At this instant, the Duchess, carried by her servant, entered the apartment.

A brief explanation was given by Demetrius: the Duchess wept, and repeatedly embraced her young preserver, as he knelt before her.

"When I suffer in this way," said she, "I am tempted to rejoice at having few beloved connections left: many friends are but a quiver full of poisoned arrows, destined to give us more pain than pleasure. Now shall we pay dearly for all the happy hours we have passed together! — never-ceasing anxiety, prayers, and tears must occupy us till we see you again."

Demetrius pressed his lips on her hand with a devotion of gratitude that made silence eloquent. Constantia tried to smile, to comfort her grandmother: but at every effort tears gathered afresh in her eyes, and the unfinished sentence of consolation faltered on her tongue.

The Duchess opened a casket near her. "Here is a present for you, my dear boy! when these pictures were painted, at the time I made you sit for yours, I intended them for this moment. Look at them often, and think of us."

This present was a circle of diamonds, framing in the opposite miniatures of the Duchess and her grandchild. Demetrius seized it with transport, and eagerly kissed them.

"Oh! how often I shall look at your picture!" cried the Princess, directing a glance to where it hung: "look now and then on mine, and don't forget me!"

Demetrius, without speaking, turned his glowing eyes upon her.

The sound of voices in the gallery announced some one's approach: the Duchess folded Demetrius to her breast. — Immediately after, Constantia threw herself into his arms, with the unsuspiciousness of pure affection. The old lady then hastily said, "Continue to love each other, my equally dear children; and at my death, you shall find I have provided for your happiness."

Neither of them had time to conjecture the meaning of this speech; for the Venetian ladies and Colonel Wurtzburgh entered.

While the sound of bugle-horns and the neighing of horses proclaimed the march of the regiment, expressions of more than common regret proceeded from the lips of the fair Venetians: Demetrius had a bow and a languid smile for every one of their cordial benedictions; but his heart was too full of sorrow, to let them rest a moment on his mind.

Scarcely conscious of what he was about, he hurried through the apartments, and mounted his horse in the midst of a crowd of the domestics, whose unbought partiality showed itself in fervent blessings. As he shook hands with them all, his gracious but tearful smiles destroyed the effect of Wurtzburgh's showering gold.

Every officer had joined the line of march. Demetrius was, for the first hour, wildly gay: his thoughts absolutely ran away from their own scrutiny; and sought refuge from it in this wretched vivacity.

The new situation of Wurtzburgh's regiment, which was brigaded with others, and encamped in the neighbourhood of Verona, opened a scene of pleasing novelty to Demetrius.

The activity of a camp, and the interest of actual service, contributed to restore his mind to its former tone: he was still so near his illustrious friends as to hear from them frequently; he was certain of their stability; and he began to pant for an opportunity of increasing his claims on their esteem.

This opportunity was on the eve of occurring.

The French troops, lining the bank of the Mincio, feeling themselves securely flanked by the important fortresses of Mantua and Peschiera, were eager for battle: the Aus-

trians upon the Adige, necessarily forced to defend it by a longer line, imperfectly sustained by mere entrenchments, were aware of their disadvantageous position; yet not despondent.

To obtain the pillage of Verona was the object of the Republicans: to defend that city, the hope of the Imperialists.

A vigorous attempt was soon made on this point by the enemy; and they succeeded in forcing every post before Verona and Pastrengo. Demetrius was in the column at Bevilaqua, which, rapidly advancing, turned the tide of success.

He fought with ardour; and distinguished himself as much by the rapidity with which he comprehended and executed every order, as by his undaunted intrepidity.

Wurtzburgh, in giving him a post of danger, had given him the post of honour: for at the termination of the action, General Kray publicly complimented his young countryman upon his conduct.

From this period, his talents and courage (though somewhat sullied by rashness) procured him the attention of his General: and after the renowned battle of the fifth of April (in which our young hussar had two horses killed under him), Wurtzburgh saw another Charles in the person of Demetrius.

While he was coldly thanked, in the usual routine of business, or angrily passed by, his lieutenant was warmly applauded, and distinguished with peculiar marks of favour.

Elated as Demetrius really was with the approbation of his companions, nothing touched his heart so much as a letter from his brother at Schaffhausen.

It contained a relation of his own military career in Suabia and the confines of Switzerland, and breathed the most affectionate solicitude for his safety: charging him to remember, that he was now the only source of his brother's happiness.

Demetrius caught new fire from the brilliant track of Charles; and with difficulty reined in an ardour which precipitated him but too often into needless danger.

After his first engagement, he thought no more of gloomy

forebodings. He now wrote to the Duchess di Felieri, in high spirits; eloquently described the different scenes in which he had acted; predicted fresh successes (springing from the influence of her affectionate patronage); and dwelt with rapture on the hour of peace or of truce, which would enable him to bring his early laurels into the sunshine of Princess Constantia's smiles.

To that secretly-cherished object were all his views directed. Yet he would not allow himself to think so: though he kissed her picture at every solitary instant, dwelt with tumultuous but sweet confusion of thought on the last words of his protectress; and often, while thinking that the countenance which this picture represented, was lovelier than the Goddess of Spring, repeated to himself — "But it is her heart that I love; it is her heart."

An attachment like this, so pure and so delightful; an attachment which gave fresh energy to every virtue, had nothing in it to terrify Demetrius.

When so eminently favoured by her nearest relative, he was too young and inexperienced to calculate upon possible causes of misery: and he believed that to be permitted to love her, and think himself beloved, would make him fully blest.

The bright dawn of a spotless affection rose upon his soul, after a stormy and burning day of passion, a gloomy night of despair and remorse; how, then, was it to be expected that he should avoid its cheering influence?

After the battle of Magnon, the Austrian generals pursued the French forces successively beyond the Tartaro and the Cheisa: the Russian army now joined that of the Germanic empire, and the whole command devolved upon the iron-hearted, but ever-victorious Suwarrow.

Demetrius, still in the army of General Kray, went with the detachment which, under this able commander, invested the fortresses of Peschiera and Mantua. He was present at the reduction of both places; and with him, rejoined the main army time enough to share in the decision of the bloody field of Novi.

It is well known, that to the rapid march of the Hungarian general, upon that illustrious day, is to be attributed

its happy event. In the daring charge up the steep wooded heights of Novi, Demetrius nobly distinguished himself. The cavalry being dismounted, he rushed forwards on foot, at the head of his squadron, under a plunging fire, which showered balls upon them like hail. Just as the fate of the day was fixed, a shot struck him, and he fell.

Count Forshiem, whose regiment also was engaged, had his friend immediately conveyed into the rear, where he soon after followed; and found, to his inexpressible satisfaction, that the wound was not mortal.

Universal concern surrounded the sick chamber of Demetrius; but he did not regret his wound, when he listened to the commendations of his General, though mixed with reproof of his rashness.

"'Tis a noble fault, however, young man," said the veteran, shaking hands with him, and rising to depart. "But as I won't have it repeated, you must henceforth come under my immediate eye. The death of poor Mecronfeldt gives me an opportunity of appointing you to be one of my aides-de-camp. Good morning; I shall now visit your surgeon, and see if he can find out a medicine for cooling a valour which has rather too much inflammation in it for its owner's safety; not that I should be sorry if your disease were somewhat catching."

General Kray left the room while speaking, and Count Forshiem entered.

"I have brought you one charming restorative at least," said he: "here are letters for you; this is from your brother."

The blood rushed into the before-pale face of our young hussar: he raised himself eagerly, and snatched the letters, for he saw the hands of Constantia and the Duchess.

Unconsciously afraid of Forshiem's raillery, he laid those letters down, and opened that from Charles. As it contained an account of all that had occurred to him, from the period in which this narrative left him at Schaffhausen, it will be best to transcribe the letter.

CHAPTER XVI.

Valley of the Reusse, August, 1799.

"My dear brother,

"I have been now above four months in Switzerland, and have written to you only once: had you not been engaged in active service, I would not have been so bad a correspondent. Sometimes we were expecting great events; at other times so occupied in following up the advantages they produced, that to sit calmly down and take a pen was impossible.

"I have, however, kept a sort of flying journal for you, which (when the campaign ends, and leaves me leisure to translate it from short-hand into more intelligible characters), may furnish you and me with subjects to discuss for many a peaceful evening.

"How often have I wished that fortune had destined us to make the campaign of Switzerland together! a campaign so rich in stores of military knowledge! a campaign where each action is but a bold experiment; and commanders, no longer the passive instruments of acknowledged rules, find in every victory an honour peculiarly their own!

"To military men, Switzerland has hitherto been an unknown world; and now, every step they take in it is a discovery.

"The war of plains and rivers, and fortified towns (which till now bounded my information), is, I find, but the initiatory principle of our art: it is in the war of mountains that we learn its mysteries.

"There, what before was the result of calculation, is the production of genius. Combinations of attack, defence, and retreat, are varied as infinitely as the forms of ground upon which they are tried. Every thing becomes novelty and enterprise.

"Certainly, man loves to contend with difficulties. Action, losing its dubiousness, loses its vivacity; for when the success of an operation may be pronounced upon, by certain

established data, plans are finished ere they are begun. Obstacles, therefore, only act as stimulants: the tameness of regular marches, leisure approaches, long foreseen battles, attendant upon ordinary campaigns, vanishes before the watchful and active *prévoyance* exacted by this species of warfare.

"It is then that war loses half its horror, by losing all its gloom; and in proportion as the game grows interesting, we almost forget the tremendous stake for which we throw, — the lives of human beings!

"Let us not, however, quite forget it, my brother!

"The man that studies the military art for any other purpose than that of saving lives, is unworthy the name of man. War should be our aversion; though the study of it be our duty, and the glory attached to it our reward.

"Ours is a profession destined to protect, in peace and industry, our fellow citizens; — a profession which, substituting skill and experience in the place of mere courage, spares the needless effusion of blood. For, were there no established armies, were the inhabitants of a country to arm upon the irruption of an enemy, every loss or gain would be the event of sheer fighting.

"Now, under the present system of organised troops, a single manœuvre, ably conceived and promptly executed, frequently produces the bloodless conquest of whole battalions.

"When the subject is thus contemplated, I am astonished at the odium which our profession incurs from many enlightened classes of society. If they believe, preposterously believe, that there would be no wars if there were no disciplined soldiers, of course they are justified in denouncing us: but I think they might as well go to prove that there would be no diseases if there were no physicians. The roots of war are in the rank passions of the human heart.

"If that man be deemed a benefactor of his species who studies surgery, habituating his eyes to sights of horror, his hand to painful operations, for the sake of preventing greater suffering; I know not how the candid can inveigh against the members of a profession, in which a comparatively small body of men, from similar motives, take the

whole portion of humanity's worst affliction upon themselves.

"Are we to seek for the reason of this inconsistency, in the envy of our fellow-creatures, or in their ingratitude?

"Leaving you, Demetrius, to settle this point or not, as you please, I will return to my subject.

"Without an eye for embracing, at one glance, a vast coup-d'œil, and retaining a distinct map of it in his memory, a soldier here might as well have no eyes at all: I have found my habit of exercising this sense so essentially serviceable, that I earnestly recommend you to pursue the same plan, wherever you go, and however insipid the country may appear.—Believe me, if a soldier has not every sense alert, as well as every mental faculty, he will never shine in practice, whatever he may do in theory.

"Nothing could have been more fortunate than my having been in Switzerland eight years ago. How little did I then think that this majestic temple of liberty, which I entered with so much devotion, and which, for near three centuries, had stood like a holy thing, unapproached by the war-fiend; that this sanctuary should be profaned by the apostates of France! Even now, I feel guilty of sacrilege, as I tread its sacred precincts; and can hardly be reconciled to myself for unsheathing the defensive sword among such scenes.

"Forgive me this rhapsody, Demetrius.

"Public report will have given you so brilliant an account of our progress here, that it is not necessary for me to do more than entreat that you will not fall into the vulgar error of censuring Prince Charles for having halted on the threshold of Switzerland, after his success at Stockach and Schaffhausen.

"You know not how he is fettered by court intrigues; how his judicious projects are traversed by an ungrateful faction, that would drive their good angel from them. To penetrate farther into a country already exhausted of the means for supporting troops, before provisions were brought from other places, and magazines formed, would have been madness: these were delayed from day to day; and the most scandalous neglect was suffered to prevail amongst a

set of men, over whom the Prince had no authority. It was necessary, also, that the plans chalked out for Generals Bellegrade and Hotze, should have succeeded, before any progress could be safely attempted here. No sooner had they put us in possession of the Grisons and the sources of the Rhine, than the Archduke struck the meditated blow.

"Our conquest of the entrenched camp that defended Zurich, and the defeat of Massena, will for ever silence the clamours of ignorant impatience. Prince Charles, in that attack, displayed all the qualities of a consummate general. Never shall I forget his energy, his intrepidity, his undisturbed presence of mind!

"Immediately after this important event, I was generously rewarded for my poor services with the command of a regiment, and sent to join the troops in Uri. There, my topographical knowledge was thought more needful than in the less intricate canton of Zurich.

"The engagements that have taken place since, though uniformly successful, might have been so at such an inferior rate, that I cannot help noticing the evils of our present system.

"In a region of rocks and torrents, ice and clouds, none but the Archduke could extract success from an army organised like ours: certainly Marshal Lascy did Austria an irreparable injury, when he sacrificed her light troops to his passion for uniformity.

"The French seem to have foreseen how often they would have to contend in mountainous countries, and have perfected this part of their force; have multiplied their sharp-shooters and chasseurs without number: whilst we remain just what we were fifty years ago.

"In spite of our victories here, and in Italy, the imposing grandeur of our army is an unsolid magnificence: at least, it is a magnificence which cumbers its usefulness. The heavy strength of our long lines of troops, our extended chains of posts, our enormous pieces of ordnance, our never-to-be-displaced attention to rule, will at last be found an insufficient opposition to the deep columns of the French (which pierce our line like so many battering-rams): their sudden attack upon twenty different points at the same

instant, their flying artillery, and that enviable facility with which their unrestricted generals pass from one mode of warfare to another.

"Our habits ought to be changed, to frustrate this novel practice of our enemy.

"You will, perhaps, marvel at my filling a letter with professional remarks, instead of describing the scenery by which I am surrounded. But how describe it?

"Even at this moment, I am surrounded by a region of enchantment, surpassing language.

"While all beneath lies dark and shadowy; (forests, lakes, valleys;) empurpled clouds, floating above the wood-tops, serve for the base of aerial structures, of gorgeous beauty.

"Palaces and castles, islands and seas of transparent ice, endless in their fantastic forms and glowing colours, seem creating themselves before me. The sun setting opposite to the glaciers, produces this pageant: the tints of the rose and the violet succeed each other on their inaccessible summits. These hues shift from pinnacle to pinnacle, alternately transforming them into vast blocks of sapphire, amethyst, and ruby.

"It is here that imagination finds materials for her world.

"Your rumination, doubtless, would be in poetry: mine, alas! must for ever remain prose.

"Every express we receive from the army of Italy, brings me fresh reason to exult in my brother. I know you victorious over deadlier enemies than any to be encountered in the field of war; and I listen, consequently, with the fullest satisfaction, to the fame which you have more than earned.

"Since my last letter,—nay, only ten days ago, I was surprised with a present from my incognita: a charger, of uncommon beauty. It was delivered to my servant at head-quarters, with a letter, by a Swiss peasant, who went off without waiting to be interrogated.

"I could easily have had this fellow brought back: nay, the horse itself, and my ring, might, by proper enquiries, ascertain the generous giver; were it not that deli-

cacy makes it a point of conscience not to penetrate a mystery which can never have a serious influence over my destiny. I wait the amiable lady's time: though I confess the assurance she gives me, in this last epistle, of soon removing her veil, excites some little emotion.

"This acceptable present having rendered my former charger useless, I sold him two days since to the General. His good looks and good conduct made him sell for twice what I paid for him; and as you had the principal trouble of his education, I send you half the sum.

"Let me have no unkind refusal. Hasty marches always produce unavoidable expenses, which you will painfully feel, unless you borrow of your brother. At any rate, I presume Italy is not barren of objects for charity; and if you refuse to employ this trifle in getting yourself a bottle of tolerable wine after hours of exhaustion, you cannot with decency decline using it for others.

"I have just heard from our friends in England: they are well.

"Adieu, my dear Demetrius! My thoughts are always with you. — Ah, no! I have not yet quite subdued the folly of unavailing thoughts about another.

"When you write to your illustrious patroness, present my offering of respect to Princess Constantia. What a happy evening was that on which I first saw her! But it is not in character for a soldier, surrounded by death, to sigh over the remembrance of delicate assemblies.

"Farewell.

"Your affectionate

"CHARLES."

Folding down the last paragraph, Demetrius put this letter into Forshiem's hand, bidding him read it: the Count's prompt obedience then gave him an opportunity of perusing those from Felieri.

They were such as the tenderest mother, and fondest sister, would have written: they were full of praises, and entreaties that he would expose himself less to danger. In one part, Constantia wrote —

"I could hate myself for being gratified with the eulo-

giums bestowed on you, when I remember that, to deserve these eulogiums, you are perpetually risking a life precious to every one.

"Ah! you know not how dear you are to my beloved grandmamma! She talks of you incessantly; and had not the courier from my uncle, who brought us the news of the victory, brought a letter from you also, I believe she could not have borne the shock we sustained in hearing of your wound. I feel as though I loved dear grandmamma the better, for being so highly grateful to her preserver. I never kneel before the holy cross, without praying for him."

In these few lines, the artless Princess unknowingly displayed the force and nature of her affection. Her sentiment found an answering one in the heart of Demetrius, where a secret suspicion of the truth was now softly kindling.

Sighing delightfully, he fell into a reverie; whilst his eyes, swimming in tenderness, remained fixed on the letter.

Count Forshiem made it a point of conscience never to extract the secrets of his nearest friends, either by entreaty or raillery: he now carried this delicacy so far, as to avoid looking at the expression of young Leopolstat's features. Apparently absorbed in Charles's letter, he appeared unconscious of his companion's emotion; and, as soon as he had read it through, uttered a friendly comment, and retired.

A few days after this, the young aide-de-camp was well enough to enter upon his new and honourable post: his brother officers greeted his recovery with demonstrations of cordial good-will; and the Prince of Nuremberg, whose regiment had signalised itself at Novi, did him the favour of paying him a cold compliment.

After the reduction of Tortona, and subsequent departure of the Russian army for Switzerland, nothing particular occurred to Demetrius until the end of autumn. His squadron was then engaged in the valley of the Bormida, where he rescued a French officer from being butchered, in cold blood, by a Croat.

The officer, gashed and weltering, faintly trying to avert a weapon already at his breast, presented the most frightful spectacle. Demetrius commanded the soldier to desist, and had the fainting prisoner borne to his own quarters.

There, this unhappy person was found so dreadfully wounded, as to be incapable of speech. Part of his jaw had been carried off by a musket ball, and his body was mangled with sabres.

Painfully susceptible of compassion, Demetrius forgot the lawless republican, in the dying man, and attended him as assiduously as he would have done a friend. During this attendance, he received another letter from Felieri; after which, he was surprised by a visit from the Prince of Nuremberg.

"I come, sir," said the Prince, haughtily, seating himself, while the other was standing,— "I come to satisfy myself on a point which it is of the utmost consequence to my honour to ascertain.

"In the packets of letters which I find my courier to and from Felieri has also brought for you, pray do you ever receive any from the Princess Constantia of Nuremberg?"

Demetrius had some difficulty in moderating his voice, as he replied to the tone of defiance with which this question was put: — "Never but once, sir, had I that honour."

"Show me the letter."

At this hasty command, Demetrius surveyed the Prince from head to foot. Surprised into the keenest contempt, he forgot his relationship to Constantia.

"Show me the letter, sir," repeated the Prince.

Demetrius had then recovered himself.

"I would not willingly deny the Prince of Nuremberg any favour in my poor power to grant; but a letter is too sacred a deposit to be shown at the mere voice of authority. To the honoured writer of the one in question, I refer your Highness; confident that she will not hesitate to avow the merely benevolent interest which she takes in the life of a man, who once had the happy fortune of preserving hers."

"You know how to over-rate yourself, I perceive, sir," rejoined the Prince: "surely that *vast* debt was paid long ago. I offered you my patronage and protection, neither of which you chose to accept. No; it was more for your interest to flatter a rich old woman, already in a convenient state of dotage, and an indiscreet girl, not yet out of her childhood, into —"

"Hold, sir!" exclaimed Demetrius, darting on him a look of indignation; "not even your rank shall authorise you to treat with scorn, in my presence, names so sacred to me."

"And do you presume to place yourself on a level with the Prince of Nuremberg?"

"No!" retorted Demetrius, with imprudent bitterness; "for the Prince of Nuremberg, when he forgets that a high station demands higher virtues, and condescends to insult and brave an inferior, sinks below him!"

At this cutting reproof, the Prince became choked with rage: he grasped the hilt of his sword, advancing, with an inflamed countenance, towards the young Count; then suddenly exclaiming "Scoundrel!" struck him a blow on the face.

Demetrius retreated a few steps, as if to prevent himself from annihilating the despicable Nuremberg. His whole body shook with passion. He returned the blow with a force which brought his insulter to the ground.

At that juncture, the entrance of Forshiem checked their mutual rage. Breathing nothing but vengeance, the Prince hastily rose, and left the place.

Forshiem questioned Demetrius upon the cause of so extraordinary a scene: he excused himself, from motives of delicacy.

"The affair," he said, "is completely that of the Prince of Nuremberg; and, as such, it shall remain secret with me, unless he be candid enough to acknowledge it himself. He struck me, — I struck him: my honour is satisfied."

"I tremble for the consequence," exclaimed the Count: "my dear Leopolstat, if you have erred through a too inflammable spirit, one small concession —"

"Would be infamous!" cried Demetrius. "No, Forshiem, by heaven! — if to hear the woman most venerated, and the woman most loved, named with derision; if to be accused of the basest meanness, and imperiously commanded — but hold! — suffice it, I received ample provocation; and though it should cost me the possession of all I hold precious on earth, never shall my coward tongue pronounce an apology to which my conscience would give the lie."

Demetrius traversed the room as he spoke, with hasty steps: his cheeks burned. Forshiem seriously regarded him.

"You may carry delicacy too far," he observed. "Unless I know the real state of this case, it will be impossible for me to serve you as I wish. Would you tell me the circumstances, I might avail myself of the consideration with which the Prince always treats me, and urge *him* to apologise."

"Urge a Greenland bear!" exclaimed Demetrius; "the one stupid and ferocious beast, is just as accessible as the other. But I promise you this, Ferdinand, if he challenge me, and you consent to be my second, I will state the whole affair to you."

Forshiem was proceeding to speak, when a nobleman in the suite of Nuremberg was announced.

This gentleman brought a haughty challenge from the latter. Forshiem used every argument to dissuade his friend from meeting this rash man; but Demetrius was too jealous of his reputation, and too keenly stung by the unmanly accusation of the prince, to listen to any compromise. He dismissed the nobleman with his ready acquiescence to the proposal of their meeting an hour after, at the skirt of a wood, some distance from the lines.

When the parties met, and the usual preliminaries were settled, the advantage of a first fire fell by lot to Demetrius: — he discharged his pistol in the air.

"What do you mean, sir?" exclaimed the impatient prince.

"I mean to show you, sir," replied the other, firmly, "that I abhor the idea of deliberately seeking the life of

the Duchess di Felieri's kinsman. The disgrace of having received a blow is cancelled by my having returned it: I therefore am satisfied. If you are not, I stand here to let you take satisfaction."

"Then, thus, I take it, coward!" exclaimed the prince, firing off his pistol: the ball took effect, and Demetrius fell.

Every drop of blood now deserted the features of Nuremberg: by this rash act, he had endangered, if not his life, his military rank and reputation. Disdaining, however, to quit the scene, he advanced to Demetrius, who was now supported on the bosom of Forshiem, and sinking with loss of blood.

"I am heartily sorry for this!" burst involuntary from Nuremberg. Demetrius unclosed his eyes, and stretched out his hand to him with a smile of amity: — The Prince took it.

"Fear nothing!" said Demetrius, in a gasping voice: "the circumstances of this affair are known only to ourselves; if I die, Forshiem will let them die with me."

Overpowered with this generous conduct, but not softened, the Prince remained silent. Demetrius was then conveyed to the nearest house, where a surgeon was sent for to dress his wound.

The report of this gentleman was favourable; the ball had only penetrated the thigh, without injuring a vital part.

This business had been so rapidly concluded, that few persons suspected the truth, when they were told next morning that young Count Leopolstat was confined with a fever. His General (to whom Forshiem, upon being questioned, had confessed some particulars) was so well satisfied with the conduct of Demetrius, and so shocked at the fierceness of Nuremberg, that he would have passed a public censure, had not Forshiem, by his friend's desire, requested he would lay aside such a design, and affect ignorance of the transaction. The General reluctantly consented; nominating the Prince of Nuremberg to the command of an advanced post, in order to have him removed from the sight of his young aide-de-camp.

In the pain of his own wound, Demetrius did not forget

to enquire after his prisoner, who still lived, but whose frequent convulsions predicted a speedy dissolution. As he was delirious, no one had as yet learnt his name; though his dress bespoke him an officer of rank.

Just as Demetrius was sending to ask after him, a week subsequent to the duel, he received the following letter from the Duchess di Felieri:—

"I have received so strange and obscure a letter from my nephew, that I must apply to you for an explanation of it.—What has happened between you?—It seems as if he had been questioning you upon the degree of regard which my Constantia bears towards you. She will not shrink from avowing that regard, believe me, my dear son. I think I know both your hearts, and shall not act wrong in requesting you to visit us immediately after the army go into winter-quarters. If it be necessary, I will write to obtain the General's promise for that purpose: I will then cheat my nephew into meeting you; when, if I don't make you friends, at least I shall hope to place your conduct in the most honourable light, and to ensure your future happiness.

"The courier waits: leaving me only time to assure you of the unalterable gratitude and friendship of my Constantia, and

"COLOMBA FELIERI."

The emotion of Demetrius, upon reading this letter, was so great, as to make his head giddy and his breathing short. He could not mistake the generous intention of the Duchess, nor refuse to believe himself sufficiently dear to the Princess, to authorise him in hoping she might resist any wish of her uncle's to unite her with another.

At this ecstatic thought his heart throbbed wildly. He held the insensible paper to his lips, and forgot in the bright views of the future all his past sorrows.

The abrupt entrance of Colonel Wurtzburgh put a period to these raptures.

Wurtzburgh and he were still associates, though their intimacy had much abated. Demetrius no longer confided

any thing to him; and the dissembling Colonel appeared to fancy he had nothing to confide.

The face of Wurtzburgh was at this period "full of strange matter;" the first communication of which nearly overpowered his unfortunate auditor.

Some prisoners lately brought into camp, had recognised the hitherto unknown republican as General de Fontainville, the husband of Zaïre. The wretched man was now breathing his last, in an adjoining tent.

For a few moments, Demetrius could not speak. The name of Madame de Fontainville, and the certainty of her husband's death, gave a mortal blow to every hope.

The Colonel meanwhile maliciously ran on with congratulations, and descriptions of his friend's future felicity; with rejoicings for the exiled Zaïre, and a multitude of other expressions, equally cruel, yet equally specious.

At last Demetrius besought him to be left alone. "My spirits are very weak to-day," he said, "or I would not ask this. For either the shock of grief or the shock of joy, I was quite unprepared. — Leave me to my own reflections."

The Colonel, seeing the sting he had planted, withdrew exultingly.

Demetrius sat motionless after he was gone: his eyes were fixed; and a frightful calm stilled the very pulsation of his heart. Yet he was incapable of reasoning: his thoughts stretched in vain to grasp even a single object— they retained nothing — all was illusive — all was fleeting!

A confused notion of being for ever separated from Constantia, and for ever bound to Madame de Fontainville, was the only stationary idea. He muttered now and then to himself, as if in delirium; and frequently he smiled: but it was the smile of despair.

Many hours passed away, before he could be said to reflect: till then, his mind was only a passive mirror, reflecting a succession of imperfect images.

The punishment of his former fault now fell upon him, in the completion of that very wish which had once been the reigning subject of all his desires. Madame de Fontainville most likely was still faithful to the passion she

had never promised to destroy, and had a right, therefore, to the fulfilment of those vows which he had voluntarily made but a few months back: nay, was it not his duty thus to sacrifice every thing to repair the injury done her peace? did not honour and gratitude, in the person of her afflicted father, imperiously demand this sacrifice?

Demetrius put another question to himself, which terminated his hesitation. Granting that he had conquered his passion for Zaïre, by the mere force of principle, without the intervention of a purer attachment, would he have debated about offering her his hand!—No! then he ought to debate no longer.

Though assured of Princess Constantia's preference, and suspecting the intentions of her illustrious relative, he had never urged his pretensions beyond their friendship, and had never wilfully directed a glance towards Constantia that could imply a wish for more.

Consoled by the integrity of his conduct there, he now looked with a steadier eye upon his fate: that it was fixed by the late event, he believed; but ere he wrote to Madame de Fontainville, he resolved to unbosom himself to his brother.

Hitherto, Demetrius had never mentioned the inhabitants of Felieri, in any way to alarm the fraternal fears of Charles: for a long time he had himself been ignorant of the peculiar influence Constantia acquired over him; and after that ignorance was displaced by unexpected hope, was withheld by the bashful irresolution inseparable from virtuous love.

He now made a candid avowal of all these circumstances; beseeching his brother to weigh impartially the different arguments he urged for the step he meditated; requesting him to make the communication of General de Fontainville's death immediately to the Marquis de Liancour, and to learn from him, whether Zaïre retained her former sentiments of a man who could still offer her the share of a very circumscribed fortune. Suffering had taught Demetrius to bear disappointment with dignity; for he had studied the self-command and graceful restraint of Charles, till he had learned how to practise it. He no longer

yielded himself up to desperate agony, but struggled with nature's infirmity, and resolved to endure.

His wound being healed, he was now able to leave his tent: and, supported on the arm of Forshiem, was permitted to breathe the fresh air.

Forshiem observed an alteration in his companion's spirits, for which he could not account; his friendly eye frequently traced the effects of a sleepless night in the total absence of that colour which usually enriched his cheek; but he ventured not to intrude with a question. The only remark his delicacy allowed, was couched in an avowal of the pain he felt on seeing him thus altered; and an urgent request that he would confide to his brother, any care by which he might be harassed.

"My brother," replied Demetrius, "is indeed the only man, to whom I would intrust my present difficulties: they are of a very delicate kind, believe me, Ferdinand. If the disclosure did not involve——What grave is this?"—he asked, abruptly breaking off, as his eye fell on a new-raised mound.

"The French general's," answered Forshiem, "your prisoner; as you were disabled at the time, I filled your place, and was with him in his last moments."

Demetrius turned very pale, and hastily drew his friend away; but he pressed his arm gratefully as he did so, repeating with much emotion—"I thank you!"

The answer from Charles, was such as Demetrius expected. It was in favour of Madame de Fontainville: but ah! how unwillingly was that sentence pronounced! How many tender expressions of love and pity, how many consolations and praises were mingled with it! He conjured his brother to be sincere with the Duchess di Felieri; and, without disclosing the past indiscretion of Zaïre, without appearing to have imbibed any presumptuous hopes from the graciousness of Princess Constantia, completely to explain his present engagement with Madame de Fontainville.

The last dependence of Demetrius, was destroyed by this letter. He had secretly hoped, that Charles might, from various motives, have concealed what could now

produce no pain,—a change in Zaïre's heart; and he was, therefore, completely overcome when he read this assurance of her constancy.

"Wretch that I am!" he exclaimed, "was she not dearer to me, alas! than my own soul?—did I not swear to love her even in the agonies of death?—was I not ready to relinquish, for her sake, the person who ought to have dearest to me on earth, my brother, my benefactor!—and do I now shudder at the prospect of possessing her for ever?"

He thought of Constantia; in spite of every resolve, he thought of her: and when he pictured the shock this discovery would give to her reverend relative, the deeper wound it would inflict upon her innocent heart, he was not master of his feelings.

The campaign now drew to a close: and Demetrius, released from active service, and deprived of Forshiem, (whose regiment was ordered into different cantonments), had leisure to muse even to madness.

He was waiting for the reply of De Liancour, to his brother's letter, before he could bring himself to write the one, so much dreaded, to Felieri, when an express from thence reached the camp, in the middle of an inclement night.

The Duchess had been struck with a paralytic affection, from which it was likely she would never recover; and her distracted grandchild now sent for Demetrius, at her particular request.

Upon such an occasion, the usual military rules were dispensed with; the General allowed his aide-de-camp ten days' leave; and the latter, still weak and feeble, commenced his sad journey to the Trevisane.



CHAPTER XVII.

In returning to take a short review of the elder Count Leopolstat, it will not be necessary to say more of his military

operations, than that he rejoined the Archduke in the middle of August; proceeded with him into the Palatinate; bore a distinguished part in the brilliant affairs at Neckau and Manheim; and was with him on the skirts of the Black Forest, when these disastrous reverses in Switzerland, and the impracticability of making a winter campaign among its masses of ice, checked the triumph of success.

In the lively interest excited by these events, and the important views which they opened of the future, Charles often forgot his own private ills. Warmly attached to the irreproachable Prince under whom he served, as well as to their just cause, his mind entered with earnestness into that Prince's councils. Demetrius, acquiring honour, and restored to cheerfulness, was a soothing object for this mind to rest on: it was "the soft green of his soul," to which it turned, after political speculations, that both wearied and alarmed.

Adelaide Ingersdorf was still remembered: no cares, no occupations could drive her from his heart, though they often succeeded in banishing her awhile from his memory.

In her he had found every quality, desired by a taste and a sensibility, which some persons might have termed fastidious. With an understanding cultivated beyond her sex; a heart softly tempered, yet yielding only to the hand of reason; a beauty made more captivating by elegant accomplishments, she was modest even to bashfulness: Charles prized her for this fault; and had often (while seeing her shrink from the assiduity of admissible admiration); said to himself—"How few women there are, that, capable of charming all men, are content with endearing themselves to one only!"

Among the romantic splendour of Switzerland, he had sighed for her: and now, on the shores of the Rhine, where more leisure allowed him to muse over the past, he sunk into a sadness, of which he was himself scarcely conscious.

He was one night sitting over a book, (of which, certainly, he had not read a single syllable,) when his servant brought him a letter. It was from his incognita. The calmness with which he opened it quickly vanished.

A few lines, appointing a meeting, made his heart palpitate with expectation: now was going to be developed that mystery, which had for five years given him both pain and pleasure. Yet what could he hope from it, when his affections were unalienably fixed upon another, and this generous unknown evidently relied on obtaining them?—at any rate, he thought curiosity would be relieved; and perhaps a candid explanation of his situation, might secure to him the friendship of one, who seemed formed for a disinterested sentiment.

Till this moment arrived, Charles never imagined it would agitate him. Whether saddened spirits had affected his nerves; or whether he unconsciously hoped to find in his incognita one that would at last reconcile him to the loss of Adelaide, is uncertain; but agitated he was, beyond description.

He could not sleep once through the whole night: and the next day, went over the routine of his usual employments, with a mind completely *distrait*.

The night was bright and calm (though November was far advanced), when Charles mounted his horse at the specified hour, and took the road to the chateau of a neighbouring canon, where his rendezvous was appointed.

Three miles seemed thirty, as he galloped over them; and yet, when he reached the place, it appeared to him as though he had flown! His heart now palpitated with such violence, that he almost wished for a respite from what he once passionately desired.

A servant received him at the gate; and upon hearing his name, bowed respectfully, and led him across a hall: he then threw open the door of a room, which Charles entered, and beheld Marshal Ingersdorf.

The expression of the veteran's countenance would not suffer him to believe the meeting accidental: a multitude of hopes and fears, wild and delightful, electrified him at the sight. He was unable to speak or to move. The Marshal rushed forwards, and with his usual impetuosity caught him in his arms, exclaiming, "My dear Leopolstat!—my friend!—my son! if you will become so."

"Am I so happy," cried Charles, (scarcely trusting his bewildered senses); "am I so happy as to find my incognito in Marshal Ingersdorf!"

"Yes!—yes!" resumed the Marshal, repeatedly squeezing his hand, "you see that will-o'-the-wisp now before you.—Only tell me that you forgive my eccentric impertinence; and that you will allow me to dispose of your heart and yourself?"

"Oh, sir!——Oh, Heaven, what am I to think—what hope!"—exclaimed Charles, sinking involuntarily upon one knee.

His fine face and eyes flushed with doubtful joy, were now raised to the Marshal: the latter gazed on him with overflowing kindness.

"I know you love," he cried, "I know you would have chosen Adelaide, had she been born a beggar;—she is yours, then. I meant her for you all along. Forshiem is a worthy lad—he knew my scheme."

The old gentleman could hardly articulate these abrupt sentences, from excess of pleasure. Leopolstat was overpowered: he felt like a man who, after living half a century in a dungeon, is suddenly brought into daylight. In silence, eloquent silence, he pressed the shaking hands of the Marshal to his lips and breast: the first words he uttered were an anxious enquiry of Adelaide's sentiments.

Marshal Ingersdorf was then going to hurry forth an animated assurance of her attachment; when suddenly recollecting what was due to female delicacy, he said archly—"She don't hate you, that's all:—whether she likes you or not, I leave you to discover, the first time you are alone together. But come, rise from the ground, which the knee of a soldier should never touch but to his Maker. Let us sit down and talk over the matter: you must long to hear my reasons."

"I do long, sir," returned the fluttered Charles, and his eager soul sprung to Adelaide. To throw himself at her feet (spite of her father's remark) to pour out all the tenderness which he had hitherto so painfully restrained, to receive from her lips the confirmation of what her downcast eyes had so often told, was now his liveliest

emotion; he scarcely wanted explanations, while certain that the mystery had terminated in rapture.

His animated glances were constantly directed towards the door, as if in search of her.

"I see what you are thinking about;" resumed the veteran, "and, to quiet you, protest that my daughter is not in this house. To-morrow morning she will be here, with my good host's sister."

"To-morrow morning!"—repeated Charles, and away flew his thoughts again, from the Marshal's explanations, with more than their former rapidity.

"I am likely to have but a sorry auditor in you," cried Ingersdorf, "why, you puppy, what sort of a gratitude is this? After all the pains and vexations I have encountered to keep this girl secluded, ever since she was fifteen, only to fall in love with you, am I not to be gratified with a patient hearing of the only romance I ever concocted in my life?"

"Pardon me—pardon me, dearest sir!" replied Charles, glowing with graceful confusion; "I have indeed shamefully forgotten to thank you, for such unmerited, transporting goodness!—How could I have become thus interesting to you?—how is it possible, that such a treasure has been long desined for me?"

"Both these *hows*, I'll answer satisfactorily," returned the Marshal, "if you will only gag yourself with a little composure. Zounds! you are as talkative now as you were mute a few minutes ago!—Can you be silent?—Can your thoughts leave off chattering to one another?—Can you listen calmly?"

"Willingly, sir, most willingly," was the reply of Leopolstat, though his kindling eyes and tumultuous pulses refused to sanction this promise. The Marshal saw his agitation, with complacent satisfaction: but, without noticing it further, filled out two bumpers of Burgundy, and pledging his intended son in one of them, began his rambling oration.

"The first time I heard of you, was in the year ninety-four, at a little inn, in Alsace. I was returning from head-quarters, where I had been to visit my old friend Wurmser,

when alighting for some refreshment, I found all the inhabitants of the village discussing the merits of a young officer, who had just passed through with a detachment.

It had happened, that a merciless steward was at that very moment dragging to prison a poor farmer, whom sickness and accidents had made incapable of paying his rent; and whose wife and children he had already turned out of doors.

"You remember the circumstance," added the Marshal, seeing Charles about to interrupt him; "but I'll not be broken in on. I heard that he had learned the particulars, and, unable to produce the exact sum himself, had borrowed part from his captain. Well may the drops of honest pleasure now glisten in your eyes, my dear Charles! Mine nearly overflowed, while I listened to the animated praises of the country people.

"I seemed to see the handsome youth they described leading two innocent babes in his hand, under the lowly roof of the farm, and assuring the grateful couple that, in permitting him to restore them to their home, they had given him the sincerest delight he ever felt.

"On hearing your name, I became still more interested in you. Once, in an attack of robbers among the Apennines, my life had been saved by your father."

"My father!" cried Leopolstat; and a strange pang — anguish and pleasure — seized his heart.

"Yes, your father; he had some fine qualities: bravery was one. Till then, we were strangers; but after that, we became intimate. That, however, ended, — no matter how: he was fond of gaiety, I of retirement. But to return to yourself.

"From the day I spoke of, I hankered after you: my whimsical old brain was often thinking how it could serve or please you. At last, upon hearing about your gallant rescue of General ——, I projected my romantic plan.

"Such a plan would never have entered any head, but that of an antiquated romance-reader, like myself. For to show you what a fool of a father-in-law you are about to have, I must own that I am as greedy a devourer of novels and legends, as ever I was at fourteen. At first, I meant to

go no further than sending you a few presents and letters: then to discover myself, and take you under my wing for life.

"But when I reflected on the wholesome discipline which the world gives every young man without money or patrons, and how much, independence and energy are nourished by a certainty of depending solely on one's own powers; when I scrutinised your conduct, and found it so nobly upright, I thought my happiness and my daughter's would be secured, and yours not injured, if I could manage to make you my son."

"Dear, dear sir!" exclaimed Charles, wringing his hand, with unutterable gratitude.

Returning the friendly pressure, Ingersdorf resumed—

"Most ably had I manœuvred, in my own opinion, by writing my letters so equivocally as to leave it dubious whether the writer were a man or a woman: most confidently did I reckon upon this mystery occupying your heart so much, as to leave no room for another object.

"What a blow, then, did I receive, when I heard of your engagements at Mantua! It was many days before I recovered myself sufficiently to address you again: but I could not hesitate about how that should be. You were still dear to me; and Adelaide, believing herself destined for Forshiem, had never heard me breathe your name."

Here, the Marshal hesitated, not knowing how to advert to the death of Signora Berghi; he therefore left a chasm in his narrative, resuming it thus: —

"It had been my intention to send Adelaide to her aunt's at Vienna, as soon as the Italian campaign should finish; and then to scheme again, that you might be introduced to my brother.

"I had no doubt of your falling in love with Adelaide, so charming as she is; and if she had been odious, my sanguine temper would have made the thing equally probable: I was therefore transported, when Providence brought you acquainted in so interesting a way,— when it ensured to you the regard of my brother, and gave you opportunity of mutually estimating the excellencies of each other."

"Knowing the state of your heart, and shrewdly guessing at what would soon be Adelaide's (for I had educated her to admire such a character as yours, and had forced her from any other attachment, by keeping her in a convent), I resolved to remain quiet, till her artless letters, and the more circumstantial ones of the Baron, should have convinced me that my scheme was ripe.

"Just as I was preparing to terminate your suspense, that cursed lawsuit commenced, and my hopes seemed on the point of being hurled into the gulf of destruction.

"You know how long it has annoyed me: but it is now over; and I can give you my Adelaide, with the fortune I first intended."

Every person that either is in love, or has been in love, will imagine the disinterested expressions of Charles: they were as sincere as they were ardent, and made the father's eyes sparkle with joy.

"Ah! you may well thank your old, silly incognito," cried he: "you know not what trouble he has had to bring this hopeful vessel into a safe harbour. Forshiem was, at first, the most obliging, tractable creature, under the sun: he admitted the obligation I was under, thus to recompense the son of a man to whom I owed my life; he saw the harmonious justice of giving a gallant, poor fellow, a rich wife, that knew how to value him; and he was so ready to be my aide-de-camp in the affair! so obedient to orders! But, lack-a-day! my young gentleman chose to fall in love with an Italian rustic! And then came entreaties, and expostulations, and threats of marrying, before I could turn myself round: then my hero grew eloquent, for your sake; then he professed to know, by sad experience, the misery of protracted hopes, conjuring me to end your sorrows immediately.

"I was thunder-struck; for in the haste with which I pursued my favourite object, I never took into the account these annoying stumbling-blocks. However, Forshiem got me to promise, that if my lawsuit were still pending, when the army went into winter quarters, I would give him leave to reveal Adelaide's freedom, by marrying his pretty Lorenza."

"Amiable Forshiem!" cried Charles; "how much do I owe him!"

"But you don't know, yet, half the amusing incidents for which you are indebted to me," said the Marshal; "do you remember the Signora Albertini?"

A stronger tide of blood rushed to the face of Leopolstat, at this unexpected question.

"Egregious puppy! you have no reason to blush," resumed his friend. "Few young men could resist, like you, the syren charms of beauty, accomplishment, and well-acted tenderness; yet, I dare say, it was not merely acted, after she saw you."

"Had she never seen me before?" exclaimed the astonished Charles.

"No, on my honour! I projected the whole affair. I knew her for the most avaricious wretch alive, and I bribed her into this trial of your principles. Do you blame me, for thus proving, in every way, the man in whose care I sought to repose the treasure of my heart?"

"So far from it," cried Leopolstat, "that a whole life, spent in striving to grow worthy of such a trust, will never be enough to show my gratitude."

After this complete explanation, the conversation flowed over the past and the future: each had minute descriptions to give of their mutual feelings upon particular events; and each loved to dwell upon the graces of Adelaide.

As she was to be at the chateau the next morning, Charles, before he departed, obtained permission to visit there at an early hour.

Scarcely had Mam'selle Ingersdorf alighted from the carriage which conveyed her to the chateau Balzac, ere the Marshal informed her, that she would see an old friend very soon.

The blood brightly painted her cheeks, when he mentioned their visiter's name.

Adelaide was ignorant of the real motive for a journey, which she had undertaken solely to oblige her father, and now was far from conjecturing its probable termination: yet she trembled with undefinable joy, eagerly anticipating

the moment in which her eyes would again behold their best and dearest object.

Marshal Ingersdorf had never once hinted the peculiar interest he took in Charles, nor the views he entertained for him; but, willing to give his daughter's attachment a little hope to feed on, he assured her (on her removal from Vienna), that she should never be the wife of Count Forshiem, unless she preferred him to the whole world; that if she would wait the conclusion of the eventful lawsuit and the campaign, she should then have an opportunity of studying her destined husband's character, and be left at liberty to accept or to reject him.

So indulgent an assurance would have led Adelaide immediately to confess the state of her heart, had not delicacy shrunk from the pain of avowing, even to a parent, the excess of an affection which had never been claimed by its object. Relying on the goodness of Providence, on the apparent preference of Charles, and the prospect of renewing their former intimacy after her engagement with Forshiem should be avowedly dissolved, she cheerfully acquiesced in her father's wishes; and found uncertainty a mental Paradise, when contrasted with her late despair.

In what rapid tides did the blood now flow to enrich her cheeks! What alternations of cloud and light were in her eyes, as, seated at the breakfast table, she heard Count Leopolstat announced!

At the sound of a name, which was never pronounced without bringing before her the loveliest countenance that ever proclaimed the manly virtues, she almost closed those brilliant eyes; as if seeing and hearing Charles, at the same moment, would be bliss too much. He saw nothing but her; and he saw, in her trembling agitation, all that his fond heart desired.

The Marshal, who had settled the plan of operations with his future son-in-law, soon contrived to break up the breakfast party: he pronounced the day delightful, — the prospect from a window into the garden so alluring, that he begged permission to breathe the air there with his friend. Adelaide, of course, was included in this association, which

was not likely to be enlarged, as Monsieur Balzac had the gout, and his sister never disturbed digestion after a meal.

The considerate Marshal was so anxious to dissipate his daughter's confusion, by drawing her into lively conversation, that he walked twice round the great garden, before he observed that Charles was heartily wishing him at the antipodes. He then abruptly stopped at the door of a pavilion, where he bid his daughter rest herself under the protection of Count Leopolstat, while he took a brisker circuit through the walks.

Adelaide had not leisure to wonder at this strange conduct: for her attention was instantly absorbed by the ardent impatience of Charles, who soon won from her, a declaration of mutual preference.

Sweet to him, was the bashful apprehensiveness, with which she gradually discovered the whole of her past feelings. The fearful, trembling Adelaide, blushing at her own confessions, averting her glowing eyes from his, and shrinking from the involuntary transport with which he now pressed her in his arms, was to him an object at once of the tenderest love, and the profoundest respect. Seeing in her, the chosen companion of his future days, the beloved sharer of eternity, his heart throbbed with a sacred joy, which, beaming from his countenance, spoke peace to the timid delicacy of Adelaide.

It was now, that each felt the reward of their past sufferings;—it was now, that, looking back with exultation upon their sincere endeavours to follow the path marked out by duty, they indulged in present happiness, without apprehension or regret.

What Adelaide owed to the eccentric goodness of her father, gave a new charm to the ties of parent and child: and at this moment she acquired fresh delight, by gaining additional motives for loving two persons, already dearer to her than life.

The Marshal met his young companions at the entrance of the house: Adelaide fervently returned the kiss he pressed on her burning cheek, and whispered out a blessing for his kindness. She then broke away, to thank a Mightier

Parent, whose smallest mercies were never suffered, by her, to pass unacknowledged.

It may be conjectured, that Leopolstat did not leave Balzac, until he had obtained the Marshal's promise of remaining under its hospitable roof, during the suspension of hostilities: nay, he ventured to glance at the hope of being confirmed in his happiness, by the gift of Adelaide's hand, long before military duty should again call him into actual service.

The veteran did not blame this natural impatience; confessing, that since he had served nearly half the time for his daughter, which Jacob did for Laban's, he might very fairly urge this, otherwise, unreasonable request. Promising to plead his cause himself, he then dismissed the young Count, who returned to head-quarters, with an overflowing heart.

So many delightful recollections and anticipations crowded through the mind of Charles, that it was long ere he could compose himself sufficiently to dictate a letter of gratitude to Forshiem, and one of a tenderer character to Demetrius.

Thought of the latter was so associated with all his cares or pleasures, that, till joy was communicated to him, it was but an imperfect joy for Charles.

Believing his brother nearly cured of his fatal attachment to Madame de Fontainville, and reposing securely on the soothing friendship of the Duchess di Felieri, he now wrote him an animated account of his present good fortune: adding to it, a proposal, that during the winter recess, they should endeavour to be once more established in the same regiment.

Demetrius had often expressed such a wish, in which Charles earnestly participated: and now that he was become certain of his illustrious commander's favour, he resolved to use that favour in obtaining so desirable an object.

Scarcely had our hero finished this letter, ere he received one from Demetrius, in which the events of his far different fate were detailed.

With grief, surprise, pity, and apprehension, did Charles peruse it! Though he had himself uniformly avoided what

are falsely termed affairs of honour, he knew not how to blame his brother for meeting the Prince of Nuremberg.

The new attachment of Demetrius afflicted, without displeasing, his brother. The progress of it, described simply, yet powerfully, had been so gradual, and so evidently encouraged by the Duchess, that even a cynic would have found it difficult to have condemned Demetrius.

The character of this attachment was so amiable; its ground so laudable; the happiness it seemed fraught with (if not cruelly thwarted), so perfect and so pure: the prospect it opened, so brilliant; (for Charles had the weakness of humanity, and was ambitious for this beloved brother;) that at the destruction of all its views, his own happiness vanished from his eyes.

Such heavy sighs, as he had lately hoped never to draw again, now came from his oppressed heart: he re-perused the letter; remembered Madame de Fontainville; and was wretched.

The correspondence of the Marquis de Liancour had uniformly lamented the rooted passion of his daughter, whose constancy had withstood all the attacks of time, absence, and reflection. She still persisted in believing her heart incurable; rather deepening the wound, by giving herself up to solitude, than striving to heal it, in rational society.

That Demetrius had wilfully created this infatuated sentiment, and had therefore been guilty of poisoning the existence of Zaïre and her father, nay, of seducing her soul from virtue, was but too certain: for so great an injury, a compensation was due; and that compensation must be the sacrifice of Demetrius's present wishes, together with the devotion of himself, to the duty of awakening in her a just sense of their mutual need of an atoning Saviour.

Charles saw no other path for his brother: for to his upright conscience, the voice of duty was ever the voice of fate.

A sentence of banishment from Princess Constantia, was unwillingly given in his answer to Demetrius. He then destroyed his former letter; fearing to mingle with so painful a subject, that communication which at another period would have been warmly welcomed.

After this, Leopolstat sought consolation from Adelaide: —He hastened to Balzac, and fortunately found her alone.

How watchful is love! — How easily does its slightest glance perceive an alteration in the object beloved! The mere sound of his voice, as he spoke to a servant without, convinced Adelaide that her Charles was afflicted.

Her raised eyes, full of tender anxiety, momentarily charmed away his care: but it returned again with unabated pain, till he had imparted it to her. Then was he indeed consoled! — consoled by the sight of new beauties in her equally fond and generous heart.

Adelaide pitied Madame de Fontainville; but she could not conceive how the destiny of that unfortunate woman, was to be ameliorated by the empty possession of a name, without the reality. Nay, to judge her feelings by her own, she believed that to know herself the sole obstacle between happiness and the man she loved, would be the severest misery she could endure.

Adelaide did not wantonly betray her friend's confidence; but Charles found that whenever she spoke of Princess Constantia, her emotion visibly increased.

Sadly sighing, the Count held her soft hand to his lips, and then said, "All our wishes, I see, tend the same way; and all our notions of right, oppose them. — The lovely suggestions of delicacy, cannot prevent you from acknowledging the rule which ought to guide Demetrius: he must act in conformity with principle. Madame de Fontainville may follow your guide.

"Yet how delightful are such sentiments, to the man whom my Adelaide honours with her preference! how does he glory in the possession of a heart so governed!"

Charles was then proceeding to repeat (what seems no repetition to a lover) expressions of admiration, gratitude, and rapture, when the Baron and the Canon abruptly entered.

M. Balzac was an agreeable old gentleman, that never asked impertinent questions, or looked impertinent remarks; he, therefore, appeared to see nothing particular, in the visible assiduity of the young Count, but considerately engaged the lively Marshal in a hot dispute.

Charles dined at Balzac, where some Englishmen met also: in compliment to whom, the Canon followed their country's fashion, of sitting long after dinner. This circumstance afforded Charles an opportunity of making a masterly retreat from the dining room to the saloon; where he found the somniferous Madame Balzac taking her customary nap.

She slept as if she were in a trance; so that he had ample power to urge the suit he had before preferred through the Marshal.

How could Adelaide deny any thing to so dear a petitioner? she tried to chide and refuse; but the chilling words thawed on her lips, and her blushing eyes beamed with a yielding which animated his importunity. She consented at last, because she wished to consent: promising to give him her hand, immediately after he should have terminated one of his anxieties, by procuring the exchange of his brother into the regiment he commanded.

Leopolstat did not over-rate his influence with the Archduke. That amiable prince, being well acquainted with the Count's character, judged him to have private motives, equally pressing and praiseworthy, for the removal of his brother. An appointment about his own person, which he gave unasked, and a letter which he addressed himself, to the general of cavalry in Italy, decided the business.

Eager to press this suffering brother to his almost paternal bosom, Charles no sooner received a gracious message from his royal commander, purporting the desired success; than he hastened to Balzac, and, with persuasive earnestness, sought and obtained from Adelaide a ratification of her promise to become his wife directly after the arrival of Demetrius. He then wrote to the latter, urging him to expedite a journey upon which depended the completion of his happiness.

Charles knew Demetrius too well, to dread any thing from writing thus. He was aware that his own fraternal affection had been too long tried, to require now, the delay of his dearest wish: and that Demetrius, being convinced of his tender commiseration, would see without envy, nay,

with consolatory pleasure, the felicitous end of his brother's distress.

This letter reached the Val di Taro, some days after the departure of Demetrius; from whence it followed him to the Trevisane.

How much had happened in that short period!

CHAPTER XVIII.

Oppressed with grief, Demetrius obeyed the summons of Princess Constantia.

He travelled with the utmost speed, yet did not reach Felieri till the close of the third day.

The stillness of the palace, and the deep gloom of winter foliage, blackened by night, struck a chill to his heart; faint lamps glimmered only here and there among the once brilliant colonnades; and the very breeze that moaned through them, appeared to lower its breath, for fear of disturbing their sepulchral solemnity.

Demetrius could not see the little mountain stream, which here mingled with the Livenza, because of the darkness, and its overhanging bushes: but the well-known sound of its impetuous current, brought to his recollection the last evening he had spent with the Duchess. It was the gay night of her moonlight party; which he justly believed to have been the happiest of his life: she was then all spirit and energy; and she was now, perhaps, cold and insensible!

His heart turned sick at the thought; for he loved her with the enthusiasm of gratitude.

Alighting from the carriage, he advanced on foot, to the gate of entrance: a venerable servant answered his gentle knock; the aspect of this old man, and the sorrowful exclamation he uttered, were frightful omens.

Demetrius feared to advance: "Does she live?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, my lord, our good Duchess lives; but there is no hope."

"Then I may once more see her!" exclaimed Demetrius. "Where is the Princess? let her be told of my arrival — but tell her gently, good Giorolamo."

The old servant now softly called a young person who appeared at one of the doors, and commissioned her with the communication. In a few moments she reappeared, and bade the Count follow.

The arched passages through which they went, scarcely returned the sound of their swift but light steps: they crossed several halls, and ascended a high flight of stairs, till they reached that side of the palace occupied by the Duchess.

"This is my lady's room," said the attendant, stopping before a door; "your lordship is to go in."—

Demetrius entered.

A single light, dimly showed him the deathbed of his patroness, over which stood his dear Constantia, pale and speechless. No other persons, but the physician and the confessor, were in the apartment. Unused to such scenes, anguish and awe nearly paralysed him: he moved feebly forward, and as he reached the bed, the Princess turned round.

At sight of him, the floodgates of her grief burst asunder. No longer able to command her feelings, she threw herself into his arms, with a distraction, to which tears and sobs gave no relief. The emotion of Demetrius showed its excess by convulsive tremor: he trembled so violently, that he could not articulate; nor support himself without the aid of the physician.

For some hours, the Duchess had lost the power of speech: she now attempted to address her cherished preserver; but her quivering lips moved only for an instant: she raised her eyes to heaven, with a celestial expression of Christian submission, brightened by all a Christian's assured hopes, then stretched out her hand to him.

Demetrius and Constantia, at the same moment, sunk on their knees before her. The Duchess regarded them awhile

with a gaze of tender wistfulness: regret and joy, mingled in her countenance. She raised herself with difficulty from the pillow, kissed them alternately, then, joining their hands together, fell back.

The hand uniting those of the unhappy lovers, slackened its grasp: Constantia wildly raised her head; and beholding the features of her grandmother, fixed in peace, uttered a piercing shriek. She was conveyed from the room.

The eyes of Demetrius mournfully followed her; but they turned again to the deathbed of the duchess. There, religious awe, and deep sorrow, absorbed his dearest cares. He rose not from the ground, still kneeling, to join in the solemn rites of the confessor. —Where is the pen, that can faithfully describe the feelings which are roused by the death of a beloved person? — those new, and mingled feelings, which only belong to the chamber of death! — The heart that has once felt them, will but too well know how to estimate their force. With a fearful hand, therefore, I leave the veil undrawn, which covers the affliction of Constantia.

When Demetrius was retiring, to indulge his tears in solitude, the monk took a packet of papers from his breast, and, presenting one to him, said,—

"This letter was entrusted to me by my late benefactress, with a strict charge to deliver it into your hands at this awful period. These others, are the will, and some documents of consequence, to show the Prince of Nuremberg. You, my lord, are I believe, master here. May the Almighty bless you, and make you a worthy successor to the most pious and beneficent princess that ever lived!"

The confessor then retired, to hide his rising emotion; and Demetrius, merely answering by an inclination of the head, retired to his chamber.

So many events had followed each other, with such rapidity, that the overtasked spirit of Demetrius, could no longer keep up with them: he threw himself at once upon a couch, with that sensation of exhaustion and stupor, which often follows great mental exertion. His senses were immediately steeped in oblivion.

After a salutary sleep of a few hours, he awoke; and

finding it still night, he rose, trimmed his fading lamp, and sat down by the remains of a wood-fire, to think.

An involuntary idea that the departed spirit was then hovering over him, created a sacred awe, which checked his gathering tears: he frequently raised his surcharged eyes, as if expecting to behold the visible beatification of that soul, which had used the blessings of her own lot, only to bless that of others.

The letter given him by the monk, now demanded his attention: he softly separated the wax, and read the following: —

"If I should not live to see and speak with you, my dearest Demetrius, you must consider these lines as my dying words.

"Accept my blessing; and, with it, the half of my fortune.

"If, as I hope, inclination should hereafter lead you to offer my beloved grandchild, a husband's protection, be assured, that such an inclination has my fullest sanction. It had always been my intention to learn your wishes on that subject whenever we should meet again; but I scarcely doubt them: your ingenuous heart speaks too plainly in your countenance, to be misinterpreted.

"Should you really love my Constantia, do not stifle the expression of so natural a sentiment, from any erroneous notions of her character: she is not the slave of such narrow opinions, as generally bound the intellects of high-born women. You are already very dear to her: it therefore rests with yourself, to make her love you with the energy necessary to your mutual happiness.

"Opposition from her uncle, is, of course, to be expected: but even that has its limits. Two years of constancy, and patient submission to his authority, will release you both from restraint.

"I may perhaps appear blameable, for thus preparing a cause of family dissension: willingly would I avoid it: but the substantial good of my Constantia must not be sacrificed to the blind prejudice of her uncle. Where

nothing can be urged against the man of her choice, but inequality of nominal rank, the objection grows contemptible.

"I make you rich; noble, by descent, you are already; nobler still, by your principles: why, then, should the Prince of Nuremberg's pernicious worldliness be submitted to?

"However, should my fond belief prove the vain chimera of a heart anxious to unite its two dearest objects: should you be otherwise attached, or simply indifferent to the merits of my Constantia, recollect that the bequest of half my property, is not made to the lover of my grandchild, but to the preserver of her life. Take it freely, therefore; bestow it, and yourself, on whomever you choose; and may God grant you that devotion to his service, and that solid happiness, which has been the daily subject of my prayers!

"Farewell! I embrace you with the affection of a mother.

"COLOMBA DI FELIERI."

It was now that tears fell from the eyes of Demetrius. Gratitude, admiration, regret, and love, all swelled the womanish tide. He contemplated what he might have possessed, and what he was about to refuse, with a softness that unnerved his mental strength: and as he held the blistered paper to his lips, he breathed the name of Zaïre, with bitterness of soul.

Let the object of a guilty passion, tremble at the frail tenure by which she holds the affections of a man, not wholly depraved! The first ray of light which breaks in upon his before-benighted soul, shows him the deformity of a passion, which she grows distasteful, for having inspired: while those recollections which virtuous love delights to cherish, are by him banished with affrighted quickness.

Demetrius still retained a tender regard for Madame de Fontainville; but he shrunk from the thought of making her his wife. That full consent of every principle of his mind, every sentiment of his heart, (which accompanied

the contemplation of Constantia,) was there, painfully wanting: he could not gaze, with growing admiration, upon her character, as he did on that of his Princess. — Ah, no! — he glanced rapturously for a moment upon a feature of bewitching beauty, then hastily avoided the sight of its neighbouring imperfection.

While reading his departed friend's letter, Demetrius had been thrilled at the single expression, — "a husband's protection." How much interdicted felicity, did these three little words present to his warm fancy! and how firmly did he believe, for the moment, that it would be impious in him to give that hand to Madame de Fontainville, which had been joined with Constantia's by her dying parent! —

Lost in a fluctuation of resolutions, to which not even virtue herself knew how to give the palm, he saw the morning light spread its rosy glow over the new wing of the palace; now, nearly rebuilt: Father Pietro visited him soon after; and from him he learned that the Princess was unable to see any one that day. —

Whilst Constantia's hours were spent in the offices of their religion by the remains of her honoured parent, in solemn association with priests performing masses for the departed soul, Demetrius wandered out into the wintry woods, laying to heart the salutary lesson of mortality; pondering on the feelings which yet agitated him, even whilst witnessing the brevity of human joy and sorrow: often mixing prayers for his own guidance, and acceptance by divine goodness, with those for his benefactress, which their church enjoins for the dead.

Calmed and strengthened by this holy exercise, he returned into the palace, when, retiring to his chamber, he resolutely devoted himself to the task of detailing his past faults, and present involvement, in a letter to the young Princess.

What a task was this! — to disclose the very part of his life, which he wished struck out for ever from the records of memory! to sketch, even with a trembling hand, the portrait of a lawless passion, and present it before the

eyes of her whom he loved to devotion! — to breathe out assurances of this devoted love, yet voluntarily renounce its permitted hopes! how was he capable of so mastering himself?

The task, however, was accomplished; and on the third day, he saw Constantia.

The anguish of disappointed affection was visible in her youthful countenance, even through the dark, dark cloud of more sacred sorrow. But such sweet confidence in divine goodness, as a child places in the kind purpose of a parent, glowed at her heart, and shone from her eyes. Demetrius saw that she was upheld, lifted above herself. She stretched out her hand to him as he entered, repeating in a tone of gentle courage, the words, "Demetrius! — My brother!"

At this last epithet, the resolution of Demetrius forsook him: he fell at her feet, and incoherently bewailed his errors and his misfortunes.

She raised him with great emotion. "Repress this grief, I beseech you," she cried; "you know not how it tears my heart! — perhaps I am wrong in now confessing that you are dearer to me, than the whole world, and that the thought of passing my life with you, was the only consolation of these last sad days. But I cannot hide it: I thought it praiseworthy to love one whom my beloved grandmamma held so dear; one to whom I owed so much: I never dreamt of a blow like this! — But it must be borne;" she added, trying to smile away her tears, "it shall be borne: I will think you are my brother, so shall we all be happy at last."

"Never! never!" exclaimed Demetrius, wildly; "there is no happiness for me! my peace is lost, wrecked for ever. Never, in this world, can any thing repay me for such a sacrifice, such an atonement for error!"

"Another world —" the Princess whispered, and bent her gushing eyes over the hand she still held.

The silenced, but not comforted spirit of her impetuous lover, answered with a heavy groan. He was again the impassioned, stormy Demetrius, whose terrifying sensibility, so often swept away the boundaries of reason.

Alternately melted and alarmed, Constantia wept as much with pity as with love.

"O Demetrius!" she exclaimed, gazing tenderly on his convulsed features; "why this extravagant indulgence of a sorrow, that cannot exceed mine? — What is it you expect from it? — Can I change our lot? — Alas, no! — I have no earthly prospect left, but the hope of one day seeing you happy, and of adding to that happiness, by striving to forget that I ever wished for more. — With this hope remaining, I am still ready to call existence a blessing — you will live to think so too, when your former attachment shall have revived, and the sacred feelings of a parent — when children perhaps —" Here she broke off, concealing the gushing tears with her hands.

Demetrius suddenly clasped her in his arms; but instantly pushing her from him, exclaimed — "No, no — I must see you no more, hear you no more, if I would retain my senses and be just." —

He was quitting the room in distracted haste, when she detained him. "Not thus, Demetrius — not thus you ought to leave me. Do you believe that I, too, have no feelings to spare, or to be pitied? — Oh, could you see my heart!" —

The melting tone, and tender reproof of Constantia, checked his frenzy — he turned round, caught her hands in both his, covered them with kisses, and suffered her to lead him to a seat.

The Princess then stifling the expression of her own sorrow, exerted herself to moderate his. She was calculated to persuade and to soothe; and the agitated passions of Demetrius, gradually subsided under every fall of her touching voice.

She first pleaded with tearful earnestness, for Madame de Fontainville, whose situation she truly compassionated; striving to revive in Demetrius some portion of that partiality which could alone reconcile him to his duty.

The too-wakeful sensibility of her auditor, took alarm at her zeal: he hastily cried, — "Say not that I am dear to you — mock me not, with so false a comfort — if it were so, how could you urge the claims of another?"

At this injurious charge, Constantia's colour forsook her; tears forced themselves through her quivering eyelids. — "My life shall answer you," was her reply.

Demetrius felt the whole of what these words conveyed: he was pierced with remorse — Constantia saw it.

"I can pardon many things now," she resumed; "Demetrius is not himself: but he is not the less dear to me for that. Alas, alas, how much dearer!" She then returned to the subject they had started from; proceeding to state the religious arguments inseparable from its discussion. The peculiar doctrines of the Romish church afforded her many minor supports, capable of convincing Demetrius that he was bound to expiate the griefs he had caused Madame de Fontainville, and the offence he had committed against Heaven. Constantia urged these arguments with an earnestness which proved how great was the influence of religion over her heart; and how much less she valued his temporal than his eternal happiness.

She next talked of her departed relative, and that with a tender resolution, which bore testimony to the perfect submission of her will to that of Him who saw fit to bereave her.

Constantia was never deterred from what she believed her duty, by selfish considerations; and though every question she soon asked, pierced her bleeding bosom, like so many daggers; she persisted in suggesting all that was necessary, for the solemn interment of the Duchess.

Tears trickled silently down her cheeks, while Demetrius assured her, that since the first evening, he had himself watched nightly by the remains of his patroness; and had suffered no rite to be omitted, that was used to express regret and respect.

Constantia wept awhile over a little ivory crucifix, which was the last thing her grandmother touched, and which now hung at her own breast; then struggling against the weakness, rose to depart.

"Let us separate," said she, averting her eyes; "we will meet again, to-morrow. If my uncle arrive in the interim, he shall be conducted to me: my simple assurance, that you are engaged to another, will prevent any mis-

understanding between you. I would not have you endure insult, as well as sorrow, for my sake." Breathless with an emotion that was now increasing beyond her utmost effort to conceal, she convulsively returned the pressure of his hand, and left the apartment.

At that moment, Demetrius believed his soul must have burst the bonds that tied it to a hateful life. He rushed to his own chamber, where, for awhile, he refused to think of any thing but Constantia.

The next morning, better feelings resumed their influence: he saw the necessity of yielding to the consequences of his own culpable conduct; and now sorrowed more for the Princess, than for himself. A glimpse of one of the Prince of Nuremberg's avant-couriers changed the current of his thoughts; and other cares, besides those of love, then occupied him.

Two hours afterwards, he was told that his Highness requested the honour of seeing him in the library.

A glow of self-respect dignified the youthful figure of Demetrius, as he followed the servant. At his entrance, the Prince turned pale, and lowered his eyes: his features were strongly expressive of anger and pride; for Constantia, when declaring the engagements of Demetrius, had nobly confessed her preference, and disappointment.

"I understand, sir," said the Prince, abruptly (yet with an air of mortified restraint), "that I am henceforth to consider myself your guest. These domains, I hear with astonishment, are now the property of a stranger."

Constantia advanced trembling; Demetrius instantly calmed her fear.

"I know not whether your Highness be rightly informed," he answered; "but if so, be assured I am incapable of using the power such unexpected munificence has given me, in any other way, than that of immediately renouncing it."

"I do not comprehend you, sir?"

"Can I do otherwise," said Demetrius, than restore it to Princess Constantia? I had no claim on the generosity of my illustrious patroness: enough for me to cherish the respected remembrance of her friendship."

"Indeed!"—and the Prince eyed him with a mixture of incredulity and envy.

Constantia turned aside, to conceal her agitation.

"The will is to be opened this evening," resumed the unfeeling Prince; "of course, sir, we shall have the honour of dining together, after which, you can have no objection to hear it read. I believe you will then find my niece amply provided for — all the domestics provided for — no one, in short, overlooked, but the only person entitled to expect the bulk of this unwieldy fortune."

An exclamation of horror, at her uncle's savage coldness, escaped the Princess; she wildly passed him, repelling his outstretched hand; then flew into another room.

Demetrius looked at Nuremberg with aversion, and at that instant saw in him, only the man that once sought his life.

"As the Princess has left us," he said, with some austerity; "I may explicitly tell your Highness, that, whatever testimony of overwrought gratitude and unmerited regard, the will of the late Duchess may contain, I shall resign it to her acknowledged heiress; in whose hands, I am certain, it will become an instrument of blessing to thousands. After which, I can have no other wish, than to be permitted the indulgence of that respectful friendship, which the Duchess di Felieri suffered me to avow for the Princess."

"With her friendships," returned Nuremberg, "I do not interfere; but I profess myself no advocate for such a sentiment between persons of different sex, and far different rank. Pardon my frankness, sir! — I have no intention to offend you; on the contrary, I beg you to accept my thanks, for the very handsome manner in which you withdraw your claim on the Duchess di Felieri's fortune. Should you ever visit Nuremberg or Munich, I shall have pleasure in showing you any civility in my power. But I must entreat you to remember, sir, that an indiscreet friendship may injure the establishment of my niece: I have great views for her, with which this would never assimilate; as, I am sure, her husband will not see the thing in the light I am inclined to do."

At this painful hint, the blood fled the cheeks of Demetrius, and his heart died within him: afraid of betraying himself, he faltered out,—"I shall meet your Highness at dinner;" and abruptly retired.

The Prince, wishing to believe he had awed the usurper of his rights into restitution, yet feeling that he was himself awed by his disinterestedness, eyed the furniture of the library, a few moments, in dissatisfied silence, and then sought his wife. She had retired from the breakfast room, with Constantia, leaving him time to reflect back all his suspicions of Demetrius.

During the short period in which their regiments were encamped together, after the battle of Novi, Colonel Wurtzburgh had artfully insinuated so many proofs of his young officer's familiarity at Felieri, that the Prince, in great alarm, interrogated him further.

Wurtzburgh then acknowledged his fear that a silly attachment had taken place between the young people, for which, the Duchess could alone be censured. He besought the Prince not to mention his name in the affair, as he sincerely regarded the imprudent boy, for whose sake he should rejoice to hear that the intercourse was interrupted: and having cunningly irritated, while he appeared striving to appease, roused the Prince into a fury which took the murderous direction he wished.

These past insinuations now came with double force to the remembrance of Nuremberg. This liberal renunciation of the Felieri estates might be a pantomime trick, played off between Constantia and her lover, in order to cheat him into countenancing the acquaintance, which they would at last conclude by a marriage.

No sooner had his contemptible spirit suggested this idea, than he became as sure of its reality as of his own existence; and though, not an hour before, he had reviled Demetrius for daring to decline the hand of a Princess of Nuremberg, from any other motive than a sense of her superiority, (so inconsistent is malice,) he now burst into Constantia's retirement, fulminating reproaches, and denouncing Demetrius as a presumptuous hypocrite.

The Princess made a spirited defence of her lover's sincerity, ending it thus:—

"It is not to himself, sir, that you dare utter these unmanly threats.—No! the man that could insult and terrify a woman, would not have the courage to brave, even the frown of an honourable man."—

With these words, she shut herself into another apartment.

The spirit of Constantia was not to be intimidated: injustice and tyranny roused her otherwise lamb-like nature, into that of the lion; and she would have despised herself, for yielding to terror, what she could not have denied to kindness.

Egregiously had the Prince mistaken the character of his niece, when he believed himself able to sway her actions by a few horrid-sounding words. He was thunderstruck at the flash of her undaunted eyes, as she pronounced the last sentence; and still more amazed at the declaration she made, of devoting the remainder of her life to a single state.

Could it be possible that this figure, which suddenly seemed to dart forth rays of sovereignty, was the timid, girlish Constantia? Were these commanding eyes the eyes he had always seen smiling in delight? this intrepid spirit, the one that had hitherto been all balmy gentleness?—He paused on these questions: for the Prince of Nuremberg had never known how to separate softness from imbecility; and had yet to learn, that the meekness of a heart which can never be moved to virtuous indignation, is a meekness without worth.—He stood an instant motionless; then, disregarding the fearful upbraiding of his wife, hurried from the place.

The sound of the door which he pulled furiously after him, and a sobbing apology of his Princess, brought Constantia forth again. Tenderness once more beamed from her lovely face, and spoke in her voice: she soothed the distress of her well-meaning aunt; assuring her, she was grieved for her sake, at having been forced to forget the respect due to her guardian.

It had not been Constantia's intention to appear at

dinner; but perceiving a necessity for her presence, she submitted to the pain of again sitting at the table, where her dear grandmother had so amiably presided.

When the small party assembled, grief was on every face, except that of Nuremberg. Constantia and Demetrius forgot every thing but their irreparable loss: and frequently during the mournful meal, the sight of some domestic, or some view from the windows, brought a flood of tears to the relief of the Princess.

The settled and manly sorrow that was fixed on the brow of Demetrius, awed the base suspicions of Nuremberg into temporary silence.

Before the will was opened, Constantia left the room. She hastened to throw herself on her knees by the corpse of her only friend, there to pour out the repressed anguish of a heart overpowered with its first and heaviest affliction. Meanwhile, the chief persons of the Duchess's household were assembled, and the important will was produced.

As Father Pietro presented it to the professional man, appointed to make known its contents, Demetrius addressed the Prince. "Before I learn the contents of a will, in which I am said to be particularly noticed, I here solemnly renounce any donation which may be made to me in it. Whatever has been there bequeathed to me, I promise (in the presence of these witnesses) to restore to Princess Constantia; and that, not from disrespectful ingratitude to the illustrious memory of the best of women, but in justice to my own character, which such unheard-of bounty, might hereafter render suspected; also, as a testimony of admiration and reverence for her most-beloved grand-daughter."

He spoke this with a steady voice, though an agitated heart; and bowed, in sign of having concluded.

The will was then opened.

Nothing could exceed the rage and resentment of the Prince, when he found, that, after liberal annuities to all her servants, legacies to her confessor, physician, and secretary, and a valuable one to himself, the Duchess had appointed the vast remains of her fortune to be divided between Demetrius and Constantia: leaving Felieri to the

former, and a much finer mansion in Venice, to the young Princess.

The bequest to each was prefaced by so affecting an avowal of her anxiety for them; so many prayers for their happiness, which Demetrius well knew how to interpret, that, hastily covering his face with his handkerchief, he was rising to withdraw, when, the Prince mistaking his agitation, said bitterly, "Do you repent your rash resolution?"—Without answering, Demetrius turned round, and advancing to where a gentleman of the law was seated, seized a pen, and signed the deed, (which he had before ordered to be sketched out,) and which now transferred to Constantia, an additional property of countless thousands—he then retired.

What was this sacrifice to Demetrius, compared with that which he had lately made of his tenderest wishes!—Certain that he owed much of the Duchess di Felieri's fondness, to her belief of his future union with her grandchild; and shuddering at the thought of sharing the wealth given under such a belief, with any other woman, conscience would have prompted the act, even had inclination been against it.

The funeral took place the next day. Sad and solemn was the magnificence with which the lamented clay of the Duchess was carried to its last abode—the tears of the poor that she had made rich, the wretched that she had made happy, watered the path to her tomb: these were inaudible prayers for her virtuous soul, which if prayers could then avail, might well have found favour from the Most High.

Demetrius easily obtained permission to supply the Prince's absence (whose duty it was to see the earth closed over her grave): he retreated, almost overcome with the scene; and his heart melted, as his eyes fell on the darkened window of the room, where Constantia was weeping.

Unexpected comfort met him in the palace: it was that letter from Charles, in which he mentioned the desired exchange; detailing the events that had changed his destiny, and summoning him back to Germany, to witness his union with Adelaide.

The joy of Demetrius was ardent, though chastised by a sense of his own disappointments: he pondered on this interesting letter, exclaiming, with a sigh, "Blessed, ever blessed, be this best and dearest of brothers! O may the bitterness of disappointment be known only to me! May his heart be as happy as it is blameless! Mine has erred widely, and mine ought to suffer."

Several salutary reflections now flowed from a contemplation of their different situations: he became convinced that it is the character which shapes the destiny; and that, when he first lost sight of virtue, his own hand opened a gate for all the future miseries of his life. Humbled and reconciled, he then bowed before the chastisement which he was conscious of having merited.

To leave Felieri, and take an eternal farewell, perhaps, of Constantia, was the hardest trial remaining: yet he roused himself to meet it. The next day, he sent to ask permission to see her alone, and was admitted to her study.

Her fair eyes were swelled with weeping; and the languor of indisposition was now added to the mournfulness of grief. When he told her for what purpose he was come, she was unable to repel her tears. "I seek not to detain you, my dear Demetrius," she said; "it is better that we should part awhile. Though I should never see you more, my heart would not cease to beat more warmly for you than for any other. Alas! what have I in the world besides you and Adelaide? But do not imagine I give way to useless regret at the necessity which severs us: no! in many things I shall find consolation; in none more, than in the knowledge of your retaining for me no other sentiment than that of friendship."

Demetrius only answered with a sigh: but such a sigh! —long, long after, did the remembrance of it thrill every vein of Constantia.

She pressed his hand. "You are going to your brother: with him, I hope, you will find comfort. I shall hear of you from Adelaide. To write to you myself, would be folly; for until our mutual weakness is conquered, what would it avail? The romantic generosity with which you

have destroyed my dear grandmamma's affectionate intentions, surprises every one but me: I expected it, and yet I blame it. While under my uncle's guardianship, I understand, no deed of mine can be valid; but assure yourself, that until the period of my liberty arrives, I retain the estates only in trust; it will then be my business to convince you, that annulling the will of a departed friend is a species of impiety."

Demetrius combated this assertion by arguments drawn from his peculiar situation. Constantia shook her head: without proceeding to reprove him, she said, "Tell Adelaide, that I cannot answer the letter she has just sent me; but my heart truly participates in her prospects: we shall soon meet, perhaps; for I leave Felieri with my aunt in a few days. Farewell, Demetrius! Farewell!"

She rose, trembling, as she spoke: the paleness of death spread over her face. A thick mist gathered before the eyes of Demetrius: he wrapped his arms round her as she stood beside him, and their cold cheeks rested a while against each other. Grief locked up the power of speech; and he embraced her, for the last time, in mute agony.

Constantia plucked from her neck the ivory crucifix of the Duchess: put the little cross into his hand, and tore herself away.

Demetrius fell to the ground, deprived of sense.

As no one entered the chamber where he lay, it was long ere he revived: when he did so, the full sense of his misery burst on him like the light. But frenzy was over: he committed the ivory relic to his bosom; after which, he went to take a ceremonial farewell of the Prince and Princess of Nuremberg.

Professions of good-will, and a cold compliment to his just notion of the Duchess's injustice, were made him by the Prince. Demetrius interrupted them.

"Your Highness must pardon me, if I avow myself actuated by very different sentiments, and call the will surprising, but not unjust. The bounty of the Duchess was proportioned to her affection for me, — not, indeed, to my deserts; yet her fortune was as much her own to bestow, as her friendship. I therefore protest against such an

ungrateful inference, and beg leave to state my real motives."

"Well, sir, state them, if you please." And the Prince bit his lips as he spoke.

"I believed, that when the Duchess executed that noble deed, she did it under the impression that I would hereafter aspire to a felicity, from which my presumptuous eyes are now averted for ever."

A sigh burst forth with these words, and Demetrius paused for a moment: Nuremberg's blood crimsoned his face.

The former resumed. "It would have been dishonesty, therefore, to preserve what was given me, by a deed so executed. I was certain, also, that, without the knowledge of circumstances which never can be promulgated, the world might suspect my integrity, and accuse my disinterestedness. This, for my own part, I could front serenely, conscious honour being an unpierceable shield; but, distinguished by the favour of Princess Constantia, it becomes the duty of my life, and it shall be the business of it, to preserve her from censure, by proving that the man so honoured has the spirit of his birth, rather than of his fortune."

He stopped; and his countenance glowed with the loftiness of his feelings.

"Then, sir," replied the Prince, coldly, "obligation on my part ceases. Till now, I really had no idea that so rational and equitable an action had its source in romance and self-consideration."

"I would not have you, sir," returned Demetrius, looking full at him, "believe yourself under the slightest obligation to me; nay, I wish you to know, that had a fortunate destiny given me the illustrious treasure of your niece's hand, I should not have presumed to alter one article of the Duchess's will; and had I never known Princess Constantia, I should have *preserved* this vast gift, even at the price of your Highness's approbation."

Demetrius waited a moment, to give the Prince time to answer this galling avowal; but the latter only gnawed his under lip,—the other bowed, and withdrew.

Demetrius was still rash, still imprudent; and would have spurned the counsel that urged the caution of silence. What he felt, he burned to show; believing that to hide his feelings was equivalent to the more impudent falsehood of denying them.

A flush was still on his cheek when he crossed the hall to depart. The sight of the domestics gathered there to bless and bewail him, and the dejected countenance of Father Pietro, who had long been the confidant of the Duchess, banished this glow. He shook hands with the servants; embraced Father Pietro; then, looking round the hall, as if bidding eternal farewell to its walls, hastened through the portico, to the vehicle that was to convey him for ever from Felieri.

CHAPTER XIX.

A TEDIOUS journey was performed by Demetrius, without noticing either its length or its discomforts: he moved mechanically from carriage to carriage, for his spirit was still with Constantia; but, as he entered Suabia, thought of as dear a person called back the wandering soul.

Charles was hurrying over military despatches in his own quarters, at Donaueschingen, when his brother arrived there: not having heard the wheels of the carriage, he was unconscious of his approach, till he saw him by his side.

At sight of him, joy flushed his face: he rose hastily from his seat, and wrapped him in his arms. "My brother! my dear brother! my beloved Demetrius!"

Pressed to this best of human hearts, Demetrius felt as if he had reached a shelter from every coming storm: the bosom of his brother seemed his home; and, accustomed from infancy to find comfort and tenderness there, he retained the memory of past security, and the hope of future peace.

Apprised of the Duchess's death, Charles was prepared to

see his brother dejected; but there was an expression in his features, that announced a heart completely desolate. He pushed aside his still beautiful hair, and gazed with bursting grief on that altered complexion, over which it once played like sunbeams among flowers.

He looked a while, till tears gathering fast in his own eyes obscured their sight; he then turned away, shook the hand grasping his, exclaiming, in a tone of piercing tenderness, "My poor Demetrius!"

Demetrius moved to a window, and stood there in silence, till their mutual agitation subsided.

No one is completely wretched, unless he is abandoned of virtue: while that angel remains with the human soul, springs of comfort arise, even in the stony desert.

Demetrius was speedily sensible of much consolation: he was conscious of having sacrificed his fondest wishes, a second time, at the altar of duty; and, while praised and pitied by his brother,—while blessing Heaven for preserving to him that faithful friend, was able to curb rebellious regret, and look with gladness on the brilliant destiny of Charles.

Yet, the perusal of a letter from De Liancour caused him much emotion. It affectingly described the sensibility with which his daughter heard the death of M. de Fontainville, and the constancy of Demetrius; professed his own satisfaction at an event which, however solemn, was not to be lamented; and concluded by saying, that the moment Zaïre left her chamber (where she had been confined with a fever, in consequence of her late surprise), they would return to Germany.

It was not in the nature of our young hussar, to read this testimony to an attachment so faithful and so ardent, without finding some portion of his former fondness revive for its seducing object. He suffered his thoughts to wander back over many an hour of trancing delight; while his eyes, floating in tears, were fixed upon her miniature, which he had once given to Charles, and which the latter now restored.

The recollection of the moment in which he gave it; the sight of its faultless love-kindling beauty; the memory

of her looks and words, long since banished from his mind, grew tenderer every instant. He threw himself on a seat, and smiting his breast with one hand, while with the other he pressed the picture to his lips, exclaimed, "Oh, Charles! how is this heart rent and divided!"

By the gentle reasoning, and still more persuasive endearments, of his brother, he was at length brought to composure. A secret pleasure, at this revival of a long-buried attachment, spread healing through his breast; and, after a day spent in calmer discourse, he was capable of visiting Balzac, and being introduced to Marshal Ingersdorf.

Adelaide received Demetrius with the affection of a sister. Her susceptible heart had entered too much into the feelings of her friend, and of her lover, not to throb with pain at thus meeting the unfortunate cause of distress to both.

She now lavished on him those soft attentions which her bashfulness still deterred her from freely bestowing on Charles; and, without appearing to forget that the absent Constantia was mourning uncomforted, exerted all her powers to animate and to soothe.

Marshal Ingersdorf cordially welcomed the brother of his favourite; and, as he was enthusiastic in "the human face divine," contemplated Demetrius with undisguised pleasure. He had heard of his personal advantages; but, associating the idea of boyishness with a splendid complexion, was agreeably surprised to find the expression of a matured mind and youthful sensibility united in him. He had yet to discover the eloquence of that luminous complexion, when health and animation should again speak through it.

The good Canon and his sister, supposing Demetrius an invalid (from some occasional glows of colour, which proved his paleness to be accidental), were lavish in their recipes and condolements: their guest lent a grateful ear to them, as if desirous to quiet the solicitude of his brother, by appearing to extract amusement from every thing.

Charles loved him the more for this amiable consideration; and his own heart grew even heavier than his.

It is not to be imagined, however, that Count Leopolstat was so super-excellent as to be indifferent about the com-

pletion of his own peculiar wishes; far from it. Till Adelaide should be his wife, he dreaded some fantastic improbability might start up, and snatch her from him. He had therefore used part of this evening (when the rest of the company were otherwise engaged), in winning her to name the day of his happiness. Blushingly she named it; and, blushing still more, she broke away from the indiscreet rapture with which, forgetting the presence of every other person, he attempted to press her to his heart.

None but the Marshal saw the hasty action: he guessed its cause, from the retreat of his daughter, and immediately glided round to Charles. The latter was severely chiding himself for what he had done, when the old officer joined him. The Marshal was easily mollified by his pathetic apologies, though he called him an indiscreet vagabond. He heard with pleasure, that, in a week's time, his Adelaide would resign herself to a husband's protection: upon which, he warned Charles to prepare himself with some trifling present for her; as it had been the custom of all the Ingersdorfs, from the flood, to exchange gifts on the morning of their union.

In the interval between this evening and the morning of the nuptials, Demetrius addressed Zaïre. He resolved to think of nothing but her, while he wrote the letter; and, consequently, it breathed only tenderness.

From a few lines of De Liancour, he learned that they were to sail for Hamburgh by the next packet. A breeze could not breathe now, without agitating him: so strongly mingled were his feelings of love and pity, so blended were the images of the past with visions of the future, that he scarcely knew what were the unbiassed wishes of his heart.

The wind blew adverse to vessels from England; and the day of his brother's marriage found Demetrius still in a state of suspense.

The Baron and Baroness Ingersdorf were the only additions made to the party at Balzac. Count Forshiem had been invited; but he was enjoying a short leave of absence, in the society of Lorenza Soldini, and contented himself with sending a letter of congratulation.

Resolving not to cloud a day of joy by one melancholy look, Demetrius accompanied his brother to Balzac. Blameless transport sparkled in the eyes of Charles: he looked the happy man he was. Adelaide met his grateful glances with one of modest delight. A short ceremony united them, giving to the agitated Marshal a son in whom he had a right to glory.

Obedient to his father-in-law, Charles now presented Adelaide with an ornament for her arm; and she, in return, put into his hand a roll of parchment. Upon opening it, what was his surprise to find it an instrument which restored to him the chief part of his Hungarian estates!

He had been scrupulously firm, in requiring every particle of Mam'selle Ingersdorf's fortune to be settled on herself, and entirely at her disposal: how, then, was he overwhelmed, when he perceived that the dowry he already thought so large, was but a small division of what must have been her portion!

Distressed, yet thrilling with tender admiration, he turned to seek Adelaide, but she was gone: the Marshal, too, was hastily retreating.—

"Stay, stay, dear sir!" cried Charles, eagerly detaining him; "let me not be quite lost in this excess of benefits! for Heaven's sake take back a gift which can only proceed from *you*."

"Hold your tongue! puppy, hold your tongue!" cried the Marshal, striving to break away: "it was the girl's proposal: she exchanged her own property, to reclaim yours; and I have nothing to do with it. Take back! what the deuce, you would not have me turn robber in my old age, and snatch what don't belong to me? and you would not have had me leave the foolish child as dependent as she had made herself, would you?—I have given *you* nothing; I have parted with nothing for you, but her—"

"And she!—Oh, sir," cried the glowing Charles; "how could you believe me capable of delighting in any other possession!"

"Well, well! it's no business of mine," repeated the Marshal; "settle it between you: I only know, the estates were hers an hour ago, and now they are her husband's;

and when that prating fellow comes to be a father, like me, he will rejoice to think, that his virtues restored to his son, what a misguided grandfather would have deprived him of."

The Marshal now got away, without effort; for a crowd of feelings painted the manly features of Charles, and loosened his ardent grasp. Delighted, disordered, entranced, he sought his bride, at whose feet he poured forth his gratitude and love.

It was in scenes like this, that Demetrius soberised his own regrets. Resigned to his lot, and resolutely endeavouring to meet it with cheerfulness, he waited the arrival of Zaïre, with a mixture of pleasure and pain.

But never was the image of Constantia absent from his mind: she was, with him, thought itself. Only in his prayers did he permit himself to dwell on so dangerous a theme; and there, his soul sprung eagerly to recount and bless her virtues.

Constantia was now in his neighbourhood; she was at Munich.

After the departure of Demetrius from Felieri, the Prince of Nuremberg informed his niece, that she must prepare to return into Bavaria: Constantia made no opposition; for though she wished to remain in the scene of past happiness, she was desirous of convincing her uncle, that she would cheerfully make every reasonable sacrifice to his convenience or gratification.

Life, as it now lay before her, presented a dreary blank; but she reflected, that it was still in her power to fill up that blank, with beneficial actions; and therefore resolved to seek occasions for using her wealth worthily, and exercising the social affections.

The love she bore Demetrius had been too long indulged, too closely coupled with the belief of becoming his wife, too much sanctified by the approval of her parent, to admit the probability of its ever being transferred.

She had resigned herself with such passionate tenderness, to the contemplation of spending life with him, that delicacy would have revolted from realising the fond dream with another.

To suffer a long period of silent regret; and then, to find a new interest spring up in her heart for his offspring, was the sole object of her hopes: she dwelt with thrilling pensiveness on the last idea; anticipating the moment in which she might be able to behold a child of his, without envying its happy mother.

Many were then the romantic anticipations of her warm and pure heart! In the bloom of youth and beauty, she contemplated with satisfaction the years that were to steal that youth and beauty away; and, while her whole being was but love for Demetrius, ardently prayed that Madame de Fontainville might render him a happy husband, and a still happier father.

To the religion of Constantia, (which was not a religion of mere forms,) she was indebted for these consoling thoughts. She had early learned to seek occasions for pious thankfulness; and now, so far from determining to be wretched the remainder of her time, endeavoured to discover the best method for comforting her desolate heart.

Desolate that heart was, beyond all expression: from that of the happy Adelaide, it generously shrunk; fearful of blighting her enjoyments, by its sadness: it was eternally exiled from the hope of uniting with the one so fondly chosen; and had now no tender relatives to lean on for support under oppressive unkindness.

Tears trickled over the clasped hands of Constantia, as she sat pondering on these things. "No, dearest saint!" she said softly to herself, (addressing the shade of the Duchess,) "never shall this hand, which yours joined with that of Demetrius, be given to another! My days shall henceforth be devoted to blessing my fellow creatures, without thought of myself. The poor and the forlorn shall become my children: Oh, may I find some solace in such sacred duties!"

She then gazed on the picture of Demetrius which lay on her bosom, till its lineaments floated before her swimming eyes. Sighs thronged after each other; and a fear of impropriety checked the kiss she was just going to give it: but her pure conscience dispelled the momentary doubt.

"There can be no harm in a love like mine," she cried, "which wants nothing but his happiness." Angels might have sanctioned this disinterested assertion.

Upon leaving Felieri, she ordered every domestic to be retained; every pension to be continued; and the almoner of the late Duchess to distribute, as formerly, unlimited assistance to the sick and poor. She promised to make Felieri her residence whenever her guardian would permit, until the day that, terminating his power, should enable her to restore it to the young Count Leopolstat.

This avowal, made in the Prince's presence, threw him into a fit of silent gloom, which lasted many hours during their journey. At length he broke it himself, by making a bitter observation on the distribution of his illustrious aunt's fortune.

"Uncle!" said Constantia, "let us not grow into enemies. I promise to avoid occasions of displeasing you, and I entreat you will do the same by me. To reflect upon the memory of our dear relation, is to rouse the indignant feelings of my nature. You have no reason to accuse her of injustice: she has shared the greatest part of her property, it is true, between me, and Count Leopolstat; but I had been her companion for two years: I had devoted myself to the task of enlivening her solitary old age; and I was portionless. Count Demetrius, at the hazard of his own life, preserved both hers and mine; and he, too, was poor. Where, then, was the injustice of giving to the objects of her love and gratitude, what they wanted so much?

"Remember, sir, that such censures will provoke two questions — Did you wish for a larger legacy, from interested motives? or was it merely because it would have proved much love in the giver?"

Constantia's penetrating eyes, seconded these questions as she uttered them: the Prince reddened, while he stammered out an affirmative to the latter.

"Urge that no more, sir; — urge that no more," she cried with great agitation; "your Highness's own heart will tell you how often and how unkindly you chilled the affectionate breast that was ever open to receive you. No one can expect to be loved, without they love in return:

and the remonstrances you made so often against my grandmamma's mode of spending her income, the haughtiness with which you treated the noble youth that preserved her from a dreadful death, were, I know, considered by her as proofs of your indifference."

"You are admirably dexterous, madam, at discovering excuses for a conduct by which you are so much the gainer," said Nuremberg: "no wonder you plead the cause thus ably. But I query whether the shade of our relative would accept this spirit of temporal interest, as any great proof of *your* disinterested affection."

"As the greatest," exclaimed Constantia, vehemently, yet bursting into tears. "If I could sit tamely by, even to weep, while she was cruelly traduced, I should be unworthy of her goodness. — You know not my soul, uncle, if you really think what you say: wealth can have few charms for a young creature like me, whose whole existence must henceforth be endured, not enjoyed; and who would far rather bury herself and her wretchedness in the cells of a convent, than be thus forced to mingle in a world where she has no longer any happiness."

The Princess of Nuremberg now kindly pressed the weeping Constantia in her arms: "Nay, you must not speak thus," she said; "the good Duchess was indeed more than a parent to you; but all happiness is not buried with her!"

"Your Highness's consolation on that topic is a work of supererogation," observed the sarcastic Prince. "This young lady had no such extravagant notion in her head. She has already given me to understand, that disappointment in love, not regret at the death of a doting grandmother, is the mighty affliction which makes the world so hateful to her."

Constantia trembled through every fibre with a mixture of shame and indignation. Resentment gave her courage; and, raising her face from the bosom of her aunt, she said, with modest steadiness, "I ought not to blush at avowing an attachment which grew from gratitude and esteem, into a preference that must for ever exclude another: and I will not deny, that the disappointment of its hopes *is* the

dark cloud which rests on all my prospects. — Sorrows for which we are not prepared, Prince, fall heavier than those for which we are: reflections on the course of nature, and observation of my beloved parent's gradual decay, had warned me that I must soon lose her; but for the disappointment —" Constantia could not proceed further; her tender spirit yielded at the thought of Demetrius; and she leaned, sobbing, against the side of the carriage.

" Had your affections been placed upon a proper object," returned the Prince, after a long silence, " I should have been extremely sorry for you: but you must not wonder at my being irritated, exasperated beyond all measure, at this union of meanness with folly. — To become attached to a boy, a beggar, a fellow that prefers some obscure woman to a Princess of Nuremberg! — Gracious heaven! that one should ever have been offered to him! — The Duchess must have been deprived of her senses, thus to disgrace our house and name!"

Constantia's eyes sparkled with resentment: " I repeat to you, sir," she said, " that, unless you mean to alienate my heart from you for ever, you must no longer speak of its two dearest objects in such unworthy terms. You are my uncle; as such, I am desirous to love and honour you: but I can do neither, if you thus continue wantonly to afflict, cruelly to insult me.

" You know not how much may be done with me, by kindness: treat me tenderly, and you shall have no cause to complain of my inattention even to your Highness's prejudices."

The Prince sternly surveyed her. " I find my guardianship will be no easy task, since I have so absurd and rebellious a spirit to manage. Do you forget that you are a child? That you have lived little more than eighteen years in the world? — or what is it that makes you presume to dictate terms to your uncle? I am not to be talked with in sentences out of romance: I will hear no more of this *loving for ever*, this devotedness to a boy (as silly and romantic as yourself), only because he has a handsome face, and performed to admiration the office of a fireman."

Constantia darted on him another lightning glance, without speaking: he went on. "And as to the preposterous resolution of returning him the Felieri property, (unless, indeed, it be a thing colleagued between you, for the sake of giving him an opportunity of *acting* generosity,) I have no terms strong enough to call it by. However, I sincerely believe, that in six weeks you will learn the value of property; and in six weeks more, most likely, transfer yourself and your power of doing ridiculous acts, to some other man entitled to demand your hand."

"When I do, sir," answered the young Princess, "I give you leave to lavish on me all those conciliatory epithets with which you have now honoured me."

As she spoke, she wrapped herself round in her mantle, and leaned back in the carriage, with a look that seemed to say, "I shall speak no more on this subject." The Prince understood it; and his wife remained silent also.

Constantia's soul was resolute, but her delicate frame ill seconded its strength: she now shook through every limb; and her heart palpitated to sickness. To this momentary exertion of spirit, languor succeeded, which for the remainder of the journey preserved her in dejected silence.

At Munich, she was plunged into a vortex of company. The Prince scrupulously attended to etiquette in suspending his public days; but, under the name of friendly parties, crowded his house as usual.

Nothing could be more disagreeable to his niece, than the sight of strangers at such a period; yet she strove to conciliate where she wished to esteem, and, constraining her heart, appeared at his assemblies.

The youth and beauty of the Princess were now almost unnoticed: though she was formed to charm a fine taste, under every humour, her present melancholy was far from attracting the multitude; and she herself had no motive for pleasing. Those eyes, which, by exciting sweet emotions, embellished the very beauty they gazed on, were far away: Constantia had no one to be charming for; and her soul, careless of display, dwelt inward.

From the gaze of curiosity, or momentary admiration, she turned mournfully away; seeking her only pleasure in

the sports of her little cousin (a boy of five years old), to whose endearing gaiety she often owed a respite from painful musings.

The countenance of this child reminded her of Demetrius.—Amadeus, indeed, resembled his fair cousin, and she was something like her lover; yet none but a lover's eye would have discovered any similitude between Demetrius and the little Nuremberg.—We are apt to think those objects strictly alike, which produce in us the same emotions; and, turning from the sight of angry frowns or pert simpers, to the contemplation of bloom, candour, and intelligence, Constantia delighted to fancy that she found, in features so animated, a sketch of her Leopolstat's.

She was one evening hearing the little fellow say his prayers, before he should be taken to bed, when the door of the room opened, and she beheld Adelaide.

"Dear, unkind Constantia!" cried the latter, advancing, and folding her arms round her, "why have you left us to learn by chance of your arrival here."—

"I wished to be in better health and spirits," replied the Princess: "I knew your affectionate heart too well, not to believe that my unavoidable sadness would afflict it."

She then rose from the embrace of Adelaide, and beheld Charles standing near them.

At sight of him, the brother of Demetrius, her cheeks completely faded: but quickly the blush of innocent shame made them glow again. Charles was penetrated with regret. To see so sweet a creature thus blighted in the very bud of existence; to observe her charming countenance, announcing every qualification requisite to render that existence honourable and happy, now dimmed with disappointment; to recall what she had been so lately, while beholding what she was now, gave an expression of tenderness to his looks, equal to that with which he was accustomed to regard Demetrius.

Constantia comprehended his thoughts, and tears started into her eyes. She tried to smile—"Have I the satisfaction," she said, "of seeing my friend's husband, in Count Leopolstat?"

The blush of Adelaide, and smile of Charles, answered this question.

Constantia was magnificently dressed for a supper party of her aunt's; but, regardless of every ornament, had lifted her nephew from the ground, and now held him on her bosom, sheltered by the train of her velvet robe. The disturbance of her fine hair, (part of which, braided with jet, fell over her fair shoulders,) and the destruction of a beautiful bouquet, never excited a moment's consideration: she kept sheltering the almost-undressed Amadeus in her arms; and unconsciously looked far more graceful than ever she did in all the precision of the toilette.

The errand of Adelaide was to invite her friend to Marshal Ingersdorf's house; or, if that were denied, to offer herself as her visiter.

"And did you believe me capable of tearing you from such a companion as that?" asked the Princess, directing her eyes to Charles, who had purposely taken the pretty Amadeus from its fair nurse, and was now caressing him at a remote end of the apartment. "Happy Adelaide," she added, "how do I delight in the fate that has given you such a husband!"

The brilliant eyes of Adelaide were at the same time fixed on the same graceful object; in sweet tumult, her heart was repeating to itself, "He is mine! he is mine!" while memory rapidly recalled his various excellencies. But the very fulness of her own felicity, made her friend's cup appear more bitter; and she embraced her with redoubled tenderness, protesting, that to comfort one so dear, would turn a sacrifice into a gratification.

"I am sure it would," replied Constantia; "and I reject so kind an offer, for powerful reasons. For a while, it will be better that I should not see even your Charles—he is too like—his voice—his smile—that expression of noble sincerity." Her faltering accents lost themselves in sighs, and a flood of tears came to her relief.

Adelaide pressed her hand, while she whispered, "But you shall not see him again till you wish it, if you will but go with me to my father's, or suffer me to come to you."

"Alas! I cannot," replied the Princess: "I should be lost, if I were to have any one near me so tender as yourself: my grief must not be indulged: and besides, the Prince of Nuremberg is not likely to bear the name of Leopolstat, without emotions that would render him an ungracious host to my best friend. Visit me, then, in this way—comfort me with your occasional society, and you will soon see me as gay as ever."

"As gay as ever!—ah, my dear Constantia!" while Adelaide repeated these words, her eyes filled with tears.

Constantia then ventured to ask after Demetrius: and learned that he was still in expectation of his friends from England. When the flutter with which she listened to this, was over, she rang the bell, and desired a servant to inform her uncle and aunt, that the Count and Countess Leopolstat were then with her. This message was answered by another, purporting that the Prince would be happy to see them in the drawing-room.

The uniform of Charles was acknowledged dress; and his lovely bride, merely laying aside her pelisse and hat, was habited for an evening: Constantia gave the child to its attendants, and led the way to the drawing-room.

A brilliant assembly filled the spacious saloon, at the top of which, Count Leopolstat recognised the Princess of Nuremberg. She met his graceful salute with a cordiality restrained by fear: her husband coldly bowed.

The majestic manhood of Charles, his unembarrassed nay almost commanding mien, his high military station, and his established fame, somewhat awed the Prince. It was not now, a rash, indiscreet youth, undervaluing his own qualities, and forgetting his own services, that stood before him: it was a man conscious of desert, as well as birth; one, that was not to be insulted, without bringing upon his insulter, universal opprobrium.

Meanly influenced by public opinion, Nuremberg assumed the Prince; mingled a little courtesy with his loftiness; and condescended to receive Count Leopolstat with the respect due to his reputation.

Constantia's soft heart melted at this unexpected graciousness. Without suffering herself to see its motive, she

strove to evince her gratification by a vivacity which helped to enliven her uncle's visiters, while it saddened her own. They were too much in her bosom's secret, to be deceived by externals.

When supper was over, the chamberlain informed the Count and Countess Leopolstat, that apartments were prepared for them in the palace. They did not therefore leave Munich till the next morning.

It required all the tenderness of Charles to soothe the grief of his wife, after parting for the night from Princess Constantia. — The pain of seeing her youthful person so altered, overcame Adelaide; and, sinking upon a seat, the tears she had restrained before her, fell uncontrolled on the bosom of her husband. But even tears thus shed, had their sweetness! Adelaide remembered the time, when she wept alone and uncomforted for his sake; and as his arms now fondly encircled her, almost wondered at herself for ever weeping at any thing.

"We should be too happy," she said with *naïveté*, "far too happy, if it were not for our dear Demetrius and Constantia."

"Never, to Charles, did the voice of Adelaide sound so delightful, as when she spoke affectionately of his brother. His eyes filled with more than their usual tenderness; he covered her hand with kisses, and uttered over it, an exclamation of grateful pleasure.

When we love excellent persons, their conduct under misfortune never fails to solace the pain with which we participate in their calamity: Leopolstat drew from the fortitude of Constantia, solid consolation for his wife. She was too susceptible of whatever is admirable in human character, not to confess that Constantia's evident endeavour to stifle regret, and to fulfil the duties of her important station, was a cordial to her own distress.

Before the family assembled at breakfast the next morning, the friends passed two hours together. In this interview, Adelaide found fresh reasons for lamenting the trials of a young creature, whose tender heart, embracing all the sufferers of earth, already began to occupy itself with numberless plans for their succour.

Constantia had none of that selfish weakness, which delights in extracting the commiseration of friendship by an unnecessary display of irremediable misery: she therefore did not dwell on the subject heaviest in her breast, nor express her determination of never marrying. But Adelaide guessed this resolution. The Princess chalked out a scheme of her future life, which spread so wide in munificent expense, and was so remote from all idea of control, that she unawares betrayed her secret. The Countess sighed as she perceived it, inwardly repining at the destiny which prevented them from being sisters.

As they were about to join the family, Constantia said, hesitatingly — "Remember me to Demetrius; but how, I know not: — as his friend, his unchangeable friend!" — she cast down her eyes, sighed deeply, and then resumed — "Whatever may befall him, Adelaide, let me always know it: I could not live, without permitting myself to share in every one of his joys or sorrows. You misunderstand me sadly, if you suppose me capable of forgetting him — ah, no! — the hope of living to hear he is quite happy — perhaps of witnessing that happiness — alone animates my soul."

The appearance of the Princess of Nuremberg, at an opposite door opening into the same gallery, checked the reply of Adelaide.

Glad of an opportunity to show attention where it was due, and removed from the petrific glance of her husband, the Princess approached Madame Leopolstat, and made the usual enquiries about her accommodations and rest; which, though nothing in themselves, are transmuted into precious things by a gracious manner.

Adelaide answered this courteousness with a smile that invited further kindness; and, by several remarks on the young Amadeus, made her way instantly to the heart of his mother.

The ladies then entered the breakfast-room, and found Count Leopolstat and the Prince already there.

In the long conversation which these gentlemen had held, upon books, politics, and persons, the former sounded without difficulty the intellect of the latter: he found it

miserably shallow; and, consequently, pitied those otherwise detestable prejudices, which were the joint product of a defective education and a feeble mind.

Had a man of sense acted as the Prince of Nuremberg did, Leopolstat would have treated him with austere indignation; but, convinced that his conduct resulted from an ill-humoured temperament, which knew not the restraint of reason, he looked at him with compassion, and behaved to him with civility.

As they had both avoided a discussion of the transactions at Felieri, they sat down to breakfast with more appearance of cordiality than they had met the evening before.

Charles caressed the little Amadeus with so much sweetness (allowing him to twist his hair into a thousand fantastic forms), that he thawed some of the ice on the heart of the Prince; who must have been a monster, had he not felt like a father, while his child was yet of that happy age, from which nothing can spring to jar parental affection.

He condescended to say, that when Count Leopolstat should be released from service, and resident in Vienna, he should have the honour of returning this visit; and that, till then, he hoped to have the pleasure of receiving him and his Countess occasionally at Munich.

Charles bowed; but took care to show that he accepted so haughty an invitation, principally from a wish of facilitating the interviews of his wife and the young Princess.

Soon after breakfast, the carriage was announced, and Adelaide bade adieu to her friend.

CHAPTER XX.

On the road to Dutlingen they encountered Demetrius, who was galloping home after having executed some orders given him by the general. As he leaned from his horse against the open window of the carriage, his excessive paleness alarmed the Count and Countess.

Charles observed such a tremor in his voice, that he hastily asked if any thing extraordinary had happened? His brother, alternately changing colour, said, "I have received a letter from Madame de Fontainville: — she is at Hamburgh, very ill — and I cannot obtain leave to go to her." The extreme agitation of his manner rendered these few sentences almost unintelligible.

Adelaide laid her hand affectionately on his, beseeching him not to alarm himself, as she doubted not but Madame de Fontainville's sickness was the consequence of a long-protracted voyage.

"I hope so," replied Demetrius, still trembling in his speech; "but to know she is in the same country with me, and so ill! — I would give the world to go to her — she will think me ungrateful, cold-hearted — you know not how this intelligence has affected me!"

"I see how much it has," observed Charles; "but, my dear brother, you agitate yourself without cause. Madame de Fontainville is acquainted with the restraints laid on a soldier during war; she will not, she cannot, expect you. — A letter is the only proof of anxiety which duty leaves in your power. What is her complaint?"

"Here are the few lines she has written," said Demetrius, holding them out, with an unsteady hand; "they were meant to save me from apprehension; but, instead of that, they make me fear." — His lips refused to utter what he feared: for in the probability of losing Zaïre by death, he lost all consciousness of preferring another.

Upon reading the letter, Charles found that Madame de Fontainville's disorder was a violent fever, in consequence of a boisterous voyage. Seeing no grounds for encouraging premature alarm, he suggested so many cheering circumstances, that Demetrius became composed.

"Ah, that apprehensive heart of his!" cried Charles (as he drew up the carriage window, and his brother kissed his hand to them with a tearful smile); "when will he be able to allay its restless sensibility?" He spoke this with the air of a man engrossed by one object; and Adelaide forbore to disturb the current of his reflections. He fell into a deep reverie about Demetrius; while her thoughts roved

from supposition to supposition, from Hamburgh to Munich, from Zaïre living, to Zaïre dead, with an agitation that made fancy painful.

On reaching home (for Charles had hired a house *pro tempore,*) they found the Field-marshal impatient for their return.

"So, you vagrants!" he cried, "you have found the way back at last. I have had a precious dismal time of it since you left me — what with the want of my breakfast-maker, and what with your brother Charles, (who, by the way, is at once one of the most agreeable and disagreeable puppies in existence,) I am both hungry and miserable. I foresee he'll cost me as many sighs as might fill the sails of a navy. What the plague did you bring him from Italy for? Had I not had enough of torment with you? I have been trying to get him ten days' leave; but it can't be done: and so, doubtless, I must set off myself for Hamburgh, and learn what's the matter with the foolish woman."

The sincerest concern struggled through the jocularity of the Marshal. Ignorant of young Leopolstat's later attachment to Princess Constantia, and well acquainted with the violence of his former passion, he was earnest in the wish of obtaining for him certain accounts of Madame de Fontainville's situation.

Adelaide warmly seconded this benevolent intention, and Charles accepted the service with gratitude.

When Demetrius joined them, and learnt that the Marshal only waited for a letter of introduction to the Marquis de Liancour, his thankfulness expressed itself in his eyes; he wrote a few agitated lines to Zaïre, and then Ingersdorf departed.

This agitation of Demetrius's was far from assumed, or wilfully fomented. Constantia, indeed, was the object of his tenderest preference; but having once loved the interesting Zaïre, having uniformly received from her the liveliest testimonies of exclusive and faithful passion, he would have been lost to the common sensibilities of youth, had he not contemplated with anguish, the prospect of her death. Before his brother and sister he concealed part of his anxiety; and as they never talked more of Constantia

than circumstances rendered unavoidable, he was not distracted with solicitude about her.

The third day of the Marshal's absence, Adelaide was sitting alone, expecting the return of her husband and brother, when she was startled by the sound of her father's voice: she rose, and hastening to the room door, saw him and the Marquis de Liancour, slowly leading Madame de Fontainville along the gallery.

Transfixed into painful surprise, she stood for a moment motionless; but dismissing the sudden emotion, hurried forward, and took the place of the Marshal. This was no time for questions; Madame de Fontainville with difficulty reached the supper-room, where she sunk on a sofa, without speaking. Softly instructing her companions how best to support her, Adelaide would not crowd the place with attendants, but brought and administered restoratives herself. She had then leisure to look at the poor invalid.

Where was that beauty which seemed capable of defying time and decay? under the grasp of death it hath withered. No crimson blood now flowed through the finely-rounded cheek and smiling mouth; no sparkling fluid floated over the rayless eyes; that skin, which once dazzled with animated whiteness, was turned to lifeless marble; and the shape, which a statuary might have selected for a Phryne, was wasted nearly away.

Still, to the gaze of pitying remembrance, there remained some touches of exquisite loveliness. Adelaide's tender heart melted within her; and gently putting her arms round the panting Zaïre, she supported her fainting head on her bosom! She then besought both gentlemen to withdraw, in order to prevent the abrupt entrance of Leopolstat, whom she whispered them to prepare for the extreme indisposition of Madame de Fontainville.

When strength and speech returned to Zaïre, she expressed her gratitude with all the energy of unsubdued sensibility.

"I shall not live to be your sister, sweet Adelaide!" she faintly said; "but this goodness makes me feel as if I were so. I am much better now: where is Demetrius?—Surely the sight of him will give me back my life!"

Tears gushed to her eyes, as she pronounced this hope-

less wish: they started in those of her pitying attendant. Adelaide hastened to change the subject, by enquiring how they had met thus soon? With a gasping breath, Madame de Fontainville related, that, having overcome the crisis of her fever, and being impatient to see Demetrius, she had prevailed upon her father to proceed; and had reached a stage fifty miles distant, when, completely overcome, they stopped for the night. Marshal Ingersdorf happened to hear their names mentioned, as he was changing horses at the same inn, and immediately presented himself. He would have persuaded her to remain where she was (her fever having returned); but she foreboded too sad a termination, to follow his judicious counsel: she persisted in proceeding; and the dejected De Liancour had nothing left but to accept the services of the Marshal, and permit him to become their companion onwards.

Unintentionally deceived by the worthy Ingersdorf, who painted the anxiety of Demetrius in the most vivid colours, Madame de Fontainville never for an instant suspected that the heart of her lover had yielded up its passion at the command of virtue. Adelaide perceived this; and thought it no crime to indulge so soothing an error.

When her patient was sufficiently recovered, she ceded to her impatience, and went in search of Demetrius: he was now with De Liancour and the Marshal, listening to the unexpected confession of Zaïre's danger.

Never before, had Adelaide beheld such anguish in the countenance of any human creature. He was shocked past all expression; for the very consciousness of preferring another, to a woman so devoted, and once so beloved, added stings to the barb of grief.

He now eagerly obeyed his sister's summons. At the door of Zaïre's apartment, he turned to Adelaide, and said hastily, "Leave me here." He entered: Adelaide lingered a moment, fearful of the effect which his presence might have on Madame de Fontainville. His passionate exclamation of tenderness and sorrow, was lost in sighs: but she distinctly heard Zaïre say, "Yes — yours; — yours still, even in death!"

Adelaide then moved lightly away, and meeting Charles, was led by him into a neighbouring apartment: there they mourned together, in silence.

On the arrival of a physician, for whom Count Leopolstat had sent, Adelaide went to procure Madame de Fontainville's permission for his admittance. The appearance of her gentle figure at the room-door, roused Demetrius: he folded the still dear Zaïre ardently in his arms, and, whispering a benediction for the night, broke from her.

Adelaide approached the invalid. — "Whatever becomes of me," cried the latter, with wild enthusiasm, "I am happy, completely happy! I have seen him! I have again felt the throbbing of that faithful heart! I shall see him to-morrow, too! O gracious, too indulgent Heaven!" At these words she fell back in a fit, occasioned by excess of grief, and excess of joy.

The aid of the physician was now found indispensable: his utmost efforts to calm her convulsive agitation were a long time fruitless. At length she sunk into a dull trance, during which she was conveyed to bed; from which she awoke, deprived of reason.

The spirits of Charles and Adelaide were now severely tasked. As this delirium was the consequence of hurried feelings, and might be dated from the hour in which she heard of her husband's death, and as it was accompanied by a raging fever, no hopes were entertained of her recovery. To comfort the father, to quiet the irritable sensibility of the Marshal, to prepare the mind of Demetrius, and to write a short detail of their situation to Princess Constantia, sadly occupied the before happy hours of the young Countess.

Benevolence is nearly omnipotent: for the delicate Adelaide found not only mental but bodily strength for all these exertions.

During a whole week, never once did a ray of reason penetrate the darkened intellect of Zaïre: yet its visions were delightfully bright; and she seemed to preserve in madness the transporting emotion by which it had been produced.

While gazing on the rapturous smile dimpling her hectic

cheek, — while listening to the ecstatic fondness with which she addressed the object of her fatal attachment, Demetrius no longer regretted that she had been innocently deceived. He sat night and day by her side, though she knew him not; and perpetually spoke to others of him, as if he were absent.

In answer to her friend's letter, Constantia wrote a reply fraught with sympathy. She accompanied it with a variety of such presents as are sometimes acceptable to the sick, and which cannot always be procured; entrusting them to the care of the celebrated Dr. ——, the first physician in Suabia, for whom she had sent express to Ulm.

A greater proof of love and humanity, Constantia could not have given. Adelaide burned to tell Demetrius to whom he was indebted for such tender consideration: but a moment's reflection showed her the indiscretion of reviving ideas that must clash with his present feelings.

The prescriptions of Dr. —— were as unavailing as those of the Bavarian physician; yet it was consolatory to have the best possible advice. Zaïre's senses were gone past recall; and her life was therefore no longer the subject of her father's prayers!

Foreseeing the hour of her dissolution, the medical men recommended Charles to detain his brother from her apartment. For this purpose, an excuse was devised, which betrayed Demetrius into the belief that her slumbers ought to be watched only by Adelaide. He left her unwillingly; and went with his brother to breathe the air, in an avenue leading from the house.

Here Count Leopolstat tenderly sought to prepare and fortify his mind for the shock that awaited him. Demetrius heard in silence: but his spirits, so lately saddened by the death of the Duchess di Felieri, were incapable of receiving any other than mournful impressions. To their distempered view, one universal pall seemed to cover the whole living world. He brooded over death and the grave, with a terrible composure, which admitted not of comfort. His better angel had deserted him. For a while he refused to drink at the only well of consolation, that blessed Fountain, from which he was afterwards peaceably, thankfully, to draw it.

On reaching the house again, this calmness ended. They met Marshal Ingersdorf at the hall-door: he was pale and agitated. Struck by the expression of his features, Demetrius would have rushed past him, had he not forcibly pulled him back; exclaiming, in a tone that would not suffer him to be mistaken, "You must not go in there!"

The worthy veteran hastily drew out his handkerchief, and covered his face.

Rooted to the spot, Demetrius gazed at him with wild fixedness, for a moment, that seemed an age to his afflicted brother: — "For what am I reserved?" he cried, and turned away.

Charles walked silently by his side, till they reached their quarters: there, tenderly embracing, they parted, without having exchanged a single word.

Leaving his brother to the salutary indulgence of a sorrow in which he participated, Count Leopolstat retrod the path towards Dutlingen: he was anxious to be with Adelaide, whose spirit was likely to fail under the present shock.

As he swiftly traversed the skirts of the forest, his thoughts unavoidably dwelt on the awful lesson which this untimely death of Madame de Fontainville, presented to the young and susceptible.

To a sensibility perniciously indulged, and blind to every thing beyond present enjoyment, she evidently owed the loss of her life. Had she submitted to a short delay of promised blessings, and consulted not her own gratification, but the peace of her father, by sacrificing impetuous eagerness to his parental fears, she might have lived and been happy. Instead of that, she had given reins to the wildest agitation, destroyed her frame by impatient agonies at their protracted voyage; and when seized with sickness, thought only of beholding Demetrius, without reflecting on the grief she was causing a tender parent, or that which must overwhelm her lover, should she die in his presence.

Charles deeply ruminated on these things. He tenderly pitied, where he was forced to censure; and though convinced that this mournful event would eventually produce a greater share of comfort to his brother than could other-

wise have been his lot, he sorrowed most sincerely that any circumstance should have rendered it desirable.

As he expected, Adelaide was hardly able to go through with the pious offices remaining to be fulfilled. Zaïre had expired in her arms: happily without struggle or consciousness; but an event so affecting at any other time, was doubly dreadful at this period, when the heart of Adelaide, warm with love and felicity, and just united to the object of its fondest choice, shrunk from the recollection of decay and mortality.

She had not been above three weeks a wife, and almost every hour of that short space had been filled with sharing in others' sufferings. But Charles praised her; Charles repeated the endearing expressions of tenderness exulting in its object; and she forgot regret.

A brief yet severe illness, confined Demetrius to his chamber, during the interval that elapsed between the death of Madame de Fontainville, and the interment of her remains. Charles fulfilled every requisite duty for him; and saw the beauteous corse laid in its last bed, with the same solemnities and honours, that he would have paid to that of a sister.

The Marquis de Liancour left Suabia for England, unable to take leave of Demetrius; resolving to spend the remnant of existence, far from the scene of his misfortunes.

No attempts at premature consolation were attempted by Leopolstat and his countess, when their sorrowing brother came again into their circle. Acquainted with the former inclinations of his heart, as well as with its too-tumultuous sensibility, they deemed it best to trust every thing to time: they foresaw the hour, when the deep gloom now resting over his wishes, would gradually clear away before reviving hope, and show him the appointed land of domestic bliss.

In Constantia of Nuremberg they contemplated a future sister; and to the faithful attachment of that amiable Princess committed the task of consolation.

Marshal Ingersdorf, being completely ignorant of this cheering expectation, (which consideration for female de-

licacy induced his daughter still to conceal,) was, next to Demetrius, the most melancholy person at Dutlingen. Strangely compounded of whimsical roughness and romantic softness, he was peculiarly susceptible of that pity which Zaïre's excessive passion was calculated to excite: and, judging from his own destiny, (which had given him the object of his first affection,) rather than from his own nature, he believed it impossible for the young man ever to love again.

Influenced into livelier compassion by this belief, he benevolently devoted himself to the endeavour of alleviating his distress. Demetrius gratefully registered every act of the Marshal's kindness, and repaid them, by striving to overcome the weakness they were meant to soothe.

He was afflicted, but not inconsolable: for a bright angel invited him forward on the track of life. The cup of happiness, it is true, no longer offered him a draught unmingled with bitterness; but, though remembrance of Zaïre might taint its sweetness, that would not destroy it wholly. He yielded, therefore, to the pensive hope; and often did a fond sigh for Constantia, and a sad tear for Madame de Fontainville, spring from his heart at the same instant.

In no bosom did the late event produce such a sudden revolution, as in that of Constantia. Awestruck, as she was, and moved by sympathy with the grief of the man she loved, she could not repress that delightful hope which palpitated within her. Demetrius unhappy, was still dearer than Demetrius devoid of care: she longed to pour balm on his wounded spirit; and to assure him, that existence spent with him, (though saddened, perhaps, by his regretting another,) would be transport to her.

Certain of being yet more to him than all the world, her thoughts hurried irresistibly forward to the future: there, instead of an undeviating life of solitary retirement and barren duties, prospects of social pleasure, active employments, and all the sweet relations of wife, parent, and friend, presented themselves in cheerful tumult. It was for a life like this that Constantia was formed; and her youthful

heart now sprang with eager anticipation to meet its favourite destiny.

To break unseasonably upon the sadness of Demetrius, even with the only good he now coveted, entered not the mind of the Princess: she was satisfied with being at liberty to indulge a sentiment which she had found it so hard to control; and trusted to the arrival of Adelaide (who was about to leave Dutlingen), for the confirmation of her lover's constancy.

Preparations for the ensuing campaign were now commencing on the frontiers; which, of course, was no longer a place for women.

The month of January was over; and Charles beginning to feel the bitterness of a soldier's fate, in the prospect of a long separation from Adelaide. She, however, refused to ratify the promise made to her aunt and uncle, of joining them at Vienna; persisting in a resolution of remaining at least in the neighbourhood of the army.

The house of Marshal Ingersdorf, being only three miles from Munich, was fixed for her residence, as she could there receive accounts from the Black Forest several times a week, and enjoy the society of her friend Constantia.

Painful, at the best, is the fate of the woman who loves a soldier. Never did Adelaide endure such anguish as when she parted from Charles; never before did she yield herself up to so many ungoverned fears; nay, it seemed impossible to her that she should live, and know him exposed to dangers of which she did not partake. At this moment, the fond despair of a wife thought it would be bliss to perish by the same ball that carried death to her husband.

By what standard, then, shall we measure happiness, since it shapes itself so variously?

Leopolstat had made no small sacrifice in procuring leave for Demetrius, instead of himself, to escort Adelaide and the Marshal on their journey. He saw them depart, with a heart that, for the first time, trembled at the uncertainty of war: his eyes ached with gazing after them; and when he moved from the place where he had bidden them farewell, he found that in the energy of domestic affection, even patriotism itself, loses half its force.

During their almost silent journey, Adelaide frequently fixed her eyes upon the face of Demetrius, hoping to read something there, which might direct her future conduct; but her extreme anxiety to gratify his wishes, prevented her from discovering what those wishes were; and sometimes she thought he would internally accuse her of unkindness, if she suffered him to depart without seeing Constantia, and sometimes she suspected that he would rather avoid the interview.

The name of the Princess was not mentioned till the carriage stopped at the gates of Ingersdorf; the Marshal then expressed a hope that Constantia might be there to receive them. At that name Demetrius turned pale; and, throwing himself out of the chaise, laid his hand on a horse, which he had previously ordered his servant to lead forwards from the last stage.

"I return immediately to Charles," he faintly articulated. Adelaide repeated his words, with a mixture of satisfaction and regret. The Marshal loudly expostulated. "Why, you disagreeable puppy!" he exclaimed; "don't you know 'tis past midnight? and don't you see that you can't see? The night's as dark as Erebus; and yet nothing will serve you but going to have your throat cut in the Black Forest."

"I shall ride only one stage to-night," replied Demetrius, mounting as he spoke: "indeed, sir, I can have no rest, till I am so far on my way back to Charles. I am very unfit for society at present. Surely my dear sister will confess I ought not to stop at Ingersdorf." Adelaide understood him; and while her heart glowed with approbation, she wondered at herself for having doubted how he would act. She approached him.

"I do not press your stay," she whispered; "you feel exactly as I would have you:—return to my Charles; and oh! whenever he is nobly prodigal of his safety, be near, to remind him of *me*."

Demetrius promised her this; while, agitated with a sudden burst of tears, she hurried into the house.

Princess Constantia, apprised of her friend's coming, was, indeed, ready to receive her: they met in each other's arms.

After the first hurry of joy, Adelaide looked at Constantia; the sight of her acted like a charm on her perturbed spirits. Again she beheld spring in that Aurora-like countenance, which had lost its animating freshness when she last saw it.

"I hope you do not think me unfeeling," said the Princess, in answer to one of her friend's congratulatory remarks; "indeed, indeed, I am not. Heaven knows how sincere were the tears that fell from my eyes, upon first hearing of Madame de Fontainville's death. But she was personally unknown to me; and the last interview I had with Demetrius — in that — oh, Adelaide, how much love for *me* did it not reveal! — Will you blame me, then; am I pitiless, in thus forgetting all things but happiness and him?"

The young Countess affectionately gazed on the tearful apprehensiveness which now clouded the Princess. "Far from it, my sweet Constantia," she said; "a hard struggle between pity for another, and hopes for ourselves, has been allotted to us all: Charles and I have shared your emotions too often, for us to be harsh judges."

She then proceeded to recapitulate every thing interesting to the woman who loved Demetrius; and though, while she related past events, silent drops trickled down the cheeks of Constantia, it was a sweet sorrow which made them flow.

Affection delights to behold its object in every admirable point of view; and Demetrius, thus displayed to her, in the midst of jarring wishes and opposite duties; suffering agonies intolerable, yet suffering them without complaint, became exalted above humanity.

As the Marshal had retired to rest, the moment after saluting the Princess, the friends were left free to spend the night in conversation: but Constantia would not gratify herself at the expense of another's comfort; she, therefore, reminded Adelaide of her fatigue, and they separated.

Completely wretched, meanwhile, was the heart of Demetrius. Cruel circumstances had so associated the idea of Zaïre with that of Constantia, that, as he now involuntarily thought strongly of the one, the other pressed upon him with additional force. — Memory presented to him, at the

same moment, those epochs in his different attachments, which constituted the misery of their remembrance. Zaïre alive, fond, beautiful, adored; Zaïre, half lost in his impassioned embrace; Zaïre in the grave; were images too wild for softer recollections to overcome. The innocent endearments of Constantia, at the hour of his first departure from Felieri; her anguish in the death-scene of the Duchess; nay, even her tender vows when they were about to part for ever, gave way before those remembrances which death had sanctified.

"Thy ashes are yet warm, my Zaïre!" he groaned inwardly; and the blood froze in his veins, as a momentary vision, warm with bliss and Constantia, fled his mind. The reins fell from his hand on the neck of his horse; and, smiting his breast, he gazed wildly round, almost expecting to see the afflicted spirit of Zaïre embodied to reproach him.

His horse stopped; and the heart of its rider throbbed quickly. A hollow wind, muttering among innumerable branches overhanging the road, was the only sound that came to his ear; every thing else was still, and all things were steeped in unfathomable darkness. He remained awhile listening to the heavy murmur of the trees, though their dreary sound increased the oppression of his soul.

"O time!" he exclaimed at length; "O heart! (of which every day discovers to me new feelings, either to lament or to dread,) what am I to become at last? Is this the same being which once believed Zaïre a part of itself, yet which now survives her? Can it indeed be, that I should love another, while she lies buried in the earth? I, that, but for Constantia, must have clung to her grave till life had ended. — Will the hour ever arrive when I shall think of Zaïre without regret, or behold her grave without agony? Oh, never, never! — Rather let me die, Constantia, rather let me die, than outlive the bitter grief I owe to thy too tender rival."

Tenacious of its affections, the young and virtuous heart shudders at change; and death, which dissolves the union of common souls, seems but to cement more closely that which once riveted the tender.

In the full strength of renewed grief, Demetrius suddenly

saw the apparently frightful end to which time would inevitably conduct him: the object now was abhorrent to his infirm sensibility; but every succeeding day, and hour, would gradually diminish the vividness of those recollections which rendered it so abhorrent; and new impressions, made by another passion, other hopes, other anxieties, would prevent him from recurring to the past, by fixing his regards upon the future.

There are periods in the lives of all men, when external circumstances and inward weakness fortuitously meet, and take from them the power of resistance. With the same motives to abandon themselves to wretchedness to-day as they had yesterday, they will yet feel and appear far more wretched. Demetrius, at this moment, could not reason himself into composure, or find, in the possibility of future happiness, any thing but an occasion for self-aversion.

For the first time since Zaïre's death, his tears poured in torrents; and a frantic wish to die, (so to escape from anguish, which, while it lasted, seemed as if it would be eternal,) alone possessed his breast.

He would have pursued his journey unconsciously through the blackness of midnight, had not his servant made a more accurate calculation of the discomforts and dangers of such a progress: his voice gave timely notice of the post-house; at which Demetrius alighted: where, instantly retiring to a chamber, he cast himself on the bed, hopeless of sleep.

CHAPTER XXI.

When the brothers met once more at head-quarters, their eyes exchanged a mutual agreement to banish from their private hours all discourse of the past or future.

It was not in the tumult of warlike preparation, that either of them could indulge the softness of fond regret: they were now to pour forth the full tide of their mingled spirits towards one object alone, the salvation of their

country: and, by fixing their sight steadily on that mighty end, they hoped to render themselves unconscious of minute yet tenderer interests.

The close of the last brilliant campaign had left Austria in possession of all Italy; except only the small city of Genoa, which, besieged and famishing, was likely to fall soon before her arms. This was an event considered almost certain: and then a new campaign in Switzerland, as obstinate but more fortunate than the termination of the last, was predicted and desired.

To drive the unprincipled Republicans from that enslaved country, and force them back from the shore of the Rhine, was the scheme of the approaching war. France, on her part, sought to deceive the Allies by feints and declarations; and concentrating all her strength at Dijon, under the plausible title of an army of reserve, she threatened from that central point, as from an eminence, at once Germany, Switzerland, and Italy.

It was the misery of the Austrian cabinet to regard with distrust, and to treat with ingratitude, its ablest leader: Prince Charles was now removed from his command, and General Kray took his place.

Hasty in all his conclusions, this intrepid officer was ill calculated to cope with an antagonist like Moreau; who equalled him in bravery and experimental knowledge, and excelled him in judgment: he was perpetually deceived by his adversary's demonstrations, or perplexed by his own conjectures; while Moreau estimated the Hungarian general's talents, and acted upon the result.

A consummate general frequently gains as much by an accurate calculation of his enemy's folly, as he does from the full exercise of his own resources: by foreseeing his opponent's blunders, and preparing to turn them to the best account, he uses a species of thrift, allowable in military affairs, which provides for its own advantage, out of another's profusion.

A general may indeed risk something by an enterprise which depends for its success, solely on the oversight of his enemy; but if he have studied the character of his opponent, the odds are all in his favour.

Moreau had not reckoned too confidently upon the rash decision of General Kray: completely deceived by a masterly feint, the latter hastened to rally all his troops round him at Donaueschingen; and, expecting a grand attack on that point, suffered Moreau to cross the Rhine, unmolested, at Basle.

The whole force of the French army now meeting from different quarters on the Lake of Constance, menaced the Imperialists: Donaueschingen was abandoned; they retired hastily towards Engen, near which the Prince of Lorrain maintained a good position!

But the Imperialists fought under every disadvantage. They were fewer in number than the French; and were perplexed with a preconceived idea of the enemy having different plans: they were, in fact, like men who have all their lesson to learn; and could, therefore, only oppose sudden resoluteness to well-digested movements.

In the continued battle (as it may be termed) which lasted from the third of May till the sixth, the Hungarian brothers nobly distinguished themselves. To the ardour inspired by their just cause, was added the laudable motive of honouring each other by obtaining the applause of their gallant associates.

The regiment which Charles commanded had the honour of receiving the first shock of the enemy's cavalry. General Moreau, in person, led them forward to the charge; which, though renewed again and again, was repulsed with dreadful slaughter.

In defiance of superior numbers, and the loss of that support which General Kray might have derived from the army of Prince John (now vanquished at Stockach), he maintained his ground during an obstinate attack, in which the French loss greatly exceeded that of the Imperialists. On the morning of the fifth, he fell back upon the Danube; but ere he could cross it, another bloody engagement took place.

While making a few rapid dispositions for defence, Charles thought with anguish of that object, dearer to him than his life, for whose safety he began to tremble at the probable march of the victors. It seemed to him as if they

were already at the gates of Munich. He breathed a hasty prayer for his country, while he thought only of his wife; and, strung to tenfold courage, by apprehension for her, charged hotly through the ranks of the foe.

At that fortunate moment, when the French troops stood aghast at such bold conduct; a body of Bavarians (to whom Leopolstat had previously given orders), by a well-concerted manœuvre, succeeded in turning the enemy's flank; the cavalry then, wheeling round, charged back through its scattered battalions; and the fate of the day had quickly decided for the Imperialists, had not Count Leopolstat, in the very ardour of returning a third time to the charge received a musket ball in his side. He fell from his horse; and the enemy, instantly closing round him, stabbed him with their bayonets.

Where then was Demetrius? — The next moment, his sabre was flashing amongst them like Heaven's lightning.

Throwing himself from his horse, and calling on his companions to join him, he defended the person of his brother with a fierce violence which rendered him insensible of affliction.

Nothing now was to be seen but confusion and carnage: To recover the body of their leader, seemed the sole aim of this tremendous conflict.

Part of the squadrons hastily dismounted, and part beating under their horses' hoofs the soldiers cut down by their sabres, lost all remembrance of general orders. The sound of pistols fired on the very hearts of men, was mixed with execrations and dying groans: the sight of bayonets, mingling on the same points the blood of many breasts, was increased in horror by the last struggles of multitudes, perishing beneath the weight and convulsions of their wounded horses.

In that earthly hell, Demetrius almost maddened: he fought with a ferocity inspired by the pitiless scene; and when, successful at last, his brave squadron remained masters of their bleeding prize, he started at his own heart, which rather spurred him on to vengeance, than yielded to grief.

As he raised Leopolstat's body from the ground, the

trepidation with which he did it, awoke the slumbering life. Charles opened his eyes, fixed them on the face of his brother with an expression which acted on Demetrius as though a holy spirit passed visibly before him; again his eyes closed, and Demetrius, bursting into a passion of lamentation, clasped him in his arms, without power to rise.

"I live, I live, my brother!" Charles faintly breathed, "forward!"—He swooned as he spoke; and Demetrius, eagerly glancing round the field, beheld the enemy retreating in disorder before the German troops.

He was now free to remain with Charles; and, animated into the hope of saving that brother for whom he would gladly have shed every drop of his own blood, he hastily formed a sort of litter out of the arms and pelisses of the soldiers, and bore him upon it to the hospital tent.

Long ere they reached the place, every hope had vanished: The rapidly-changing Demetrius felt nothing but despair, while he gazed intently on the motionless features of his brother. That beloved face, so still, so pale, so visibly imprinted with death, lying in the midst of blood, gushing out of many wounds; the dreadful silence which surrounded the bier on which he was borne; the dismayed countenances of the soldiers; all tended to impress Demetrius with a conviction, that the gallant spirit was dislodged for ever.

At that agonising moment, how light and unreal appeared the grief he had indulged for Zaïre! Her death he contemplated with pity and anguish; her death he had lamented with frantic tenderness: but that of Charles!—his heart withered within him at the fearful image. To live on, bereft of such a brother, seemed impossible: to die, when his life should be pronounced beyond recall, seemed then the law of his being. Demetrius was yet only imperfectly submitted to the will of that Heavenly Father, whose love and goodness must form the abiding subjects of our thoughts, before we can indeed yield up our dearest earthly treasures, in full assurance of their being rendered to us again in another world. His impatient, idol-making spirit required much discipline; and well was it for him, that from every lesson he did, in fact, learn part of what it was meant to teach. By the present stroke, he was brought to look with

contrition upon those transports of positive despair, into which he had often been thrown, by disappointments and bereavements, which, compared to the calamity now threatening him, were truly as dust to a ponderous body. At this conviction, he became suddenly composed in look and manner: and while the surgeons were examining the wounds of Leopolstat (whom excess of pain frequently revived, and as often rendered insensible again), he remained with his arms folded, and his eyes riveted upon his brother. One of the surgeons lifted up the clustering hair: it was steeped in blood, and completely dyed the hand that touched it. Demetrius started at the sight; a shivering seized him: when he last noted those clotted ringlets, they had been fondly sported with by the fingers of Adelaide, when Charles, fatigued with military duty, was momentarily slumbering on her shoulder. He averted his eyes; and the tears he denied his own suffering, gushed forth in pity to another's.

After three days, the report of the surgeons was not such as to balance the hopes and fears of those around Count Leopolstat: apprehension preponderated. His wounds were many and dangerous; and his recovery was said to depend on a variety of circumstances in temperament and situation, which it seemed demanding a miracle to expect.

The loss of such an officer, at a period so critical, when even the capital of Austria was menaced, was extremely distressing to the commander-in-chief; Leopolstat's counsel in camp had so often decided him in difficult conjunctures; and his conduct in the field so often completed that counsel, that he came to the resolution of removing him to a distance, with the utmost concern.

The army were now crossing the Danube; and though it was the brave Kray's intention to dispute every inch of ground he might be forced to abandon, he foresaw that Ulm would inevitably be his resting-place.

To Ulm, therefore, while it was possible to move slowly, he directed Count Leopolstat should be carried; and, in consideration of Demetrius, appointed his troop to form the escort.

At the first intimation of this, Demetrius felt like a young

and enthusiastic soldier; he was alarmed at the possibility of odium, by thus avoiding a share in the danger and disasters of his companions: but this phantom of fastidious honour vanished before fraternal love.

"Shall I desert thee, brother of my soul?" he softly exclaimed, as he sat watching his unquiet sleep; "shall I leave thee to perish, for the sake of a mere breath?—My country can be as well served by any other arm as mine: I have nothing entrusted to me, therefore have no duty to betray. If I save thee, I preserve her best champion to Germany; and what censure, then, can or ought to wound me!"

Charles awoke in the midst of these reflections; and, as if he read in his brother's looks all that was passing in his bosom, tenderly squeezed his hand: Demetrius vehemently kissed both the hands of Charles in return.

To his various and eager questions, the latter could only reply by signs; for loss of blood, and subsequent bodily pangs, had exhausted his strength. A sudden brightness shone on his features, when Demetrius, presenting a letter, told him a courier had just brought it from Adelaide:—Charles averted his face as he received it, and motioned to be left alone: his brother obeyed.

On the return of Demetrius, it was resolved to apprise the young Countess, in part, of her husband's situation: for Leopolstat rather chose to bear the knowledge of her suffering now, than, by keeping her in ignorance, doom her to more frightful agonies hereafter. His heart bled as he anticipated the sight of her who lived but in him, and who could not behold him thus, without presaging the worst: yet, to prepare her by a gradual view of his decline, and to leave her the consolation of having soothed his last moments, were motives which far outweighed his own cowardice at the prospect of witnessing her grief.

Having heard and approved the letter, which his agitated brother's tears blotted as he wrote, he ordered it to be immediately despatched; then prepared for his removal.

Every accommodation which respect and affection could devise, in the midst of a retreating army, was procured for Count Leopolstat: the soldiers saluted the litter, as it passed,

with tears on their rough cheeks; and the general, looking after it a long time, turned away with a heavy sigh, repeating, in a mixed tone of regret and admiration, "My gallant countryman!"

Though proceeding with slowness, and watched by a skilful surgeon, Leopolstat seemed to have reached Ulm only to die: his impatient wife joined him on the road; and now, for the first time in her life, found herself assailed by a calamity against which she had no longer any reasoning powers to oppose.

But, oh! what can reason do for us, when we are threatened with the loss of what we love beyond all else that life can give? When we see the death-cloud just bursting over the head we would die to save? Where can we speed for refuge from our own wilder storm of desolating passions? Where, but to the foot of the Throne whence mercy as well as judgment proceeds!

Poor Adelaide was too often, alas! driven from that blessed refuge. There were sad and fearful moments, in which the heavens were shrouded from her,—in which she saw only her husband suffering, dying,—herself widowed. During her anxious attendance, while she supported him in her arms, to ease the pain of long continuance in one attitude; or watched his slumbers, or administered the opiates that were to bestow them, saw him smile, heard his cheering voice invariably repeating the words of eternal life,—her spirit was exalted above itself and earth; she felt how gracious God was to her, in giving her such a husband, and permitting her to soothe his pangs. But the instant she left him (and that was only whilst his wounds were dressing), she imagined the extremity of bodily pain he was then enduring; she thought of what such agonies, repeated, might end in: and it was then she lost a while the pole-star of Christians.

Of her father, or Demetrius, she could think no more; even though they were both before her, heart-struck for her and for themselves. She neither heard their lamentations, nor their entreaties; but, absorbed in the future, abandoned her whole soul to one darling object.

At this period, the attentive sympathy of Colonel Wurtz-

burgh (who was among the troops in the garrison), excited the gratitude of Demetrius. He frequently watched whole nights in the house, when Leopolstat was thought in immediate danger; avowing himself too warmly interested, for rest or peace of mind.

By those silent attentions, which, exerted for the benefit of others, without noise or ostentation, affect the heart so much, he contrived to impress every individual with a sense of obligation. What their excess of grief would have overlooked, his less afflicted spirit might be permitted to remember: and all that he did for Charles, or Adelaide, or her father, was found so necessary to their comfort, that Demetrius chid himself for not anticipating the very services for which he was thankful.

The consolations of a female friend were denied to the unhappy Countess; Princess Constantia being removed to Vienna; whither her uncle had hastened, on the first news of the French successes.

Of Constantia, Demetrius did not allow himself to think: although her image, like an angelic vision, often floated through his fancy, calming for a while the tempest of wildly-raised apprehension. He knew her to be in safety; and therefore to indulge in soft dreams about her, while death and danger menaced objects equally dear, would have been almost sacrilege.

The Imperialists, retreating before a vast army flushed with success, and eager for plunder, were rapidly falling back upon Ulm. Defeat had followed defeat: though the loss of the enemy was uniformly greater than that of the Austrians.

But the German lines, once thinned, were slowly repaired; while all, whom rapine or fanatic liberty inspired, crowded to fill up those of the French.

Italy was nearly reconquered; Switzerland their own; the Grisons within their grasp: from the Mediterranean sea to the river of the Rhine, one enormous army covered the several countries which lie between them.

Destruction seemed to wait only the nod of a lawless Republican, to overwhelm the very seat of empire.

These fatal circumstances retarded the possible recovery of Charles, who felt as if at each fresh disaster,

"String after string was sever'd from his heart."

By a courier who brought advices of a battle at Memmingen, Leopolstat received a note from the commander-in-chief, desiring him to remove instantly to the capital, as both armies were now on their march towards Ulm, where it was likely an obstinate engagement would soon take place.

The brave Charles disdained thus to fly before an advancing foe, even though weakened by pain and sickness; and, indeed, he was not in a condition to bear either a sudden or a quick removal. He besought his wife to seek Vienna immediately; while he awaited the arrival of the troops, or proceeded with less precipitation: but Adelaide refused to leave him.

The Imperial army entered Ulm soon after; and, from their entrenched camp before the city, kept the French a while in check.

Neither of the adverse generals thought the period advantageous for attack; and during this accidental suspension of arms, Leopolstat's wound assumed a less alarming aspect. He was now able to undertake the fatigues of another journey. Accompanied by his wife and her father, he set out for Vienna, leaving Demetrius behind him in garrison.

Bereft at once of so many dear objects, and still trembling for the ultimate safety of his brother, the heart of Demetrius habitually turned towards Colonel Wurtzburgh.

The kindness with which that officer met his renewed friendship, and the zealous alacrity with which he used to seek out minor comforts for Count Leopolstat, conveyed a severe reproach to Demetrius. He blushed to recollect his former coldness, though Wurtzburgh seemed to have forgotten it: and he strove to repair his fault by testimonies of gratitude.

The Colonel's delicate conduct, increased this glow of gratitude into the fullest esteem. He evidently avoided opportunities of extorting the secret thoughts of his friend; always turned the conversation, when it pointed to peculiar

subjects; and never stayed with Demetrius at those times, in which the swelling breast of the latter overflowed either with tenderness or passion.

As material objects appear less at a distance, than such as are near; so, the past conduct of men loses its enormity, when opposed to a present appearance of excellence. Beguiled by his own generous nature, our young hussar sometimes searched his memory in vain, for rational grounds for his former ill-will to Wurtzburgh: but nothing amounting to conviction was registered there. He therefore gave a loose to cordiality; and imperceptibly wearing away the self-imposed distance of the Colonel, soon showed (without intending absolutely to confide in him) all that the Colonel wanted to know of his situation.

It was long ere Wurtzburgh could disengage himself from the perplexity in which young Leopolstat's character was formed to bewilder him. He could not comprehend how it was possible for Demetrius to burst into a sudden passion of grief when any circumstance recalled Madame de Fontainville; yet every day, every hour, be cherishing the idea of Princess Constantia, or be unconsciously recurring to her, in his discourse.

When an exclusive preference was over, the Colonel (sensible to none but the coarsest attachments) believed that every sentiment of tenderness must perish with it: he knew nothing of those nice shades of affection, pity, and admiration, which complete the fine colouring of a truly tender heart.—Observation, however, forced him to admit the existence of such a phenomenon; though it did not help him in the least towards comprehending it.

Carefully noting each of these apparent inconsistencies, he kept a regular journal of what he thus discovered; while Demetrius often wrote in his praise to Forshiem, who was now with the army of Bohemia.

A small division of troops being required by an Austrian general some leagues from the camp, Wurtzburgh's regiment was ordered on the service. He left Demetrius with many demonstrations of regret; at the same time transferring to him a French servant, whom Demetrius had

occasionally employed about his brother's sick-bed, in consequence of the fellow's cleverness, and the Colonel's earnest recommendation.

A succession of disastrous actions between the two armies followed this period. The Imperialists, routed in every engagement, vainly lavished their blood on the plains of Blenheim, and at the bridge of Grensheim. Fate frowned from the broad banner of France: and the genius of Austria seemed to have withdrawn in wrath from an army, which, under the command of its virtuous Prince, she had once led on to victory.

The broken troops, having hastily abandoned their camp at Ulm, had proceeded to Ingolstadt: whence they beheld, with dismay, the Republicans spreading, like consuming fire, over all Suabia, Bavaria, Wirtemburg, and Treves.

The country of the Grisons was lost, the troops in Tyrol were hemmed in by detachments from the French army of Italy, as well as by part of that which laid waste the frontiers: a powerful force was already on its march to Franconia; and Moreau, animated with these signal advantages, no longer feigned an intention of advancing to Vienna.

Whether any unknown causes, sufficient to justify his advice as a military man, prevailed with Buonaparte, (then First Consul, and General in Italy,) to press Moreau's relinquishment of this brilliant prize; or whether a base envy prompted him to wither those laurels which the hand of another grasped, is uncertain. The motive will ever remain concealed; but the fact is positive.

At the head of victorious troops, supported on all sides by successful confederates, with only a few dispirited forces to hang on his rear, invited by disloyalty and riot to Vienna itself, General Moreau was enjoined by Buonaparte to grant an armistice, now sued for by Austria.

How is this to be accounted for?

The First Consul was never suspected of sacrificing ambition to humanity; no voice of human suffering had ever yet stopped *him* in the career of military reward: (witness the dreadful bridge of Lodi! witness the plains of Jaffa!) he was not of that cautious spirit which avoids the very possibility of disappointment: No! he breasted difficulties

with ardour; and rather sought to wrest distinction, by conquering against probabilities, than to receive tempered commendation, by answering the expectations of his countrymen.

The whole campaign of Italy had been to him a brilliant series of astonishing success: but "his star must have turned pale," had that of Moreau continued to shine. It was no part of the Corsican's policy, to sacrifice his own aggrandisement to that of the country he served: Moreau must be obscured; and Moreau was. The armistice was agreed upon, in the month of July, when all operations in Germany ceased till the beginning of September.

CHAPTER XXII.

IMPATIENT to see that beloved brother, whose perfect safety affection could not credit, unless absolutely witnessed, Demetrius obtained a month's leave of absence, and hastened to Vienna.

Count Leopolstat was at the house of his faithful friend, Baron Ingersdorf, who was now a widower.

Disgusted with the court intrigues, which had already displaced Prince Charles, and was striving to exclude from the military counsels all sincere lovers of their country, the Baron had resigned his office, and retired from public life, to a villa in the beautiful suburbs of the capital.

There, in the society of his brother, and that of his accomplished nephew, he enjoyed every pleasure dear to a rational and elegant mind.

Leopolstat was not yet able to support himself, except on a couch; where, raised on cushions, he lay calm and uncomplaining.

Though he could no longer amuse or employ himself, but was dependent on those he loved for every comfort and relief, he repaid their assiduities by the everlasting sunshine of patient sweetness.

The music of his Adelaide's voice thrilled him with delight; and while her balmy breath rested upon the cheek she fondly printed with a kiss, he ceased to languish for the unconfined air of heaven, which so often appears to an invalid, as if it must "bring healing on its wings."

More than ever endeared by his sufferings, and yet further exalted by the manner in which they were borne, Charles distinctly saw, that his wife's affection increased with time. That hallowed love, which glories in its object, spoke from her eyes; while a deep, deep sense of recent mercy, enabled her to look serenely upon future perils.

Indeed, she had been so miserable, that she was now nearly happy: her Charles was recovering; her Charles was eternally in her sight; and she had every day fresh reason to bless an event, which kept him far from the armies.

In the joyfulness of her looks, and those of her uncle and father, Demetrius, on reaching Vienna, read all he wished. Though he found his brother stretched powerless on a sofa, what seemed the body's weakness to him, when he beheld again, as it were, the soul of his brother! Thought and emotion once more glowed through the features of Charles; and at their late parting, the very principle of life itself appeared extinct.

These brave brothers, who had undauntedly fronted the shock of armies together, were not ashamed of yielding to the feelings of this moment. They rested silently in each other's arms, till their disburdened hearts became calm.

A narrative of the military incidents which had occurred since they met, was soon demanded by Leopolstat. Demetrius gave it eloquently—too eloquently; for at his vivid descriptions, and bitter censures, the hectic on his brother's cheek quivered like an unsteady flame.

Their discourse was interrupted by the entrance of the Baron and Adelaide, of whom, after some hesitation, Demetrius enquired about Constantia. His eyes being cast down, prevented him from observing the change this question made in his sister: she replied, in a low voice, "Constantia is in Vienna; but as I have much to tell you, and

dare not agitate Charles with it, you must enquire no further till we are alone."

For the first time of her life, the tender Adelaide, through an excess of love, spared him who would have suffered the least. These hasty words plunged Demetrius into the most frightful conjecturings: from the moment they were uttered, he became silent; and, watching an opportunity to have his fears terminated, abruptly followed Adelaide out of the room, when she left it to procure some fruit for her husband.

On seeing Demetrius, she made her father take charge of the fruit; and led the way into the garden. There, traversing a walk where the most beautiful shrubs bloomed and breathed unnoticed, they discoursed of Constantia. How was Demetrius appalled, to find that his Princess lived in a species of imprisonment! Adelaide knew little of her situation; yet that little was enough to rend the heart of a lover.

The substance of what he collected was, that, soon after the arrival of Marshal Ingersdorf and his daughter, the Prince of Nuremberg had nearly prohibited all intercourse between the friends: but finding his prohibition scarcely attended to, he hurried his family to Vienna; accompanied by the second son of the Elector of ——.

This prince had for some time sought the hand of Constantia; and it was now evident that ambitious views for his niece, had combined with ill-will towards Demetrius, in the mind of this haughty uncle.

During the period which elapsed since her own arrival in the capital, Adelaide had heard but once of her friend; and that was from the lips of Nuremberg's wife.

They met accidentally at the Countess Reusmarck's. While some other ladies were going through the clamorous ceremonies of precedence and leave-taking, the Princess hastily approached Adelaide: "I shall gladden poor Constantia," she said, timidly, "by relating all I have heard you repeat of Count Leopolstat's amended health. Do me the justice of believing, dear Countess, that I am completely innocent of her restricted condition. The Prince is warm in his wishes for what he thinks her future good; and suf-

fers himself to use some harshness now, in the hope of meriting her thanks hereafter: but indeed I fear he will carry this severity too far; her health sinks under it."

The voice of the Princess faltered as she spoke, and she stopped; evidently afflicted at having thus rescued her own character, at the expense of her husband's. Adelaide just had time to implore her interference with the Prince, and to commission her with an ardent message to Constantia, when some persons who were of the Princess's party joined them: then they separated.

Though she refrained from paining her lord with this information, Adelaide could not sleep, till she had made an effort to see her friend. For this purpose (as she would not subject the wife of Count Leopolstat to insult, by attempting a clandestine interview), she wrote to the Prince of Nuremberg, simply stating her uneasiness at a report of Constantia's being ill; and requesting to be admitted to her, either alone, or in his presence.

The answer she received was couched in these terms: —

Note.

"The Prince of Nuremberg regrets that circumstances should constrain him to refuse any request of the Countess Leopolstat's: he is happy to contradict the report of his niece the Princess Constantia's ill health; but must decline for her the honour of a visit, which, by reviving the remembrance of a person whom it is her duty to forget, would inevitably strengthen her in the resolution of avoiding one whom it is her duty to accept.

"The Prince of Nuremberg does himself the honour of offering congratulations upon the recent safety of Count Leopolstat; and at the same time, of assuring the Countess, that he would never deny *any* request of hers without the extremest reluctance."

"Vienna. July."

With this cold and cautious billet ended all the information of Adelaide. Since then, she had heard no more of Constantia, except that she was still completely secluded.

Demetrius made few remarks on this: he pressed his

sister's hand; leaving thanks to his looks. They rejoined Charles, with whom Demetrius stayed till the hour of rest; when, hastily excusing himself from the family supper, he left the house.

Various modes of seeking an interview with Constantia, conceived and rejected in the same moment, agitated the thoughts of Demetrius, as, instead of going to his lodgings, he hurried along the suburbs. Had he been pressing on to the immediate execution of some plan for seeing her, he could not have felt more impatient: while, indeed, nothing but a chaos of schemes, wishes, and apprehensions, was before him.

Ere he dared attempt any thing for her enlargement, it was incumbent on him to learn how far he was concerned in her refusal of her titled lover: till he had sought a renewal of those vows she once breathed, and gained a knowledge of her future intentions, all his zeal and passion must be buried in his own bosom. He now execrated himself for having shunned an interview at Munich; and trembled at the probability of having lost her heart by such apparent inconsistency.

In the midst of these reflections, he came in sight of the place which contained her.

The spacious palace, glittering in a bright moonlight, with its magnificent gardens and stately terraces, towered above the Danube, whose waters, flashing under the eye, poured through a scene of brilliant enchantment. Numberless villas, embowered among trees, were seen scattered in gay confusion along its banks; and through every grove and every glade, the warm breath of aromatic summer softly steamed from earth to heaven.

Demetrius approached one of the side entrances: at that moment a man vaulted over a low part of the garden wall, and alighted close beside him.

He was somewhat surprised to find in this man, his servant Pierre.

After a few equivocations, the fellow confessed he had been visiting the gardener's daughter, to whom, on account of an old quarrel with her brother, he could not venture to go publicly: that, besides love for her, he was prompted by

regard for his master, of whose attachment to Princess Constantia he had heard in the kitchen at Baron Ingersdorf's, from one, who had it from an Italian servant of the Princess's ; — that, officious, perhaps, in his zeal, he had ventured to ask many questions of his sweetheart, through whom, he hinted the probability of conveying a letter or a message.

At this moment Demetrius was incapable of pausing upon any proposal which held out such a prospect. The fellow could have no motive for ensnaring him : he had served him faithfully some time ; and had testified so affectionate an anxiety, during the sickness of Charles, that he readily pardoned a little freedom in his endeavours to serve. He now put a few questions to Pierre, whose answers determined him to hazard something.

The Prince of Nuremberg was gone two leagues off, on business which might detain him some days : no one but his Princess was left to guard Constantia ; who, though still restricted to the palace gardens, was indulged by her, in all the liberty she dared grant. Constantia was then alone, in these very gardens ; Pierre had seen her himself.

He now offered to return, and conduct his master to her : since Demetrius was unwilling to put the woman he loved into the power of her domestic, he refused to admit Pierre's sweetheart into their counsel.

A few lines, written with pencil on the leaf of a pocket-book, were given to Pierre : each leaped the garden wall at the same moment ; and hastily struck into a walk shaded by elms, so thick that they excluded every twinkling star. They followed this track, till it brought them to a grotto ; which, suddenly emerging amid the light, displayed a glade, where the trees, receding in magnificent groups, left a large expanse, which terminated at a side portico of the palace.

Demetrius rushed into the grotto ; and Pierre turned into another path.

The tender moon, shedding mellow lustre through an opening in the roof of this retreat, quivered among the spars and crystals of which it was formed ; but no sound,

no breath even of the faintest night breeze, stirred the long tresses of a willow which streamed above.

There was something in this stillness and beauty oppressive to the agitated heart of Demetrius: he advanced to the entrance; all there was as still and lovely. The moveless trees, the soundless water, the dark vistas and steady lustre of the moon, all seemed to his wild fancy fraught with expectation: he scarcely breathed; but fear had no share in this emotion.

Too much absorbed in solicitude for Constantia's reception of him, he had not room for any suspicion of Pierre's fidelity.

Lovers hope all things, and dread all things: wilder than the starts of a lunatic were the apprehensions which now tormented Demetrius: the remembrance of Zaïre mixed itself with them; but, for the first time since her death, he strove to banish it.

Hasty steps, as of a man advancing along the walk into which Pierre had struck, were now distinctly heard. Root-bound with expectation, Demetrius listened, to catch the echo of a softer tread: but whether it were lost in the other sound, he knew not; for he heard nothing more. His heart began to sink, when Constantia herself flew into the grotto.

One glance of her endearing eyes banished both fear and regret: every event that had occurred since he used to see her at Felieri, fled from their eloquent brightness. Time, suffering, were annihilated; and the full conviction of being beloved, of still tenderly loving, spoke to his renovated soul.

Constantia did not check the transport with which he pressed her in his arms: she participated too much in that joy, which was produced by an affection as pure as her own innocence. For a long time neither of them spoke; but at length Demetrius, recovering recollection of the past, said fearfully, "Dare I still call you *my* Constantia?"

The Princess did not hesitate to confess the steadiness of her attachment, though a crimson blush glowed on her averted face. At such a period as this, she would have deemed reserve both foolish and cruel.

"I know not," she replied, "whether in my desire to save you even the smallest uneasiness, I may not be sacri-

ficing the propriety of my sex; but my heart impels me to assure you — almost unasked — that you see Constantia at this moment, what she was at Felieri; that, however fate or inclination might have disposed of *you*, *she* would never have altered; and that it remains with yourself, to sanction — to appropriate."

She could not proceed; burning blushes spread over her whole countenance, and the quick pulsation of her heart impeded her further utterance. Snatched to the breast of her impassioned lover, whose ardent gratitude scarcely found words to express itself, Constantia heard with astonishment and trepidation, his proposal for immediate flight.

At this moment of delirious ecstasy, Demetrius thought only of securing the beloved creature, who had endured for him every species of outrage; of bearing her far from such oppression, and dedicating the whole of his coming life to the sweet task of eternal gratitude. When she showed him the madness of his scheme (by reverting to the power which her uncle would have of reclaiming her, and rousing the law against him), Demetrius urged another plan. He offered to conduct her to some remote convent, from which she might claim the protection of her other relations, and obtain legal redress, until the period in which her uncle's guardianship must end.

Constantia's eyes glistened with tears at his generous ardour: she gazed on him, in a trance of tender admiration, while she rapidly revolved the dangers to which he would thus expose himself. Her rank, her fortune, her father's will, and her uncle's influence, would all unite to make the life of her lover answer for his temerity. For his sake, therefore, she steadily declined it; though he fell at her feet, and implored her, even with tears, to consent.

Constantia trembled and wept too: but there was a sad foreboding at her heart, which strengthened her resolution.

Continued harshness and restraint, bursts of violence, threats, invectives against her lover's character, or menaces against his safety, had long worn on her spirits, and sapped the foundations of life. Cut off from every consolation; and wilfully kept in anxiety for Demetrius, by seeing only those papers which detailed the horrors, and not the par-

ticulars, of every battle, her health had imperceptibly given way: she was now the shadow of herself; and except at this period, when tumultuous agitation kindled flame on her cheeks, and new-strung her nerves, no tint of colour animated her features; no elasticity gave spring to her unsteady steps.

Demetrius, whose admiring eyes saw rapture sparkling in hers,—who beheld no change in her beautiful person but what appeared the natural effect of an unquiet mind,—was far from divining the gloomy presentiment which suddenly altered her manner.

When she had silenced his arguments for her flight, she felt as if, in doing so, she had signed their eternal separation. After that night, they might never behold each other; she might not live long enough to see another meeting. At these thoughts, she burst into a passion of tears; again and again she pressed his hand wildly to her heart; and the convulsive sobs which shook her whole frame, choked the fond lamentation that struggled to her lips.

Alarmed, distressed, astonished beyond measure, Demetrius vainly besought her to impart the cause of this strange emotion. Constantia replied by fresh tears. At that instant the palace clock struck twelve: it electrified the Princess; she started up, hastily exclaiming, "We must part now!"

"Oh, not yet, not yet, my Constantia!" exclaimed Demetrius, retaining the hand with which she had clasped his; "leave me not, till you have told me that I may come here again. To-morrow night, at the same hour — your uncle will still be absent. — All that I wished said to you I have left unsaid. — To-morrow, dearest, sweetest Constantia, tell me you will be here."

The Princess promised; and, exchanging a hasty embrace, vanished from his sight.

Demetrius stood like a disenchanted man. The bright vision was gone; and for a while he scarcely knew whether to believe it had indeed been. Pierre's entrance brought back his senses.

He gratefully grasped his hand. "I am indebted to you for more than life," he said; "and I will never forget it. But, for Heaven's sake, remember, Pierre, that the least

indiscretion would ruin Princess Constantia. Henceforth, do not whisper this night's adventure, even to your own thoughts. I fear nothing but accidental imprudence in you; for I am confident you will never wilfully betray me."

The cheeks of Pierre glowed: he replied with all the vehemence of his nation, heaping vow upon vow, and protestation upon protestation. His master shook him again by the hand; and then turning away soon reached the place from which they jumped into the road.

The whole of the next day was spent by Demetrius in an impatient longing for night; yet he forced his mind into exertion, for the sake of his brother.

Select parties were admitted, of an evening, to the room where Count Leopolstat was confined: his benevolent spirit delighted in the sight of diffused pleasure: he could even join in the playfulness of gay discourse; and, though unable to increase the concert himself, was gratified by hearing music from others.

The Countess Reusmarck was the only person, this evening, who added to the domestic circle. Demetrius quitted it early; and bidding Pierre attend him, hurried towards the palace.

How different was the scene from what it appeared when last he saw it! A chill, tempestuous night, blackened and agitated every object. The trees, bending to their very roots before the wind, cast gigantic shadows, as they waved across the front of the edifice. The moon herself seemed pale with fear, as the clouds, driving over her face, were sometimes rent asunder, and scattered by the storm. One continued roar of trees and water pealed around Demetrius. He trembled for the safety of Constantia, when he beheld large branches torn off by the furious blast, and falling on every side of him.

Pierre was sheltered in a root-house at some little distance: but he stood forth under the inclement sky, praying that his Princess might have abandoned the attempt.

Just as he had completely satisfied himself that she would not come, he turned at the murmur of a breathless voice, and beheld her near him, sinking with fatigue and apprehension.

"I have been so frightened!" she gasped out, while he led her into the grotto, "it is a long way round, from the house; and the noise of the trees on every side—the dreadful darkness — I thought I should not have lived to reach you." A deep sigh broke forth with the last words, and her head sunk on the shoulder of her lover.

The moon now momentarily gleaming into the grotto, showed Demetrius her pallid face: he spoke to her, but she was insensible. Exhausted by toil and terror, oppressed with a conviction of her own decay, she had fainted.

His alarm at this circumstance, was heightened by the consciousness of their distance from any succour. He could only chafe her cold hands, and press his warm cheek to hers, as if hoping that might communicate something of its own life.

By degrees she revived; yet the clay-like colour of her once vivid complexion still remained: her hands trembled; her lips quivered; her respiration was quick and interrupted; and when she attempted speech, she was obliged to stop, for want of breath.

Demetrius gazed on her, with an air of distraction.

"Is this but fatigue, or fear, my Constantia?" he exclaimed; "or some new suffering occasioned by your uncle? or is it, what my fond heart will break to have confirmed,—is it illness?"

Tears swam in the Princess's eyes, as she answered him.

"I am not so well as I used to be," she sighed out; "but you know I never was very strong; and such a separation from you, together with anxieties and discomforts, have rather injured my health; however, I promise to live for your sake—she stopped; then added, in a suffocated, chastised tone, "if Heaven permit me!"

"If Heaven permit you!" repeated Demetrius, clasping her hands with agony in his; "Oh, Constantia! am I a second time to suffer—" He broke off abruptly; and, suddenly releasing her, walked to the end of the grotto.

At sight of her lover's anguish, Constantia reproached herself for yielding to a despondency which accidental circumstances had thus deepened. She approached Demetrius, and sought to compose him. He turned wildly.

round, passionately upbraiding her for concealing her altered health from her friends.

"What could I do?" asked Constantia: "how was I to have informed them? you forget that I have long been denied the privilege of seeing or writing to any one."

"Was there no creature in that hateful house accessible to bribery or entreaty? — surely some servant might have been found —"

Constantia gently interrupted him: "I have always held such conduct in abhorrence. Not even for you, my Demetrius, would I try to corrupt the fidelity of another. Not that I consider myself bound to keep terms with my uncle (for every stratagem I can invent to see or correspond with you I shall seize without scruple); but principle teaches me not to procure my own gratification at the expense of an inferior's integrity."

Demetrius gave her a look, expressive of that admiration which for a while had displaced his grief. Constantia seized the calm moment; and taking up a casket, which fell from her hand when she fainted, held it out to him.

"This little casket," she said, with a languid smile, "contains the means of future happiness, I trust, for both of us. Listen to me, Demetrius. After we parted last night, I spent many hours in revolving our conversation, and considering the best method for ending the cruel oppression that undermines my health. The result of these reflections has been, a determination to appeal publicly against the tyranny of my uncle.

"I have written a candid, and, I hope, moderate narrative of the undue methods by which he endeavours to influence my will: I have stated my own willingness to remain obedient to him in all reasonable things, even to that of foregoing any intercourse with you, till his guardianship shall expire; and I have addressed this to a near relation of our's, the Abbess of ———, whom I entreat to take such legal steps as may transfer this power to herself; being ready to seclude myself in a convent, under her protection, till I am of age.

"This narrative, with copies of my dear father's and grandmamma's wills, are enclosed in the casket I now give

you. It rests with you, my Demetrius, to have it delivered safely. If you can confide in your servant, let him set off with it, immediately, to ——, in Bohemia, where the Abbess now is. I trust the course of justice is not interrupted in Franconia. Once released from the misery of perpetual persecution, I think, health would soon return to me: and then, to wait only eighteen months, for bliss and my Demetrius, would not be insupportable."

Unable to reply, Demetrius kissed her hands fervently. A long silence ensued: after which they conversed on the probable event of this new enterprise. It seemed to Demetrius a prospect of paradise: his sanguine soul rushed forwards to meet its completion, with a joy so certain, that it painted his countenance with fresh bloom.

His health, his youth, his beauty, still flourished in the sight of Constantia; while hers were fast wasting into nought: she could have wept with bitter regret, had not regard for his feelings repelled her tears.

It was settled that Pierre should be despatched to the Abbess early the next morning, and that Demetrius might, as he saw fit, impart the business to his brother and Adelaide; Constantia being only anxious to preserve them from her uncle's insult.

She instructed her lover to deposit the Abbess's answer in the hollow of an old tree, which, though near that part of the wall by which he entered the grounds, was so overgrown by other trees, and a quantity of ivy, that it was not likely to be observed. Here the letter, covered with moss and leaves and stones, might lie, till she had next an opportunity of visiting the gardens, and replacing it by one from herself.

With this night, their meetings were to end; for the Prince of Nuremberg was expected the ensuing day. When they might meet again, Demetrius knew not: and he would therefore have prolonged her stay beyond discretion, had it not been for the threatening appearance of the night, which now foreboded heavy rain.

The moon and stars were completely obscured; the wind only rushed through the trees in unfrequent blasts; and the sides of the grotto became moist and cold.

After combating much opposition from the timid Princess, he at length obtained permission to accompany her as far as the entrance of a high green terrace behind the palace, where opened an apartment, of which her indulgent aunt had given her the key.

Demetrius threw the military cloak he wore, around the slender form of his beloved; and, half wafting her forward with his arm, speeded her trembling steps, and quieted her fears.

They were both too anxious and too hurried for conversation. Sometimes Demetrius pressed her momentarily against his breast, as they flew along; sometimes a sigh, bursting from both their hearts at the same instant, seemed to mingle their very beings.

They proceeded in utter darkness, under fast-falling drops of rain; till, quitting the shade, the solitary terrace, with only one dim light burning in the lower chamber, stretched darkly before them. They stopped; and Constantia, throwing herself back into the arms of her lover, renewed her prayers for his safety, and the completion of their mutual wishes. She then tore herself from his embrace; and Demetrius turned sorrowfully back.

In all probability, Pierre had been solacing himself with the society of the gardener's daughter; for he displayed not the least discontent at his master's long absence, though the place he sheltered in was not high enough to admit any thing taller than a spade.

Demetrius found him contentedly sitting among bags of flower-seeds, and bundles of dried herbs. He started up at the sound of his voice, and expressed the utmost pleasure at seeing him safe again.

"You must be in my chamber to-morrow morning, by daybreak;" said Demetrius, when he reached his lodgings. "I have business that you must do for me in Bohemia. I confide in you implicitly, you see, Pierre. Remember discretion. — Good night."

Pierre promised; and they entered the house.

The morning was just dawning, when the active Pierre presented himself, ready habited for his journey. Demetrius then gave him a sealed packet, directing him to deliver

it into no hands but those of the Abbess; to wait her answer, and when he had got that, to return with the utmost speed.

He waited the re-appearance of Pierre, before he ventured to agitate Charles and Adelaide with the detail of his own rashness, and Princess Constantia's sufferings. When this expected messenger arrived, he brought a billet from the Abbess, which (as Demetrius was to open) at once dissipated every fear. It contained these lines: —

"*To Princess Constantia of Nuremberg.*

"My dear child,

"I have received your distressing appeal against the treatment of your guardian; and I hope you will find, by my future conduct in the affair, that you have not applied to an unfeeling relation. I do not sanction family feuds: but still less do I approve of an abuse of power. So, if, on further perusal and consideration of what you have written, and after thorough investigation, I find no reason to alter my present resolution, you may speedily expect legal redress.

"Of the young count in question, and the propriety of your persisting to marry him, when you come of age, we will talk when I see you. *I* shall only try to persuade: your uncle, it seems, has threatened. Farewell, my dear child; I commend you to the keeping of all the saints, and am your affectionate kinswoman,

"Ulrica."

With this precious pledge of success in his hand, Demetrius hastened to Baron Ingersdorf's, where he confided to his brother and to Adelaide the important secret.

They heard him, with very different feelings from those which crimsoned his cheek, and made his pulses beat. Joy sat on his smooth brow; solicitude and distrust contracted theirs. It was not till Demetrius had repeated every circumstance, and coloured the attachment of Pierre in the warmest manner, that Leopolstat admitted a belief of his honesty. However, the second meeting with Constantia having passed off safely, and a letter from her relation

being before them, were the strongest arguments in his favour.

Charles besought Demetrius to confide nothing to his servant which necessity did not demand; lamenting that the attachment between his brother and the Princess, prevented his standing forth as her champion, in a cause which had claims upon every man of honour. Where there were such splendid inducements for selfishness to seek its own aggrandisement, by vindicating her freedom of choice, he knew that few spirits would believe them actuated by nobler motives. He therefore exhorted Demetrius, to avoid any precipitate measure dictated by the mere passion of love.

When her brother went out, to deposit the letter in the appointed place, Adelaide renewed the discourse. She trembled at the possibility of treachery in an affair which involved, not merely the happiness, but perhaps the life, of her dearest Constantia. To end this doubt, she suggested a plan which Leopolstat sanctioned by the fullest approval.

It was a letter to Count Forshiem; whose vicinity to the Abbess's abode, would enable him to learn from her own lips, whether a packet from her young relation had really been delivered into her hands. If this enquiry should be answered in the affirmative, Adelaide allowed they might then dismiss every fear of Pierre's fidelity, and look with confidence to the release of their friend.

"I shall say nothing of this, to Demetrius," said the Countess, as she wrote the letter for her husband; "he would be indignant at my suspicions of this poor servant. But I don't suspect him because he is poor and ignorant; 'tis because he is a Frenchman."

"Equally liberal and unprejudiced, my Adelaide!" observed the count, smiling: "trust me, many a gallant and virtuous man marches under the banner of a Buonaparte."

"Now, are not you illiberal in this unqualified expression?" his wife archly asked.

"Surely not," was his reply; "for we can form a judgment of an individual from the tenour of his conduct: that which we pass on multitudes, of whom we only know that

they were born in such a particular country, must be erroneous."

Pleased to be convinced by her husband, Adelaide, like all other good wives, acknowledged the superiority of the reason by which she was silenced: and Charles, more than ever enamoured of her gentleness, almost thought imperfections lovely, when they thus afforded opportunities for the display of affection.

Demetrius, meanwhile, was watching an opportunity to place a letter from himself, with that of the abbess, in the hollow tree. It was some time ere he found the road quite solitary: he then vaulted over the wall; deposited his packet; wafted a thousand sighs, kisses, and blessings, to the prison of his Constantia; and hastened back to Baron Ingersdorf's.

CHAPTER XXIII.

From the hour in which she last saw Demetrius, Princess Constantia was suffering both from illness and affliction.

The inclement night under which she went to meet her lover, had pierced her delicate frame. After reaching home, she sunk on her bed, scarcely sensible to any thing but a chill like death, which had not entirely left her limbs, when her aunt came to see her in the morning.

This kind, but weak woman, had always testified such compassion for Constantia, that it evidently depended solely on the latter, to ensure her active friendship: yet Constantia would not use a single artifice, nor urge one complaint, to betray her aunt into actions, which she knew her character well enough to be convinced, would afterwards awaken repentance.

The Princess of Nuremberg lamented her husband's injustice and violence; and continued to love him. Constantia, in her place, would have made the cause of innocence her own, and would have given the man she once

adored, only the alternative of losing her heart, or of abandoning his oppression.

But she did not expect this, from the Princess. Her pliant softness might be won to sanction the meetings of the lovers, or to forward letters to Adelaide. But in exciting her to this, Constantia saw she would be tasking a feeble spirit rather to contract guilt for her sake, than rouse it to make a just and generous protest against the injury done her.

This conviction of her aunt's weakness did not lessen the gratitude of Constantia. How warmly did her affectionate heart register the silent tears she had shed for her sake, when some alarming paragraph about the army, had been cruelly read aloud by the Prince!—How often had this pitying woman stolen at midnight from the side of her husband, to bring those restoratives to Constantia, which her decaying state demanded, but which the worthless Nuremberg prohibited!—All these things were remembered by one in whom gratitude was only secondary to love!

The Princess now sat by Constantia's bed, while she took her slight breakfast; and then afterwards, descended with her into the music-room, where she strove to beguile away her indisposition, by the charms of harmony.

When the day was far advanced, Nuremberg returned alone: his stormy brow announced a coming whirlwind.

He fixed his eyes upon his niece with a look that withered her very heart. She turned pale; almost fancying she saw in that look his knowledge of her appeal to the Abbess.

Contrary to his usual custom, he never addressed her; spoke little to his wife, and that in a bitter spirit; angrily repulsed his child when it attempted to caress him; and on seeing it creep towards Constantia, fiercely plucked it back, exclaiming, in a voice like a clap of thunder, "Have I not commanded you to avoid her, as you would poison?"

The pretty babe ran sobbing, and cast itself into its mother's arms; who, with a tone of sorrowful reproach, merely ventured to pronounce her husband's name. Constantia trembled, and grew paler.

The Prince then rang for refreshments; found fault with every thing that was brought; cursed the weather, the

house, and the situation; quarrelled, in short, with every object that met his sight, or came into his thoughts; and acted all the extravagancies of a madman, without designing to give his terrified wife the least intimation of what had happened to discompose him.

After exhausting his rage upon contemptible subjects, he suddenly struck into political prophecy; painting the state of the empire, in colours which made his hearers shudder. He detailed the scheme of the remaining part of the campaign; and having exaggerated the French troops, and the horror of combating them amongst the Alps, informed his wife, that Count Leopolstat's hussars were ordered on that service. "Every one," he exclaimed, with malicious triumph, "every one looks upon these fellows as already in their graves. Of course, they must all be cut in pieces; even that young lady's redoubtable hero, unless he be a second Achilles, invulnerable every way but in the heel. However, I fear, even so, he might share the fate of his companions; as I am much mistaken if he would not *turn on his heel* from the enemy."

At this brutal sarcasm, Constantia started from her seat: indignation lent her just enough strength to totter out of the room: when she reached another apartment, she sunk breathless upon a seat.

Never before did she so sensibly feel the alteration which decayed health had made in her very soul: a benumbing power seemed to have congealed those quick tides of generous resentment and glowing zeal, that once flowed at the smallest impulse. She felt blighted in every part; and scarcely thought it possible for health and liberty to revive the capacity of happiness.

Of Demetrius she now thought with grief. Abandoned to momentary despair, she believed herself lost for ever; and as her eyes accidentally fell on her own image in a mirror, she averted them with a thrill of acute regret. That beauty which she never prized till it had been praised by Demetrius, that beauty which she wished preserved only to delight him, was gone, most likely never to return; and the spirit which formerly gave it its brightest charm, seemed annihilated too.

Weeping and disconsolate, she seated herself in a window, from which she gazed upon that part of the garden, where she had so lately been with her lover. She gazed with piercing pain; for her thoughts were full of the belief that they should meet no more in this world. Sad ideas floated successively through her mind, in the language of love and melancholy, till they formed themselves into the following stanzas: —

To Demetrius.

While from my cheek, health's redd'ning glow retreats,
And youth's bright light deserts these dark'ning eyes;
While scarce a pulse beneath that pressure beats,
Which pitying tenderness so oft applies;

While cheerful thought expires, and hope decays,
And all things wither in my heart, save thee;
How can I wish to blight thy summer days,
By linking thine, to my sad destiny?

Is it for me, (faint, spiritless, and cold,)
To cling destroying, on thy opening years,
With dead'ning force their shooting powers enfold,
And drench each ardent bloom, in killing tears?

Is it for me, to pay thy gen'rous love
With a changed person, and a changing mind;
Seeking, alone, a selfish joy to prove,
While vows eternal should thy honour bind?

Perish the thought! — and let this cherish'd fire,
That even now burns quenchless in my breast;
This passion true, this fond, this pure desire,
Sink with my wasting frame to blessed rest. —

Gone, are the rosy smiles that won thy heart;
The sparkling glance, the gay delighted air;
Sorrow and sickness both, have said, Depart!
To all that made me in thy fancy fair:

Then, since no blessing I have left to give,
Since youth, and health, and hope, before me fly;
For thee, no longer will I ask to live; —
But ah! for thee, thee only, do I die.

Her whole recollected soul was absorbed in the awful idea suggested by the last line, when the Princess of Nuremberg entered the apartment. "Had you not better retire to rest?" she said, softly; "Amadeus has been playing, I find; and bad luck has embittered his temper more than usual. Forgive him, my dearest girl; he means well; but he does not know the nature of women: he believes we are only to be conquered by authority. Lean on my arm, — I will lead you up stairs; and though I dare not stay

with you, the good Josepha shall watch by you, till you sleep."

Constantia's swimming eyes, gratefully lifted for a moment from the ground, thanked her aunt: she took her arm with a sigh; and, slowly advancing from one landing of the staircase to another, at length reached her own chamber.

No refreshing slumber settled on the heavy eyelids of Constantia: her rest was broken with feverish starts, acute pangs, and all those mixed torments of burning heat and chilling rigors, which precede a violent disorder. Multitudes of spectres seemed standing in the gloom of her apartment; and sometimes she started from a profound sleep, at the fancied sound of supernatural whisperings.

In the morning, Josepha (an old domestic who had not left her all night) roused the family physician. He found the young Princess delirious, and her fever increasing every hour.

From the moment this intelligence was communicated to the wife of Nuremberg, she refused to abandon Constantia, in what she deemed her last agonies; though her barbarous husband muttered horrible triumphings, and loaded her with every term of contempt. She watched in the sick chamber, day and night, for seven days, when the fever turned favourably; and the Prince received a letter, which, forcing him to quit home again, left his wife and niece to themselves.

Unconscious of her danger, whose safety was as precious to him as his own honour, Demetrius spent four of these seven days in waiting for the Abbess's letter: on the fifth, he concealed it in the appointed place, and for three successive mornings vainly visited the spot, to receive the promised answer. Disappointed and apprehensive, he commissioned Pierre to discover the probable reason of this circumstance; and Pierre soon returned, with the afflicting account of Constantia's illness.

The first shock of this intelligence a while bereft Demetrius of every faculty: but no sooner did thought and passion return, than he resolved to brave every thing, and attempt seeing her.

Pierre respectfully and warmly remonstrated against such

rashness; but finding his master resolute, he suggested a plausible method of accomplishing his wish. It was to repair in the dusk of the evening, disguised as a courier, who brought something of import from the Prince of Nuremberg: so to obtain admittance to the Princess, whose permission for seeing Constantia, he might then implore; or at least obtain from her a true statement of his beloved's situation.

This plan (Pierre urged) could be attended with no other risk than that of the Princess refusing to hear his petition; while a bold attempt at entrance might subject him to insult, perhaps outrage, from the domestics of the palace. Nay, it would not bring him a step nearer the object desired; as he could not, even then, see Constantia, unless permitted by her aunt.

This prompt and feasible scheme was no sooner heard than embraced by Demetrius: he resolved to make an essay that very evening, when his absence would not be noticed; as Charles was going to leave the confinement of a sofa for the first time, and receive a few friends, who had not hitherto been admitted to his presence. So wild a project, Demetrius well knew, would not receive his sanction: therefore he resolved to conceal it, till success should have absolved him of rashness.

Dinner was over, and the happy family at Baron Ingersdorf's gathering round their dessert, when they were delightfully surprised by the entrance of Count Forshiem and his young wife. Demetrius started up with a glow of pleasant recollections, to salute the still gay Lorenza; while Adelaide rose smilingly, to welcome this new acquaintance; and Leopolstat embraced Forshiem with a brother's kindness.

"We have lately changed our quarters," said Forshiem, in answer to a question of Marshal Ingersdorf's; "and being on the very confines of Austria, I could not resist a desire to see Leopolstat's recovery with my own eyes: besides, this dear little fool, whom I have the honour to present to you all, as my agreeable torment for life, was so impatient to behold the whole circle, that I had no rest, till I obtained leave to depart."

"Have you not got my letter?" asked Charles.

"I have not had any letter these ten days," replied his friend: "if you wrote to our last cantonments, it is probably journeying after me."

Adelaide and her husband exchanged a glance of extreme disappointment; but spoke not.

The conversation then took that turn which always happens, when long absent friends appear suddenly, and meet in happiness. The circle was too large, and every person in it too much animated, for a calm or tender tone: the more joyous spirits, gave the strongest impulse; and those that singly would have been serious, became soon as much exhilarated as Forshiem himself.

In the midst of their gaiety, Demetrius apologised for the necessity he was under of keeping an appointment which he could not evade; but expressed a warm hope of finding the party still together, when he should certainly return to supper.

No one noticed that he spoke with agitation, except Charles, who was struck with his manner, and beckoned him to approach. His thoughts were startled at the suspicion of another duel between his brother and Nuremberg.

"Why are you so agitated, Demetrius?" he whispered, and anxiously pressed his hand; "for Heaven's sake tell me, whether the Prince of Nuremberg has discovered——"

"He knows nothing about me," hastily answered Demetrius; "I am not going to meet him: he is far off—surely, Charles, there is nothing wonderful in having an appointment? and mine, believe me, is not one to alarm any body."

"You are sure of it?"

"Certain," and the sunny smile which for a moment brightened the face of Demetrius, composed his brother: he shook his hand affectionately, and released him.

Demetrius hastened into the garden, at the end of which Pierre was in readiness, with the courier's dress.

"'Tis like to be a dreadful night," said the man, as he thrust his master's fine hair under a huge leather cap.

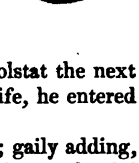
"No matter," replied Demetrius; "I care very little

what sort of a night it prove, if I may but see my Constantia —and find her indeed safe——" his full heart stopped the speech.

Quick flashes of lightning that now vibrated every instant through the trees; and distant thunder which began to mutter low and deep among the clouds, rather appalled Pierre: he expressed some apprehension for the horse his master was to ride, which he had tied to a tree at some distance from the garden gates: and indeed the poor fellow was so eager to get out of danger himself, that he scarcely gave Demetrius time to adjust half his novel accoutrements.

The night was sultry, and so still, that, except the repeated peals of thunder, no sound was heard, to drown the voices of Pierre and his master: they were therefore forced to speak in whispers, and to open the iron gates with extreme precaution.

A broad sheet of lightning quivered on their surface, when Demetrius impatiently threw them open, and rushed into the road. He looked back towards the house; thought of the affectionate circle he had left there; and, breathing a prayer for success and his Constantia, took the road to her uncle's palace.



CHAPTER XXIV.

"Is not my brother come yet?" asked Leopolstat the next morning, when, leaning on the arm of his wife, he entered the breakfast parlour.

Count Forshiem answered in the negative; gaily adding, "Since he seems resolved to spoil our breakfast, as he did our supper, by making it wait for him, we must enter into a resolution not to forgive the truant trick he played us last night. Unless the gallant gentleman can make a very good excuse for himself, I think the dignity and charms of these fair ladies have been grossly insulted."

"The charms of some lady, as fair as ours," observed the Baron, "may have tempted him to forego our supper."

"It's more likely," interrupted the Marshal, "that the provoking puppy has caught an atrocious cold, and is at this time writhing in bed. He must have been out in all that storm of thunder and lightning, and rain, and so I'll post off to his lodgings, and see after him."

As the Marshal took up his hat, Charles thanked him, with a bow and a smile; and the two Countesses laughingly bade him bear their eternal enmity to Demetrius, for having thrown such a stigma on their joint attractions.

"I fear there is something deucedly inhuman in this Austrian air," exclaimed Forshiem; "for I protest to you all, that not even the woful supposition uttered by the Marshal, as he vanished just now, has been able to damp the ardour with which I contemplate my breakfast. Are you hungry, good folks, or are ye not? I profess myself famishing: and therefore mean to fall upon the bread and ham, this very moment, and for these very reasons:—

"If my friend Demetrius is only idle and insolent, I should be a great fool to stay my appetite for such a coxcomb: if he is *sickish*, we shall all be so miserable upon it, that I know none of us will dare to ask for any thing to eat. I really cannot grieve on an empty stomach: if I don't replenish myself with food, I have no strength to groan; and if I don't drink, I can shed no tears."

"But you can harangue pretty stoutly," interrupted his wife; "and so fast, and so fluently too, that it is the mutual interest of the Countess and me to silence you with your breakfast immediately. If we don't do so, your noisy tongue will have wearied every body's attention, before we can claim our female privilege, and use ours."

The table was now quickly surrounded; and the liveliness which every one assumed, to drive away the uneasiness visible in the face of Leopolstat, soon awakened his sportive wit, and made the time of the Marshal's absence pass less anxiously.

The Baron and Count Forshiem were in the midst of a whimsical dispute, when the latter was told that a person wanted to speak with him in the ante-room: he obeyed

the summons. What was his surprise, to behold Marshal Ingersdorf with a face as pale as death, and scarcely able to speak from agitation!

Forshiem stood aghast. "What has happened?" he exclaimed, in a low voice.

"He has never been at home!" exclaimed the Marshal, "they know nothing of him."

"Who do you mean?—the people at his lodgings?"

"Yes!—they have not seen him since yesterday, when he was there to dress for dinner. Heaven only knows whither he can have gone, or what has become of him!"—

Solicitous to quiet the alarm in which he now partook largely himself, Forshiem rather inconsiderately suggested, that he might have supped with a party of wild young men, and drank too much wine. If this party were held at one of the company's villas, a mile or two off, his late appearance was natural.

In the midst of their discourse, Charles appeared.

His anxious, eager countenance, instantly caught the infectious paleness of theirs: at that moment, Forshiem almost wished the earth would open and swallow him, for his late unseasonable buffoonery; but he hastened to atone for it, by calming his friend's worst fears.

"I must see these people myself," said Charles, after Forshiem ceased: "you know I cannot go to them; they must be sent for: will you, my dear fellow, hasten to the Prince of Nuremberg's, and learn whether the Prince be there; whether, in short, it be possible that a duel with him—" He stopped, overcome for an instant, then resumed, hastily, "Did you see his servant, sir? surely *he* could tell where his master went last night."

"His servant is missing too," replied the Marshal. At this intelligence, Leopolstat, struck with the most horrible suspicion, was transfixed to the spot: the Marshal, eyeing him, said, in a tremulous voice, "I could almost wish, I had never burned my fingers with touching any of you. I thought that I had worked out my own happiness, and that of a dozen other folks besides; and I'm like to find the very reverse. I tell you, Forshiem, this Demetrius has caused us all more heartaches, than ever he'll be worth

ducats. I wish I had him here, only for five minutes: if the puppy *does* show his face again, mind, I'll not look at it. He may come when he likes, and go when he likes; for I'll never notice one of his actions. His brother in such a state, too. I'll never forgive him; if he's above ground, I'll never forgive him."

Marshal Ingersdorf left the room as he concluded, in order to send for the persons Leopolstat wished to question. Both Charles and Forshiem remained silent.

Their continued absence could not but excite some uneasiness in the ladies and Baron Ingersdorf: Adelaide ventured to seek them; and soon afterwards the cause of all this mystery spread dismay throughout the house.

The persons inhabiting the place where Demetrius had apartments, now appeared. They merely repeated Marshal Ingersdorf's first account; except that they remembered seeing Pierre come in at night, with two other men, and go up to his master's room, where they stayed only a few minutes, and went out again all together.

The Marshal had himself been again to the lodgings; had opened all the drawers and bureaus; but finding every thing safe, and not a single paper that could lead to information, concluded Pierre was innocent of what they suspected—a robbery.

"Charles! my dear Charles!" cried Adelaide, approaching him, as he sat speechless with grief and perplexity; "we alarm ourselves too much, perhaps: is it not possible that Constantia and he, may, last night, have been so imprudent as to fly together?"

Her husband started: joy flashed over his face: "Oh, my dear Adelaide," he cried, "I would purchase that conviction, I believe, at the price of half my dearest hopes!"

She blushed as he pressed her to his bosom, while she softly whispered, "Is it me, or your child, you would resign?"

"Not you, angel of my life!" Charles replied, "nor yet—oh, neither—neither!"

Count Forshiem, who had been some time absent, now reentered. Alas! he was destined to destroy their momentary hope. The Prince of Nuremberg was at ——, on state

business: the Princess, hearing Count Forshiem's errand, ventured to admit him; and had herself not only told him this, but assured him Constantia was just pronounced out of danger from a brain fever.

Here ended this feeble ground for consolation. Forshiem, the Baron, and the Marshal, were again dispersed in search of information: one was charged with scrutinising all parts of Vienna for the suspected Pierre; the other was to procure advertisements to be circulated in every direction; the last was to make a tour through the places of public entertainment, which had been open the night before, — through all the coffee-houses where he might have been seen, or where some person might be found, who could give account of him.

Charles, meanwhile, employed himself and his wife, in writing notes to different young men, whom they had heard Demetrius mention: hoping to obtain, through some one of these various channels, a key to the mystery.

The day closed without a single discovery. No one had seen Demetrius, since the moment in which he left the room at Baron Ingersdorf's; and Pierre's very few associates proved their complete ignorance of his concealment. Officers of justice were now in search of this man; and to his capture and confession, Leopolstat secretly looked for all that he should ever hear again of his beloved brother.

There was no sorrow on earth, strong enough to conquer Charles's consideration for those around him. He stifled every expression of grief, or impatience; and it was only by his continual, though suffocated sighs, that Adelaide found, during the night, that he never slept.

Unable himself to walk, or even to bear the quick motion of a carriage, Leopolstat was obliged to delegate his duty to others. Again his active friends commenced new enquiries; again returned unsuccessful: letters, messages, visiters, came every hour to the gate of the house; but each came to profess the same ill fortune.

Count Forshiem was at length forced to abandon his share in a task which he performed with a brother's zeal: the truce was just terminating; every officer was recalled to his regiment, and he could no longer remain from his

He departed, leaving Lorenza as a companion for Adelaide, whose spirits failed under the sight of her husband's distress, and the pressure of her own.

During a week's hopeless search, the thoughts of Count Leopolstat often reverted to Colonel Wurtzburgh: it is true, that he had received from this gentleman, a very strong and amazed denial of his having the slightest knowledge of Demetrius, or his concerns; but still, an instinctive suspicion haunted him like a spectre, and like a spectre vanished when he would have scrutinised it.

How, or why, Wurtzburgh should have a share in his brother's disappearance, he could not form an idea: — Wurtzburgh was with his regiment near Ingolstadt; — Wurtzburgh had of late, (at least, when they met in Ulm,) been friendly, but not forward: why, then, did he suspect the poor man? — He could not answer the question; yet, for all that, suspicion itself was not silenced.

Pierre, unluckily, had been once the Colonel's servant; and the association of ideas which this circumstance naturally produced, together with Wurtzburgh's dubious conduct at Bolzano, prevented Charles from being thoroughly just.

While uncertain of his brother's fate, his own inaction appeared to him like a crime: yet what could he do, where turn, with any shadow of hope? — Without he could be present, at the same time, in every part of the globe at once, he could not be sure that he was not journeying from the very country that contained the object he sought; and without he had some assurance that Wurtzburgh or the Prince of Nuremberg were concerned in the affair, he had not a single claim upon them, for a decisive answer to the questions his soul burned to urge.

Nothing but the discovery of Pierre was likely to unravel the mystery: and for his detection, he now exerted every power of money and of influence.

A fortnight had elapsed, when Baron Ingersdorf (having previously assured himself that Adelaide was in her dressing-room) entered the apartment of Charles. The deepest concern was settled on his amiable countenance; his hands shook, as he took one of Leopolstat's within his, and stre-

nuously pressed it. "My dear nephew," he said, "I trust you are prepared for something very like a confirmation of our worst fears! I have just now come from a spot nearly a league off, where a countryman has discovered——" He faltered; the fixed eyes of Charles alone urged him to proceed — "has discovered," he resumed, "the clothes of your brother. They were concealed among the bushes of a thicket; but, after diligent search, we conclude, that, as the river runs near — his body ——"

Charles suddenly broke from the Baron's grasp, with the force of his former strength: he spoke not; but his eyes shot forth wild and lurid fire, as he flew with frightful haste towards the door of another apartment.

"Follow me not!" — he exclaimed, pushing away the Baron, who would have entered with him: "leave me — leave me to my own heart — and Heaven!"

So saying, he closed the door with precipitation, and appeared no more for the remainder of the day.

The good Baron, alarmed at the effect which this despair might have upon Adelaide, instantly devised a method of getting her to leave home: he despatched a letter to Madame Reusmarck, with instructions for her conduct; and then went himself to his niece, with that lady's urgent request to see her immediately. Having said that the Count was engaged on business, he got her to leave the house without seeing him; and certain that Madame Reusmarck would detain her by civil force, until the evening, he returned to wait the moment of his nephew's reappearance.

By the time Count Leopolstat had sufficiently mastered that grief, which almost crushed the very centre of life, he quitted his solitude, and joined a melancholy conference, now held between Baron Ingersdorf and the Field-marshal.

Adelaide's situation rendered it nearly criminal to shock her with so dreadful a discovery: and as it had always been the Count's wish to have his child born under his own paternal roof, it was agreed that preparations for their immediate journey to Hungary should be commenced. — His wounds not yet healed, and his debilitated health, prevented

the possibility of his sharing in the future campaign; and as he had unlimited leave of absence from the commander-in-chief, it had long been his intention to try his native air for some months.

Marshal Ingersdorf voluntarily resigned the gratification of accompanying his son and daughter: promising to devote every thought and every hour, to the attempt of discovering that wretch Pierre, who was now considered by them all, as the murderer of his master.

The atrociousness of Pierre's crime, astonished, and sometimes staggered their conviction, when they reflected upon the small inducements he had to commit it. Except the miniature of Constantia, encircled with diamonds, which Demetrius wore constantly next his heart; and a very small sum of money in his purse; he carried nothing about with him, to tempt any but a hardened villain, to the act of murder. Yet, what other motive could engage Pierre to destroy the gentlest and most generous of masters? If he were only the instrument of another's vengeance (as Charles firmly believed), the clue to a discovery was lost.

Forshiem no sooner entered Bohemia, than he repaired to ——, where, to his utter disappointment, he found the Abbess had just breathed her last. After her death (which was sudden), no person appeared to have met with the appeal of Constantia, amongst her papers; and no person came forward, as if entrusted with the secret. Whether the letter in reply, therefore, had or had not been her production, was now left in doubt for ever.

At this period, the safety of his wife was the first consideration with Leopolstat: he secretly covenanted with himself to wait till there was no longer any cause for solicitude; meanwhile, to use every means afforded by nature and by art, for his own restoration; and then to revisit Austria, with the full determination of keeping a never-closing eye upon all the actions of Wurtzburgh and the Prince of Nuremberg.

"My spirit shall not sleep, till I have discovered thy fate!" he repeated to himself, while he thought of Demetrius. "Never, my brother, shall it cease to hover over the

objects of its suspicion, till Heaven permits me to blast them with ample retribution!"

When Adelaide returned from her visit to Madame Reusmarck, she heard with surprise, but not dissatisfaction, her husband's intention of setting out for Leopolstat the second day after the present. There was nothing precious to her in Vienna, except Constantia, whom she had several times vainly attempted to see. To all her solicitations the Prince of Nuremberg had civilly replied, "his niece was too ill for company."

She now wrote to him again; and the next morning received a freezing permission.

The spirits of Adelaide were at present ill-suited to the trial she anticipated: frequently after her carriage was announced, did she rise to go to it, and as often did she sink again upon her chair, weeping and trembling. Constantia had always been inexpressibly dear, for her own sake, and how much more so now, for that of Demetrius! — Charles dreaded the consequence of such a meeting, but forbore to express his fears, lest his wife should yield up the sacred duties of humanity and friendship to fondness for him. When her agitation subsided, he led her to the carriage, in which they were then slowly conveyed to the palace of Nuremberg.

The Prince received Count Leopolstat; the Princess led his Countess to Constantia. For some time after the ladies left them, both gentlemen were silent; at last the Prince said, coldly,—

"I find, sir, you are still unsuccessful in your search after your brother.—I wish the young Count had not made it my interest to rejoice in a circumstance, which otherwise my esteem for you, would have taught me to lament."

"I know of nothing, Prince," replied Charles, severely eyeing him, "that can excuse any man for rejoicing in the probable murder of another.—Surely, no act of my brother's privileges even the Prince of Nuremberg to boast of so monstrous a joy?"

The Prince turned pale with the violence of that gathering passion which he had not courage to show.

"You must allow the Prince of Nuremberg," he said,

" to have some regard to propriety. As the brother of Count Leopolstat, I should always have treated Count Demetrius with just consideration; but when he preposterously elevated himself to *my* level — when he persisted in retaining the affections of Princess Constantia —"

" And *did* he persist?" Charles demanded: " when your Highness last saw him, was it not to resign those proud hopes! — Has he since that moment attempted to see or to correspond with the Princess?"

The penetrating eyes of Leopolstat, levelled full at the Prince, perhaps, put the latter too soon upon his guard; for, evidently checking a fierce reply, he answered, peevishly, —

" No, I suppose he has not: but the Princess obstinately persists in her attachment; though she knows I have other views for her future establishment."

" After this confession," observed Charles, " you will pardon me, Prince, when I frankly tell you, that I consider your conduct unjust; and must insist on your recalling the expression which produced this unpleasant discussion. Recollect, you wished my brother *had not given you reason to rejoice in his calamitous fate:* you have now acknowledged his innocence; you are therefore bound, as a man of honour, to unsay whatever would make that innocence doubtful."

Nuremberg, instead of replying, walked up and down the room in great agitation. Charles calmly, but in a tone of determination, enforced his demand: his suspicions of the Prince gathered strength every instant; and he hoped to push this advantage, till the Prince's ungoverned temper might discover that knowledge of the young Count's clandestine visits, which would furnish him with grounds for further examination.

" I shall be loth to demand publicly," resumed Leopolstat, " what your Highness seems willing to withhold in private: but this recantation must be made; yes, sir! it must; or I stand disgraced to my brother's memory, and my own conscience, for ever."

" Count, you take an unfair advantage of me," returned Nuremberg, quivering as he spoke. " You are cool; my feelings are too keenly engaged, for me to weigh the precise

extent of every word's meaning. However, I must repeat, that although I might speak too forcibly of your brother, I am justified in asserting, that it is unnatural to think he never found means to see or write to Constantia, without my knowledge. Her obstinate constancy is a proof of it."

"As damning a proof," Charles sternly exclaimed, "as the mortal animosity of the Prince of Nuremberg is, of his being the murderer of Demetrius."

For the first time the prince, without changing colour, furiously dared the full blaze of Leopolstat's eyes. He stood steadily opposite to him for an instant, then said, "Explain yourself, sir."

Amazed, but not confounded, by this unexpected show of innocence, Charles answered, "I do not accuse you, Prince; I accuse no one, till furnished with proofs. But I simply place the one accusation, against the other; to make you sensible, that, if I were inclined to judge of your probable conduct from your avowed motives (as you have done by my brother), my soul would not merely accuse, but condemn you."

Nuremberg was completely silenced; though his spirit inwardly breathed curses on the man into whose power he was thus betrayed by his own madness. He could no longer refuse the apology which Leopolstat required. He made it with an ill grace, adding, "After this humiliating necessity, you cannot be surprised, Count, to learn, that from this morning, I desire we may remain strangers; and that while Princess Constantia continues under my guardianship, I hope the Countess Leopolstat will never force me to the ungracious task of refusing a lady's request." He did not wait for any other reply than a dignified bend of the head, which Charles made him, as he darted out of the apartment.

Possessed with all the furies, he hurried to a room near that of Constantia's, where the loud sound of his voice soon induced his princess to part the two friends. Adelaide then rejoined her lord; and they left the palace.

Far from having to comfort, Adelaide herself had been comforted. Constantia seemed inspired with a conviction

that Demetrius was still alive; and placed so strong a dependence on this fond imagination, that Adelaide insensibly became a convert to it. Several detached speeches of her uncle's, authorised her in suspecting his knowledge of her meetings with Demetrius; nay, he had once dropped an expression which strongly indicated a suspicion at least of her application to the Abbess. He had been the first to tell her, that her lover was missing; and had uniformly tried to persuade her, that his own rash hand had shortened his life.

The very admission of that friend whose visits he had hitherto refused, was another ground for believing he knew that Demetrius was removed from the chance of injuring him: for concealed, not killed, Constantia thought him. Her uncle's disposition might lead him to great enormities; to the violation of law, of personal freedom, of all those ties which bind men of common honesty together; but she was incapable of supposing him so abandoned of humanity and the dread of future punishment, as to become a deliberate murderer.

She conceived that Pierre had betrayed his master's confidence; was accessory to his disappearance; and that most likely, on the offer of a great reward, would one day discover the place in which Demetrius was then immured.

Actuated by these ideas, she charged Adelaide to have new advertisements sent to every popular paper throughout Europe, addressed to this Pierre, offering him an enormous recompence to discover the persons concerned.

Her heart smote her, as she spoke; for she could not forget that Nuremberg (who would be eternally disgraced, were he found accessory to the plot,) was her uncle: but the liberty, nay, the life, of her blameless Demetrius was at stake, as well as her own earthly peace, and that of Adelaide and Charles; and she gained courage, therefore, to offer some of her own wealth for the prosecution of this renewed attempt.

The sudden death of her Bohemian relation, banished the hope of obtaining an immediate release from the tyranny of her uncle; but now, she felt as if that oppression could no longer injure either her health or her spirits. This new and

mighty anxiety, by giving a strong impulse to her mind, and renovated her frame; she thought no more of herself; she remembered only Demetrius; she felt as if she ought not to die; while his fate was unknown, or his wrongs unredressed.

Pale, wasted, feeble as she seemed, from the effects of late illness, yet Adelaide saw with delight, life roused up in all her looks: it was not the consuming blaze of feverish energy, but the steady, increasing glow of vital strength.

Animated with a new motive for living, Constantia resolutely refused to indulge herself in tears when Adelaide left her: but she was sad; and sat lost in reflection, when the door of her apartment was thrown open by the Prince.

Standing on the threshold, and beholding her for the first time since her illness, he eyed her altered figure with a mixture of vexation and malice. "Your exchequer of beauty," he said, insultingly, "will soon be exhausted, child, if you draw on it thus prodigally. Since neither affection nor authority can reason you out of destroying yourself, go to your glass, and take counsel there: if you have but the vanity of your d—d sex, that will have more effect upon you, than a hundred ghostly lectures."

Constantia turned away without speaking. Irritated at her silence, the Prince continued, "I tell you, girl, you can't afford this waste of good looks. In the season of your greatest abundance, there was none to spare; and now that you have sighed, and groaned, and scolded, and fainted away, the rosy-coloured blood that used to make those features of yours tolerable, believe me, they are reduced to very common-place features indeed.

"As to the figure, on which I know you prided yourself, — your neck, your arms, your finely-rounded shape, it 's all vanished: gone for ever, my poor damsel! and if it were not for the beauties that still exist in your Venetian estates, I verily believe no man on earth would take you off my hands."

A momentary flush of resentment on the cheek of Constantia, convinced the Prince that her rosy-coloured blood was not quite gone; she gave him a look of disdain, say-

ing, "Yes, sir! there is *one* man; and he, thank Heaven, is the only one to whom I would give this person, changed as it is."

"You'd make him a marvellously handsome present, upon my soul!" exclaimed her uncle. Tears gushed from Constantia's eyes; but she concealed them, by averting her head. He continued—"And who may this *moderate* gentleman be, I pray?"

"Count Demetrius of Leopolstat."

The Prince burst into a brutal fit of laughter, during which, Constantia endeavoured to pass him. "Stay, stay, child!" he cried, forcibly pushing her from the door; "I cannot let you go yet — you are positively very diverting. So, you would make a present of yourself to a dead man! Why, truly, in your present *shadowy* state, the idea 's not amiss; and I think you would be an admirable match for him."

"Dost thou hear him, just Heaven!" Constantia wildly exclaimed, shuddering, and closing her eyes, as if unable to look upon such a monster.

Nuremberg now changed his tone: his countenance blackened; and, roughly seizing her arm, he said (in a voice like distant thunder), "Wretch! if thou couldst guess all that I know of thy infernal machinations! — I owe thee no pity — no mercy — and thou shalt find none."

He flung her from him with a violence which threw her against the wall; but, heedless of the act, he remained in her apartment, traversing it with hasty strides. Stung to the quick, by the concession forced from him by Count Leopolstat, he now found one defenceless creature on whom to pour the vials of wrath. Stopping near her again, he abruptly exclaimed, "You have seen your friend Madame Leopolstat, I can tell you, for the last time. None bearing that name, shall ever again pollute my house with their presence."

"Your commands are law in your own house, certainly, sir," answered Constantia: "of course, I shall never again expect to see her here; but when I am my own mistress — in my own house——"

The Prince interrupted her —"So, you look forward to

that event, after all!—I thought what your burning passion would come to!—You, that were dying for this Hungarian Paris, when he was alive, can now live on—ay, and live merrily, too—when he is dead! For my part, I expected to hear of your turning nun, at least."

"Your Highness was mistaken, then," replied Constantia.—"No, sir; do not suppose I will ever voluntarily quit the world, while there remains a single hope of finding *him* in it.—Do with me what you please; but I warn you, that a day of retribution will arrive: as you deal with me now, shall you be requited at my hands hereafter.—You dare not—I believe you would not—violently kill me; yet you have not scrupled to use a coward's method for ridding me of life. You have daily insulted, afflicted, and imprisoned me; you have destroyed my youth and my health; you may still do more: but I tell you, there is an *invincible something* in this heart of mine, which will survive all your injuries. Beware of placing yourself too much in my power, lest, when I have the means to ruin your unsuspected character, the memory of these outrages should supply me with the inclination."

The Prince stood as if blinded by lightning: his senses were locked up in amazement at so unexpected a threat.—Constantia seized the moment, and flying past him, got into her waiting-maid's room, fastened the door, and cast herself on a couch, completely exhausted.

The very next morning, Nuremberg ordered his family to prepare for an immediate journey: soon after, they were all on their way to Venice, where Constantia had a superb mansion, over which the Prince, as her guardian, could rule with as absolute authority as in his own.

CHAPTER XXV.

In total ignorance of that painful circumstance which rendered the murder of Demetrius almost certain, Adelaide quitted Vienna, warm with the hope which Constantia had awakened.

Yielding to a sweet superstition, she believed that her friend's expectations had something of prophecy in them; and frequently, when the thought of his brother's irreparable loss blanched the cheek of Leopolslat, she urged her own fond fancy with all the earnestness of conviction.

He heard her in silence; for the iron grasp of despair was at his heart.

In consequence of that feebleness which still incapacitated the Count from enduring much exertion, their journey was the work of many days. It was evening when they reached Leopolstat.

The sun was just setting behind the castle, in the same splendour with which Charles had seen it, when he last visited his home; the convent bell was tolling for vespers; the marble quarry shone with reflected light. As he beheld it, the beautiful vision of the past, the blooming youth of Demetrius, made, for an instant, a frightful impression of reality: he leaned forwards from the window, suddenly recollected himself, and, throwing his head back in the carriage, gave way to tears.

How do the gay bubbles of hope and expectation burst under the noiseless foot of Time! — Charles had always promised his soul a kind of holiday of delight, whenever peace should enable him to take possession of this inheritance, endeared to him as the place of his birth, and the gift of Adelaide: he now came to it without one emotion of pleasure.

That sentiment of desolation, which the heart, bereaved of a dear object, spreads over all creation, seemed in his imagination to have fixed its eternal throne at Leopolstat. It "breathed a browner horror o'er the woods;" it chilled him in the thundering torrent and the sweeping storm; it pervaded every sound and every view; and rendered the expected birth of his child only an important event, that would for ever calendar the date of his direst calamity.

But he refused indulgence to a sentiment which, if suffered to increase, palsies the firmest souls, and takes from them both the power and the will to fulfil their appointed duties. He applied himself earnestly to seek the consolations of faith: he sought society; he directed all the

tenderness of his nature, towards his wife; he strove to surround her with that tempered cheerfulness, so agreeable to elegant minds; and often in the fond attempt at making her happy, nearly rendered himself so.

In the company of Madame Forshiem, and the occasional visits of the prior from St. Xavier's, two months passed away: at the expiration of that time, he became a father. What a multitude of strange delightful emotions pervaded him, when he took his child, for the first time, into his arms! — They effaced every former impression. They spread a bliss throughout his soul, as though it were suddenly endued with a new and more exquisite sense than any hitherto known; or as if he waked in heaven, and found himself beatified.

He stood long wrapped in this trance, without moving his eyes from the infant's face, and scarcely breathing: at last, some other person's action disturbed the babe; it waked, and it cried. The dream now ended: the father's mind was instantly crowded with images of care and sorrow; and the idea of Demetrius, like a piercing pain momentarily lulled, returned with tenfold strength.

It was different with Adelaide. The birth of their child, was to her a circumstance that still further abstracted her from other considerations. It had long been dearly familiar to all her thoughts; it was ever blended with some solicitude about herself, and far more about her husband. His disappointment if the babe should be born dead, and his grief if she should perish, occupied her incessantly. She could never forget that an hour of trial and anxiety awaited her; and therefore dwelling so much upon one object, weakened her perception of another.

When first she pressed the infant to her bosom, the emotion she felt was not, like Charles's, new and bewildering; it was but the same bliss, perfected and secured, which had often before thrilled transiently through her breast. She saw in it, an innocent creature, to love and to protect; one that was henceforth to be entirely dependent upon her tenderness; and full of a conviction at once so sacred and so sweet, she surrendered herself to happiness: half-believing,

that, since so much was already given, Providence would not deny the rest.

The birth of this babe, therefore, was to her a good omen; but to Charles a sad memorial.

It was now December; and the dying year had been as fatal to the hopes of Germany as to the domestic peace of Count Leopolstat.

Fluctuating and weak, the councils of the Austrian cabinet, while they changed their measures, only varied their methods of being contemptible. Given up to petty jealousies, party cabals, and female influence, they had planned without judgment, and acted without concert. In giving the command of the armies to the Archduke Charles, they had ever contrived to neutralise the wisdom of such a choice, by referring his operations to the Aulic Council; which, deciding at a distance, upon plans formed by him where they were to be executed, and of which promptness was the very life, seldom judged rightly, or decided with sufficient despatch.

The grand army, during this campaign, had been committed to another general, as brave, but not so penetrating; one, who was equally fettered by useless restrictions, and who, consequently, could not be expected to emulate his predecessor's glory.

After the conclusion of a second armistice, Prince Charles was solicited to accept again the important post of commander-in-chief. He stipulated for full powers; and they could no longer be withheld.

Austria sought her protector too late. On repairing to head-quarters, the Archduke found an ill-provided army, dispirited, and broken to pieces: he had not time to seek those resources, which his inventive genius instantly suggested; for the enemy swept forwards like a sea, and to wait their approach was to court inevitable destruction.

Their tide of success rolled terribly on: he was driven back towards Vienna; from which the affrighted inhabitants fled with the precipitation of despair.

The Prince now saw, that peace only could save his country: stifling, therefore, those selfish sensibilities to popular or particular opinion (which often stimulate men

to the prosecution of an object that they know will fail them at last); he abandoned a vain attempt; signing a truce at Steyer, which was but the prelude to a final termination of the war in the ensuing year.

As the news of every defeat reached the retirement of Count Leopolstat, he reflected with more embittered regret, on his inability to share in those exertions and disasters, which, made and suffered with an unsubdued heart, in a good cause, are so many crowns of glory to a patriot soldier. He contemplated the growing power of France with dreadful forebodings: and when a pacification was finally concluded, while others gave themselves up to careless joy, he saw in this delusive peace only that horrid calm which precedes an earthquake; he saw that France would gather accumulated force from temporary restraint, and would, at length, burst over the whole Continent, in one wide war of extermination.

It was, perhaps, fortunate for Count Leopolstat, that public affairs so often wrested his thoughts from their usual subject: for the days, the weeks, the months passed, and nothing transpired about Demetrius.

Pierre seemed to have vanished; — Colonel Wurtzburgh was quietly going through the routine of his duty in garrison; and the Prince of Nuremberg remained shut up with his family in Venice. All those glimmering lights, which in newspapers and mistaken intelligence, had successively started up and disappeared, served only to deepen the gloom which enveloped the mystery.

Charles began to relinquish even the dreary hope of discovering the destroyer of his brother: but with the hope, he would not abandon the attempt. No sooner was the safety of Vienna ascertained, by the peace of Luneville, than he quitted Hungary, taking with him his wife and child, and the amiable Madame Forshiem. It was his intention to leave them under the care of his uncle and father-in-law, while he seized the opportunity of passing into France, and trying to find out the abode of Pierre: for that he had returned to his native country, he now no longer doubted; and that he was the criminal, he never scrupled to believe.

The advice of Count Forshiem a while delayed this plan.

Forshiem had lately heard from the agent on his estate in Goritia, of a stranger (a Frenchman, too), who had engaged one of his houses; and who, though vulgar in his mien and manners, lived in great wealth. The unwillingness with which this man spoke of himself, or his affairs, together with some mistake which had arisen from persons enquiring after him by different names, made Forshiem suspect that their search was now ready to end. He communicated the matter to Leopolstat; and as he was then going to this estate with his wife, he offered either to prosecute the enquiry alone, or to make him his companion.

Charles determined upon the latter; and they set out immediately.

After a few days' journey, the travellers did not reach Count Forshiem's house, till midnight: at such an hour, no excuse could be formed for invading the privacy of a stranger; and, therefore, the friends were obliged to make a merit of necessity, and defer their visit till the morning.

Anxiety amounting to torture,— feelings which had just enough of hope in them, to rack and to agonise (and, compared with which, the death of desperate certainty would have been blessedness), kept the eyes of Charles from closing during the night. He left his restless bed at the dawn of day, impatiently waiting for the appearance of Forshiem, who seemed to sleep as if he had taken an opiate.

In consequence of the war in Italy, Soldini had accepted for himself and niece the asylum offered by Count Forshiem: they had long been established in Goritia, and were now introduced to the brother of their lost favourite, Demetrius. Lorenza made breakfast with trembling hands; for she partook warmly in the general anxiety, and inwardly breathed a prayer for their success, as they took the path towards the stranger's.

When they reached the house door, Charles (although wrapped in a large cloak) drew back, that he might not be known: Forshiem advanced. What was their mortification, to find the man they sought was already out! On questioning the servant, they learnt that he was gone with some guests, to see the mines at Idria. They resolved to follow

him: the place to which the servant directed them was not half a league off; and the answers he gave to some questions of Leopolstat's, stimulating them with fresh hope, they proceeded forwards.

At the mouth of the principal shaft, they were told that Monsieur Bernadotte (such was the stranger's name) had descended into the mine, with two other foreigners. Eager in the pursuit, and fearful of losing his prey, Charles proposed going down after him: Forshiem consented.

At any other period than this, in which the thoughts of both were too much occupied to regard outward circumstances, neither Forshiem nor Charles would have seated themselves without shuddering, in the dismal machine, which precipitated them above an hundred fathoms below the surface of a steep mountain.

They descended in complete silence, and total darkness: no sound broke the hideous stillness, but the whirring noise of the ropes and pulleys by which they were let down; and when they alighted, only a pale lamp, glimmering here and there among caverns as black as Erebus, served to mark with greater precision, the horror and vastness of the place.

At first, nothing was discernible by Charles, except a wide expanse of blackness, on which, these lamps were mere specks of light: by degrees the darkness seemed to diminish; and he discovered on all sides ghastly figures flitting through it, like condemned souls. A continued sound, as of the pealing of distant thunder, was heard to roll among the caverns: it was the echo of their footsteps.

"Ought we not to find that fiend, in such a hell as this?" whispered Forshiem. His companion shuddered.

A man now approached; and, hearing their errand, offered to conduct them to that part of the mine where Monsieur Bernadotte was resting: they followed him. On advancing to a group of persons who were curiously watching the labours of the wretched miners, Charles felt his heart beat with uncontrollable agitation; his limbs failed under him for a moment, and he grasped Forshiem's arm for support: but, quickly recovering, he sprang forwards.

At the sound of his own name, Bernadotte turned round:

he lifted up his head, and showed Charles the face of a stranger.

Had the restoration of his brother's life depended upon identifying Pierre, in this Frenchman, the disappointment could hardly have been more acute. "It is not the man!" he exclaimed, while, leaving Forshiem to apologise, he hurried into another division of the mine.

The dismal emotions excited by the sight of multitudes, doomed to drink in the poisonous vapour, which they know contains their death; now heightened the wild disappointment of Leopolstat. As these unhappy wretches lingered along the vaulted cells, he felt something like madness seize upon his brain; and he caught the arm of Forshiem with alarming wildness.

"Let us quit this horrid place!" he cried: "I am not myself!"

Without a conductor, they entered the first opening that offered: it led them along a narrow passage, just wide enough to admit one at a time. Forshiem went first.

"I think we are right," he observed: "come on."

Charles followed the passage, till it spread into a lofty cavern, where, by the lurid glare of one lamp, he descried a solitary figure, leaning faintly against his mattock and the rock. The man did not alter his position when they entered; but his breathing, quick and labouring, announced the struggles of approaching death.

"Why have you brought me here, Forshiem?" exclaimed Charles, turning in anguish away.

While he spoke, the dying wretch started up; and, as if suddenly endued with preternatural strength, rushed forwards, uttering a fearful cry.

At that sound, the blood froze in the veins of Charles: darkness spread before him; all his senses were locked up: he saw not the wild gleam of distracted joy, lighting the features of despair; he heard not the well-known voice, which now convulsively repeated — "O bliss, past hope! I die in these arms at last!—"

When Forshiem beheld the emaciated figure sink towards the ground, he believed that the unhappy youth had indeed found his death-bed on the bosom so beloved. He tried to

catch him as he fell; but Charles, roused by the action, suddenly clasped the body of his brother, exclaiming, "Hold off! never shall he leave these arms again!"

Leopolstat knew not what he said: yet his nerves, turned to steel, grasped the object he held, with a force that seemed to make the grasp eternal: his amazed and haggard eyes were riveted upon the breathless Demetrius: his own breath came quick and short. At length large drops of moisture burst from every pore of his body: and, rapidly melting into softness, he exclaimed, "Thou, that wast the pride of my heart, the delight of my eyes, is it thus that I find thee!" Tears gushed forth with the words; and then he wept long and violently.

For many years after this moment, did the memory of his brother's cry, distemper the soul of Charles: in the midst of camps, or brilliant assemblies; even by the hearth of domestic peace, it would suddenly wither his heart, and blanch his cheek. Often since has he started from sweet sleep, fancying the thrilling sound repeated, and dispersing the slumbers of Adelaide by his own terrifying exclamation.

As Demetrius slowly recovered, his brother eagerly besought Forshiem to bring the governor of the mine to the spot. "We must bear him from this killing place," he cried, "these noxious vapours! — Oh, Heaven! by what miracle is he preserved to me!" — Demetrius opened his eyes; and a languid smile, but full of happiness, illumined his features. Again Charles clasped him to his heart; and again melted into tenderness.

The governor of the mine now entered with Count Forshiem: he expressed the utmost regret at his inability to give Demetrius even one day's liberty; but offered every comfort and assistance within his power.

Leopolstat promised to be answerable for his brother's re-appearance with his own life; assured him that, whatever might be his imputed crime, he was certain of his innocence; and that, from his influence at court, he reckoned confidently upon an order for his immediate release.

The governor remained firm; and his second denial informed his astonished hearers that the young Count was

condemned on the plea of holding a traitorous correspondence with the enemy.

This charge so preposterous, and apparently so false, reanimated the efforts of Leopolstat: he denounced it in terms of vehement indignation; which, with his known character of loyalty and patriotism, softened the severity of the governor's judgment. But he still adhered strictly to his duty; tempering it, however, by granting Demetrius a cessation from toil, and allowing his brother to remain with him alone.

While this arrangement was making, Forshiem hastened to quit the mine, in order to obtain all that was necessary for the renovation and temporary comfort of Demetrius. Zealous in every thing good, he rapidly drew together a multitude of comforts, which he despatched by Soldini, with a note to Charles, purporting that he was then setting off for Vienna, to throw himself, in his name, at the feet of the Archduke; from whose interference he expected to obtain an order for the removal, if not the complete enlargement, of his friend.

"I know you will not leave him," he wrote; "and I must: no time should be lost in applying for his release. The very secrecy with which this affair has been conducted, proves its iniquity.— Be assured, I will not cease my importunities to the Prince, to the ministers, to the Emperor himself, till I have wrung from them a promise of thorough investigation."

This billet found Charles seated in an excavation of the mine; holding one hand of his brother's in his, as he lay stretched along the bed which he had formed for him out of his pelisse.

Brought to the verge of the grave, by those pestilential vapours which continually exhale from quicksilver, and wearied "with hope deferred," Demetrius was nearly deprived of life, by the suddenness and excess of his present joy. He had not been able to answer one of the questions which the impatient affection of Charles prompted; but he had gathered strength enough to ask whether Constantia survived his loss. The assurance of her Heaven-sustained spirit, and the delight with which Charles spoke of Adelaide

and his child, were so many cordials to the other's sick heart.

In his youth, Soldini had studied the art of medicine, with a benevolent intention of uniting it with his duties as a spiritual physician. He was therefore competent to judge of young Leopolstat's case; and he now prescribed for him with equal tenderness and skill.

It was in vain that he besought Charles to transfer his charge: nothing could prevail on that fond brother to lose sight of Demetrius for a moment. He consented to take every precaution for himself against the mercurial fumes of the mine, but resolutely refused to quit it.

As Demetrius had suffered far more from the complete extinction of hope, than even from the unwholesome air of this subterraneous prison, he was renovated in proportion to the glow of his happiness. His little playfellow, Simmonetta, braved the terrors of a descent, and often visited him: her pretty endearments beguiled his thoughts from subjects of keener agitation, yet communicated to them a secret assurance, that love and affection still existed for his recompence.

He lay almost in a trance of weakness, for several days; but it was a trance of delicious feelings, which spread its healing balm throughout his frame. When Charles ventured to disturb him with questions, he learnt by degrees all that Demetrius knew of his own situation.

It amounted to no more than that, on the night he had quitted home, with an intention of seeing Princess Constantia, he had been suddenly arrested in the Emperor's name, and borne off to a state prison: — That he was there examined on the charge of corresponding with the enemy; — shown a casket which he had received from Constantia, and which was found to contain several letters from a French officer, of whose name he was profoundly ignorant. That a forged letter was then produced, and sworn to, by Pierre, as one which his master had entrusted to him for the purpose of forwarding; and which, containing several state secrets, was admitted to be a full proof of his guilt. That, as he refused saying who gave him the casket in which these treasonable papers were found; and as he was taken

in a disguise which must have been assumed for some unlawful purpose, he was summarily condemned as a traitor, and sentenced for life to the mines.

"It is now nearly six months," he added, "since I entered this living grave. Oh, Charles, if you could guess what I have suffered! — every moment of that tedious time, has been marked to me by some hope, some expectation, or some bitter disappointment. How could I imagine that my fate should have been thus concealed from you? — I rested at first securely on a speedy release; — I believed that every instant was seized by my friends to disprove my accusers and restore my liberty: but this security changed to anxiety, to doubt, to fear, to despondence, — at last to despair! There were moments, I confess — infirm, unworthy moments — when I fancied myself forgotten! — yet I loved you all, still: and my last sigh should have mingled your name and Constantia's together."

A blush crossed the face of Charles; but it was not for himself he blushed. Demetrius, who had saved his life at Moskirk, who had been the object of his solicitous tenderness for so many years, ought to have founded his reliance on him, as upon a rock. A momentary pang wrung his heart; but he looked at his brother's enfeebled state, and found in it an immediate excuse for this distrust.

"You were not yourself, Demetrius," he replied, kindly, "when you doubted any of us. Sickness, and these surrounding glooms, had distempered your healthful convictions."

Demetrius answered with ardent sensibility; and a mutual embrace sealed the oblivion of his fault.

CHAPTER XXVI.

To elucidate that mystery, with which Demetrius himself was but imperfectly acquainted, it will be necessary to go back to the period in which he and Colonel Wurtzburgh parted at Ulm.

Never had this cold-blooded villain lost sight of his grand aim, the destruction of Count Leopolstat's peace. But, more and more convinced that Charles was guarded round, by too potent a circle of discretion, self-command, and approved integrity, to be vulnerable in his own person, he watched the erratic course of Demetrius, with the hope of seizing upon him in some fortunate maze of imprudent passion.

As he advanced on his track of deceit, new views opened before him, and new plans suggested themselves.

At first, he directed his efforts to inflame the Prince of Nuremberg's animosity; to stimulate the love of Demetrius; and to render the life of Princess Constantia so miserable, as might force her into precipitate flight: in that case, whether Demetrius escaped with her into another country, or was seized in Austria, his end would be accomplished. Charles would be bereaved of a brother, who must either preserve his safety by perpetual exile, or suffer the punishment of his audacity, in endless imprisonment.

Wurtzburgh's secret correspondence with the Prince, enabled him to push his scheme with admirable effect. He beguiled many circumstances from Demetrius, which he communicated to Nuremberg; and at the same time so adroitly mixed the basest falsehoods with this small portion of truth, that the Prince learnt to consider the young Leopolstat as a deadly enemy, who waited but for the moment of power to rise and crush him.

This apprehension of future vengeance, joined to Nuremberg's preposterous notion of their vast inequality; to his rancour at the remembrance of their duel, and the rich inheritance which he had taken from him, altogether worked on the Prince's heart like a corrosive poison: he became every day less just, and more ferocious; and, no longer examining the details of Wurtzburgh, drank them in with greedy wilfulness. The hatred which he could not vent upon Demetrius, he poured without mercy over Constantia; little imagining that he was the dupe of a deeper villain than himself, who was thus prompting him to the conduct which probably led to the very event he deprecated.

The liking which young Leopolstat took to Pierre, the

Colonel's servant, opened a new train for his satanic master. This fellow had long been his confidant on other matters, and he had, therefore, no hesitation in confiding in him.

Whenever Pierre should be taken into the vicinity of Princess Constantia, he was to make himself needful to his future master; was to force out his secret, and become, if possible, the adviser and agent of the lovers' flight. By this means, Wurtzburgh knew he should always have a key to their retreat; and might apprise Nuremberg, when the crime of Demetrius was sealed by his union with the Princess.

Constantia's determination against elopement was the first obstacle to these expectations; but her subsequent appeal to the Abbess became a fatal engine in the hands of Wurtzburgh.

Pierre went not to Bohemia, but turned his horse towards an obscure country-house, where the Prince of Nuremberg and his former master were to meet. The Colonel was not long in determining upon a new scheme: he tempted Pierre with an enormous bribe; and Pierre could not resist.

With Constantia's catalogue of Nuremberg's cruelties in his hand, he returned to the Prince. He showed him what he had to expect; and then professed to have received a hint from Pierre, which might be improved to the ruin of Demetrius.

The Prince, alternately blazing with resentment and trembling with fear, was in no mood to scrutinise very severely. Wurtzburgh told him a fabricated tale of young Leopolstat's disloyalty: he believed it, because he wished it true. Pierre was then introduced: he affirmed that his master had frequently, during the campaign, sent intelligence to the enemy, and received great rewards for it; and that he meant to fly into France with the Princess, should she consent to be his companion.

The proofs of this correspondence, he asserted, were lodged in a small casket, of which his master took the utmost care: and he then offered to acquaint the Prince with the period in which Demetrius might be seized with least noise.

The Prince accepted this offer; gave him his purse as an earnest of further recompence; and, after fabricating an answer to Constantia's letter, dismissed him, and began again to canvass the subject with Wurtzburgh.

The Colonel was aware, that his success depended on secrecy. He foresaw, that if the accusation of Demetrius were made public, his brave brother would investigate every atom of it; he therefore urged the Prince to use his influence for a private examination; to exert himself in biassing the minds of the council; and, above all things, to demand complete silence; else the influence of Count Leopolstat would defeat his own. Demetrius, though condemned, might be pardoned.

This subtle advice was taken. Nuremberg, after revisiting his home, purposely absented himself again: Pierre succeeded in getting his master to assume a disguise, for which he knew he would not assign any reason to the council; and Demetrius, thus surrounded by many toils, was finally taken in them.

The casket he had received from Constantia, and out of which he had removed the letters for the Abbess; the casket he prized and cherished, was brought from his lodgings by Pierre, and two persons in office, and found to contain a private drawer, filled with mysterious notes, evidently answers to some that had conveyed treasonable intelligence.

Unawed by his master's steady eye, and fearless questions, Pierre persisted in a strain of falsehoods, the enormity of which could only be equalled by the ingenuity with which they were separately fitted. His confession was accepted as an atonement for the share he acknowledged having taken in this act of treachery; and he was therefore permitted to return into France without delay.

As the members of this council were most of them creatures of Nuremberg's, or foes to Baron Ingersdorf, with whom any connection was sufficient to render them severe judges of a criminal, Demetrius was found guilty. The Emperor's seal was then put to the order for his close confinement in the mines at Idria.

Very plausible arguments were afterwards urged by Nuremberg, to persuade every person present, of the necessity

of secrecy. He spoke in high commendation of the elder Count Leopolstat; representing the injurious suspicion which might fall upon him, were the treason of so beloved a brother to become the public talk: distrusted by the soldiery, his talents would then be rendered useless; and the great expectations now resting on his future services, would be destroyed. He then urged the delicacy of his niece's situation, whose attachment to Demetrius having been known generally, would subject her, also, to the most mortifying animadversions.

These arguments prevailed: secrecy was promised; secrecy was enjoined to all the inferior agents; and in a few weeks, the whole business was almost forgotten.

Nuremberg departed for Venice, avoiding any scrutiny of the past; for there was a monitor within, that daily charged him with scarce crediting the evidence on which Demetrius had been condemned.

Wurtzburgh returned to his regiment with the greatest privacy; from whence, he occasionally transmitted to Pierre presents and money, both from himself and the Prince.

Wurtzburgh had achieved his work: was he happy? No! — Remorse, indeed, never knocked at his rocky heart, but the fury, Terror, reigned there without control. As he daily read the advertisements of reward and pardon (which the advice of Constantia caused to be increased and continued), he trembled for the security of his crime. Avarice had made Pierre an accomplice in it; avarice, therefore, might tempt him to reveal it.

His fiend-like joy was now withered: in the acuteness of his own sufferings, he soon lost all remembrance of Count Leopolstat's; till at length nothing remained, but the consciousness of an atrocious crime, and the hideous prospect of ample retribution.

Pierre, meanwhile, read the different advertisements with sullen discontent: he wished to reap the golden harvest they held out; yet preserved that last spark of virtue, which makes guilt blush to avow itself before virtue. In his letters to Wurtzburgh, he frequently reverted to these temptations, and was never to be silenced except by a liberal remittance.

Wurtzburgh knew himself to be completely in his power. Not only was he obnoxious to discovery respecting Demetrius, but he was liable to a heavier charge: the guilt he had imputed to that innocent young man, was his own. Not to gratify cupidity, but to satiate hatred, he had, during the campaign, entered into correspondence with a French officer, to whom he revealed every military operation of which he gained intelligence, when it was either planned by Count Leopolstat, or intrusted to his care. The Count's annoyance had long been his pleasure; his ruin his felicity.

Conscious of the sword which thus hung suspended over himself by a single hair, Wurtzburgh obtained rest neither night nor day. Pierre denouncing him; Leopolstat thirsting for his blood; the horrid death of a traitor, were images that haunted him eternally. Under the influence of such impressions, existence was no longer bearable; and he took the desperate resolution of ending all his fears, with the life of their prime object.

Immediately after the peace, he passed into Franconia, and sent to Pierre (who who was then with the Gallo-Batavian army near Bamberg), to meet him in a sequestered spot, where they might confer unmolested, and where he might deliver to him a valuable jewel from the Prince of Nuremberg.

Stupidly secure, Pierre met him alone: they conferred some minutes together; when Wurtzburgh having insensibly drawn him towards a thicket, hastily drew out a pistol, and fired it at his breast. Pierre fell: but at the pistol's report, two Austrian officers broke through the thicket, where they were accidentally loitering, and seized Wurtzburgh.

The voices of these officers soon brought further aid: possessed with the frenzy of despair, Wurtzburgh raved and struggled, but struggled in vain; both he and Pierre were removed to the Austrian head-quarters, where Pierre's deposition was taken down in writing before several witnesses; and a parcel of papers, received from his pocket-book, sufficiently testified the veracity of his confessions.

This wonderful incident excited the strongest interest throughout the Imperial army: to their gallant companions

in war, both the Hungarian brothers had always been objects of esteem and admiration: these sentiments now roused up the spirit of vengeance for their sakes; and Wurtzburgh owed the general abhorrence, perhaps, less to public feeling than to private regard.

Precisely at the period in which Count Forshiem alighted at the gate of Baron Ingersdorf, one of the officers who had seized the traitor Wurtzburgh, was within, detailing the whole transaction.—The rapturous scene which followed; the boundless gratitude expressed towards that Almighty Ruler, who had thus willed the fortunate concurrence of two such miraculous discoveries; the pious ejaculations of the Field-marshal; the glistening eyes of the Baron; and the weeping, sobbing transport of Adelaide, are not to be learned from description: every tender heart, can draw a picture sufficiently animated, to render an attempt here unnecessary.

Tears embellished the rough features of the officer who witnessed this affecting scene: he had warm feelings, though his exterior promised only that apathy which is too often contracted by familiarity with the miseries of war; and as he requested permission to bear the order for Demetrius's release (which was not withheld a single moment, after the discovery of Wurtzburgh's villany,) Forshiem would not deny him.

Though in the service of Austria, this officer, was one of that nation, so famous for tongues always blundering, and hearts always right. "I burn to see these brave young gentlemen," said he, "or I would not make so bold a request: their very names are as holy and familiar to me, as my Pater-noster. By the good of my soul, I'd rather shake hands with one of them, than any dead *haro* that lives!"

"'Tis impossible to doubt such an assertion," replied Forshiem; "I'll have the pleasure of presenting you; so, allons!"

Again Forshiem was on the road to Goritia, and again post-horses seemed to mock the ardour of his impatience.

He stayed scarcely a moment at his own home, where he exchanged a hasty embrace with Lorenza, while he stam-

mered out the joyful news, then rode off alone to the mines. He would have taken his companion with him; but the honest Irishman, changing colour, said, with great emotion,—

"Count, I must decline that civility; if these eyes were but *wonst* to look on two such noble *cratures*, in a dirty hole of a mine, this arm would wither, the first time it struck a stroke for Austria. I'll never see such a sight, Count, and so I'll forget it, *clare* out of hand."

On reaching the mine, Forshiem found Soldini with the brothers: and as there was much of the painful in it, (at least, to benevolent tempers,) neither of his auditors had their joy unmixed.

The immediate removal of Demetrius followed: Soldini's care provided against any danger from too sudden a shock of pure air; and he reached Forshiem's house, much exhausted in body, but exhilarated in spirit.

The gratitude with which Leopolstat opened his arms to his brother officer, was increased by the pleasure of beholding in him, the identical Irishman whom he remembered in the Archducal library: Murphy recognised his person instantly; and the adventure was then reverted to, with a gaiety in which both Forshiem and his wife largely partook.

The health of Demetrius being inadequate to so long a journey, as that from Idria to Vienna, obliged the whole party to remain banished from the scene of their warmest wishes. Charles felt his happiness incomplete till he shared it with Adelaide; and Demetrius scarcely trusted the continuance of his, while absent from Constantia.

An official mandate had recalled the Prince of Nuremberg and his family to the capital. There, confounded with the crimes of his former associate, and disgraced by universal suspicion, the Prince found himself at once precipitated from the height of dignity and influence into an abyss of shame. Unable to endure this outward contempt, and inward hatred, he made a merit of necessity; pleaded the deception which had been practised on himself; and, as a proof that he was actuated by patriotism rather than private pique, gave his consent, unasked, to the marriage of

his niece. He then committed her to the protection of Adelaide, and hastened to bury his disgrace in the retirement of the country.

Pierre had died of his wound. Wurtzburgh was publicly arraigned, tried, condemned, and executed as a traitor. The fearful sentence passed upon such criminals, was tremendously fulfilled on him, before multitudes of soldiers and citizens. His death was shocking, but it excited no pity.

Impatient to behold the objects of his tenderest affection, Demetrius absolutely wrested Soldini's permission to travel: no sooner was it obtained, than he hastened to commence this passionately-desired journey. His soul was on the wing; and ere the tardy carriage had borne him three leagues from Idria, he had a thousand times embraced, in idea, every member of the dear circle at Baron Ingersdorf's.

While he was lost in transporting anticipations, Charles, desirous to indulge him in them, took the weight of conversation upon himself; and delicately drew from the worthy Murphy, a history of his disappointments and cares. Murphy was a subaltern, without interest or fortune, with a wife and children, and had long been hopeless of the promotion his services merited: Charles had the power to make him happy; and Murphy was soon afterwards raised to the rank he wished.

When Demetrius entered the room which contained the friends he loved, a mist covered his eyes; he turned from Adelaide to the Marshal, from the Baron to Madame Reusmarck; embracing each, in such wild tumult, as to be hardly sensible who it was that pressed him in their arms. Yet his heart was full of nothing but Constantia: his sight began to clear, and then he looked round for her.

Unable to endure her joy, before so many witnesses, she had rushed into an adjoining room, the moment his voice reached her from the hall. Adelaide whispered this to him; and the next instant he was alone with his beloved, clasping her again and again to his bosom, even as he had found her, kneeling upon the ground, in the act of thanksgiving.

The dark velvet dress of Constantia, and the black fur about the uniform and cap of Demetrius, rendered their mutual paleness peculiarly visible to each: but what was

personal alteration to them, who doated on each other's hearts; who seemed to drink each other's souls, in the pure kiss of virtuous and happy love? — what was it to them, who saw in each other, the fountain of life, of Health, and of joy?

At that blissful hour, every thing sad was obliterated from the memory of Demetrius; he felt as if entering on a new being; and while his eyes fondly wandered over every lineament of his once-blooming Constantia, while gratitude sweetly suggested the cause of her changed person, he murmured out — "Dearer — Oh, Heaven! how much dearer!" Constantia's heart echoed the sentiment, and her glowing eyes revealed it.

Charles first ventured to invade their retirement: while he was speaking to the blushing Princess, and claiming the name of brother, the rest of the exiled party stole in, and Adelaide appeared with her infant. At that sight, Demetrius drew away the arm with which he encircled the waist of his beloved, and starting up, snatched the babe from its mother. He covered its face with kisses; he held it to his breast, with an emotion that surprised himself; — "The child of my brother!" he said in thought, over and over again; and as he repeated the magic phrase, a thrill of tenderness ran through his veins.

It was long ere he would part with it: when he did so, Adelaide delivered the smiling boy to its father.

Charles held it a while in his arms, with unutterable emotion: the spell which had hitherto been laid on its innocent endearments was broken; for Demetrius was restored.

"Now then, my child," he exclaimed, and pressed it fixedly to his lips, "for the first time, I kiss thee, with all the joy, and all the fondness, of a father!"

His eyes turned from his son to Demetrius, rested on him for an instant, then, floating in tears, raised themselves to Heaven.

It was in the Castle of Leopolstat, when every object sparkled with the gay light of summer, that Demetrius received the hand of Constantia.

Blooming as May herself, the Princess had regained all those charms which genuine love prizes while they are in being, but laments not, when they disappear; and the polished cheek of her Demetrius glowed again with the lustre of health.

United inseparably to the women they loved; bound to their various friends by the sweetest ties of obligation; and gifted with wealth; the Hungarian Brothers are deeply impressed with this conviction, that superior blessings demand superior virtues. They now study how to combine magnificence with utility; and happiness with religious awe: their duties are their enjoyments; and their riches, "making to themselves wings," hourly "fly away," as an eagle towards Heaven: in their flight beautiful; and celestial in their end."



THE END.

LONDON:
Printed by A. & R. Spottiswoode,
New-Street-Square.

